

MARTIN AMIS ON SAUL BELLOW / HUMOR BY IAN FRAZIER

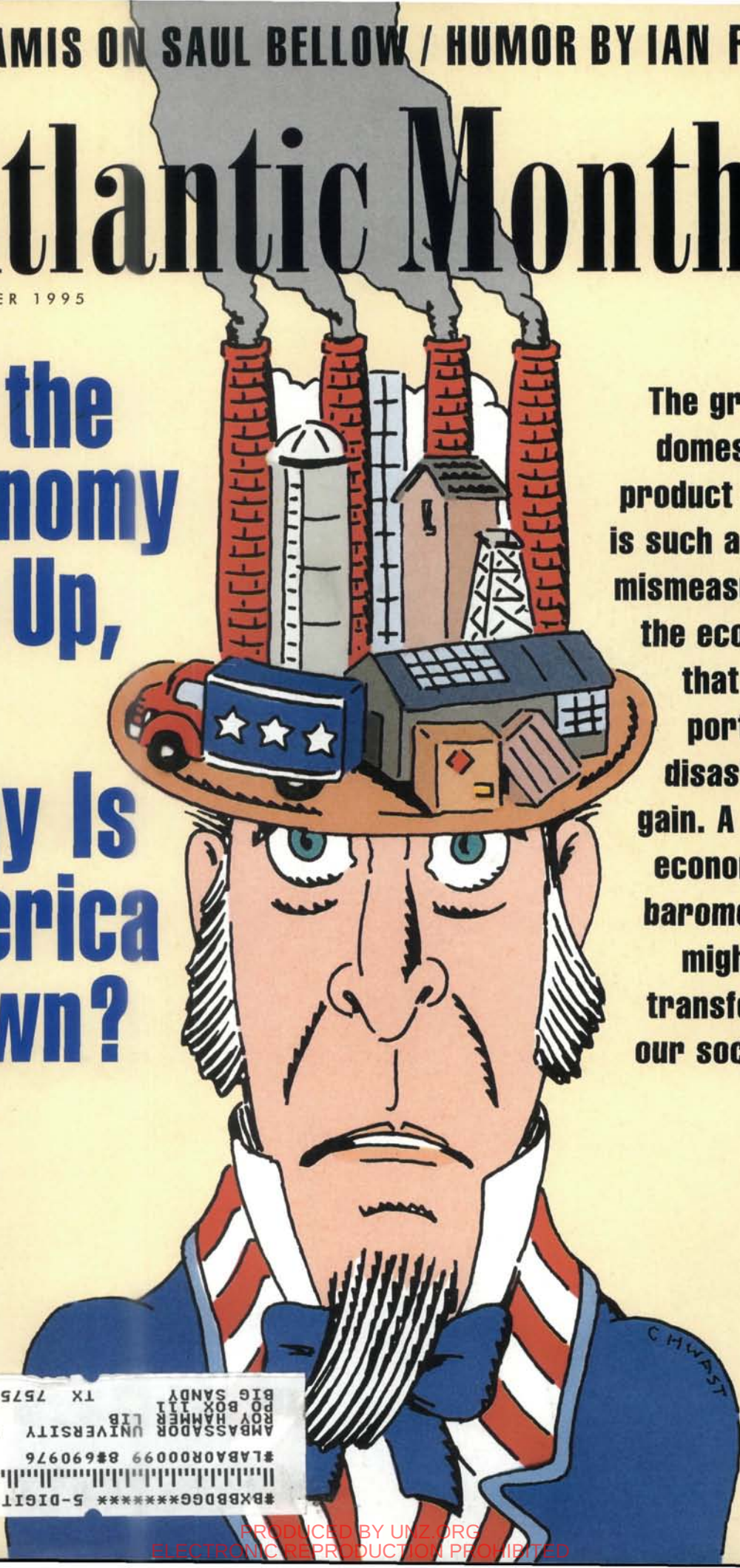
The Atlantic Monthly

OCTOBER 1995

**If the
Economy
Is Up,**

**Why Is
America
Down?**

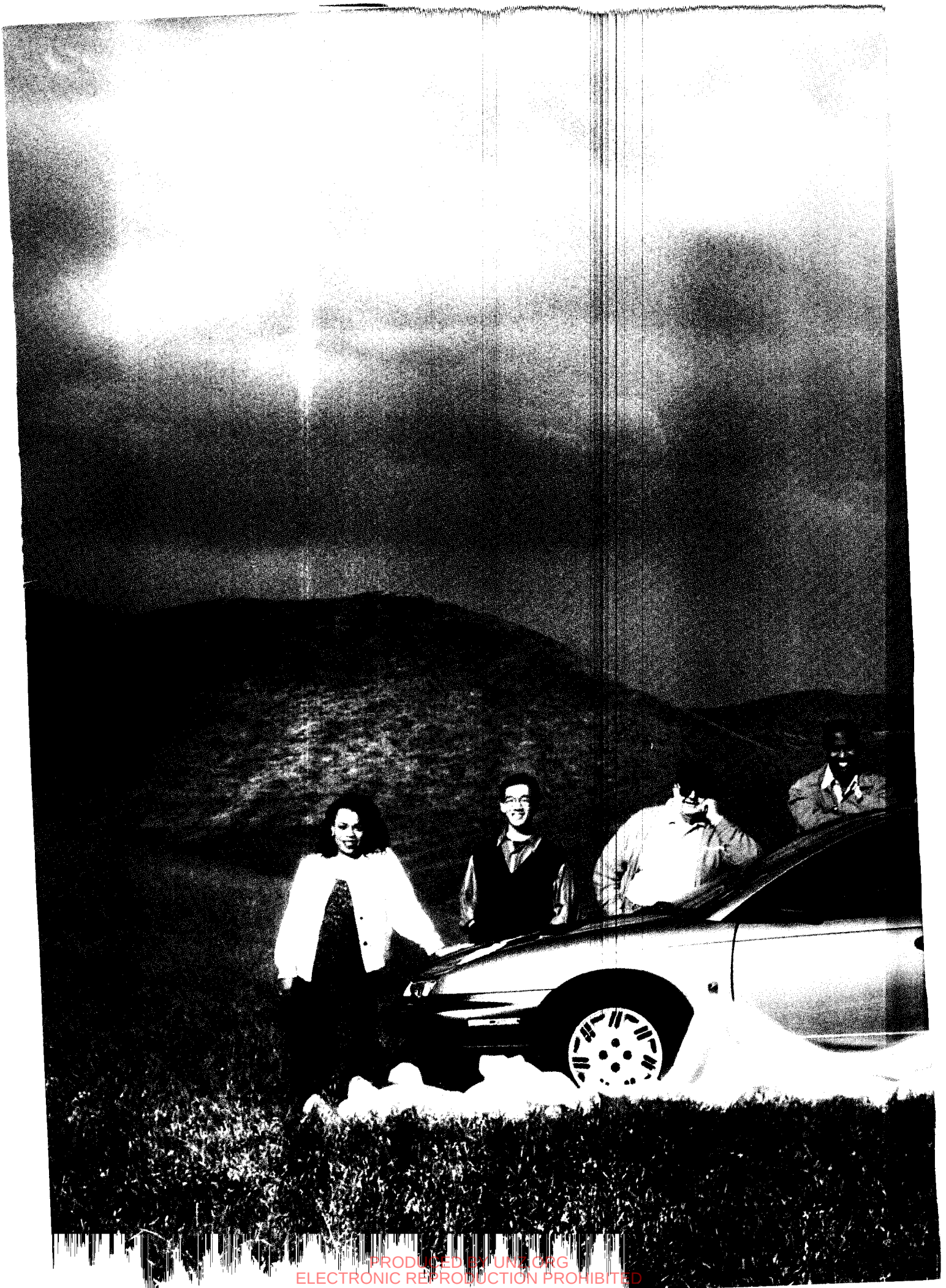
The gross domestic product (GDP) is such a crazy mismeasure of the economy that it portrays disaster as gain. A new economic barometer might transform our society.



02058
\$2.9
#BXBBDG*****5-DIGIT 75755
#LABA0R00099 8#690976 4B
UNIVERSITY DEC 95
#6810
BALB
PO BOX 1118
ROY HAMMER LIB
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UN3.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Eight original Saturn owners, about to unveil the new 1996 Saturn SL1.

A few years ago, if you'd gone around and asked people what does this country need most right now, the last thing anyone would have said was, gee, we sure could use another car company.

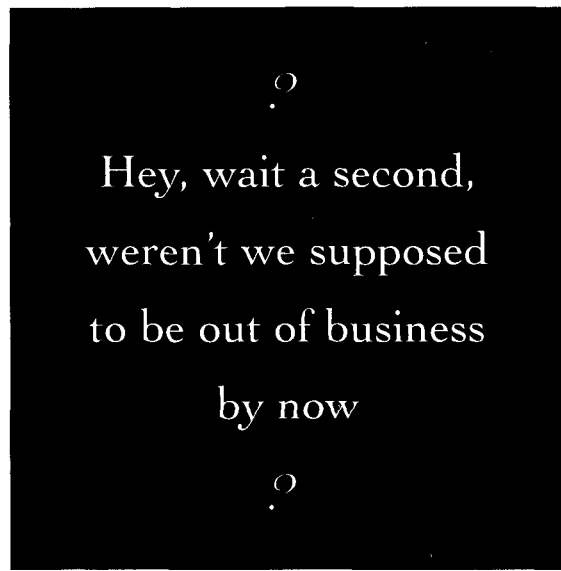


*One million cars in five years.
Guess we wound up breaking
more ground than anyone
imagined. Except maybe the
8,000 people who work here.*

even more people can discover the Saturn difference. Which, when you think about it, isn't just about building a good car. There are lots of good cars out there. It's not just about creating a successful business, either. That's done all the time. ⌚ The Saturn difference really lies in the

the get-go this would be anything but another car company, the hard part would be convincing everyone else. ⌚ And thus did the grand endeavor begin: one car, one customer at a time. Now, six years later, with over a million Saturns out on the road, and our first Homecoming (an

ability to do things other companies—groups of people working together—only dreamed of. Things like changing the way labor and management interact, or the way a customer is treated when she walks into a showroom. Small things really; seemingly insignificant. Until



event that saw 44,000 people come to Spring Hill, Tennessee) under our belt, it would appear as though we've been pretty convincing. ⌚ Bolstered by this fact, we figured it would be okay with everyone if we went ahead and built the next generation of Saturns. So that

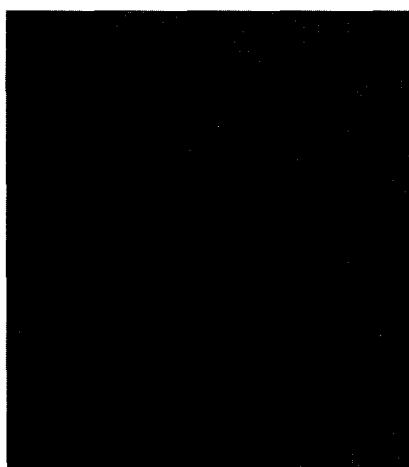
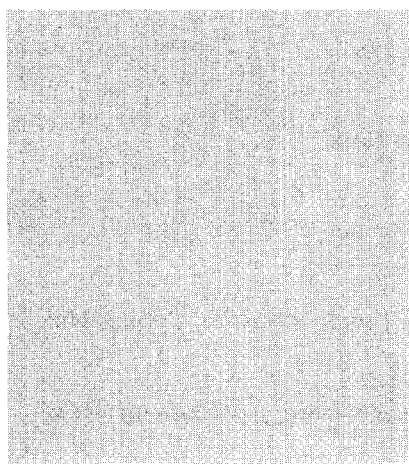
you add them all up. ⌚ Which is exactly what Saturn owner Kenneth Marzik did. His conclusion: "If more companies were like Saturn, this country would be in a heckuva lot better shape." ⌚ Gee, guess we are not lacking in the enthusiasm department, huh?



A DIFFERENT KIND of COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND of CAR.

This 1996 Saturn SL1 has an M.S.R.P. of \$11,785, including retailer prep and transportation. Of course, the total cost will vary seeing how options are extra, as are things like tax and license. We'd be happy to provide more detail at 1-800-522-5000 or look for us on the Internet at <http://www.saturncars.com>. ©1995 Saturn Corporation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[illegible]

(YOU CAN ALSO BE HERE)

Windows 95 gives you more ways to link yourself to a larger universe. Because now it's easier to send a fax, connect to The Microsoft Network, share information, cruise the Internet, send and receive e-mail and freely communicate with other people and their computers all over the world.

Microsoft®

WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TODAY?™

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

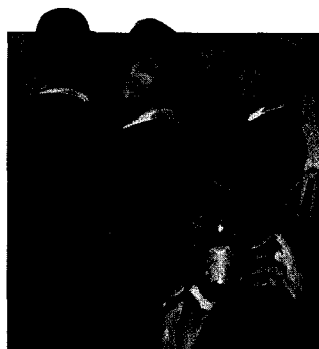
VOLUME 276 NO. 4
OCTOBER 1995

The Atlantic Monthly

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

FOUNDED IN
1857

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755



Page 114



Page 84



Page 110

REPORTS

22 Notes & Comment: Against All Odds

The forlorn yet alluring world of lost causes.

by Cullen Murphy

28 Health: Female Circumcision Comes to America

Female genital mutilation has been performed on as many as 130 million women worldwide. Now, owing to immigration, it is becoming an American problem.

by Linda Burstyn

36 Society: Downsizing Cities

Many American cities are losing population. They should respond by shutting parts of themselves down.

by Witold Rybczynski

48 Personal File: My Reputation

A protest against pigeonholing.

by Wendy Kaminer

HUMOR, FICTION, & POETRY

80 Stalin's Chuckle *An imagined recollection* by Ian Frazier

84 Ever After *A short story* by John Barth

59 If the GDP Is Up, Why Is America Down?

The nation's economic experts inhabit a statistical Potemkin village that hides the economy that Americans are in fact experiencing—so argue the authors, who level criticism in particular at the gross domestic product, the chief gauge of U.S. economic activity. There is an urgent need, they maintain, for new indicators of progress geared to the economy that actually exists. And they have developed a new indicator themselves, one that invites a thorough rethinking of economic policy and its underlying premises.

by Clifford Cobb, Ted Halstead,
and Jonathan Rowe

98 Doin' the Chameleon

The pianist-arranger-composer-organist Dick Hyman has long been known in the entertainment industry for his technical and scholarly breadth—his ability to play every piano and organ style that has ever been popular in America.

by William Zinsser



90 Regional Airport

A poem
by Emily Hiestand

102 As From a Quiver of Arrows

A poem
by Carl Phillips

109 Private Gardens

A drawing
by Guy Billout

BOOKS

114 A Chicago of a Novel

The Adventures of Augie March, by Saul Bellow

by Martin Amis

127 Brief Reviews

by Phoebe-Lou Adams

ARTS & LEISURE

50 Travel: Flying Down to Europe

Visiting Switzerland, Italy, and Norway without leaving Chile.

by Barbara Wallraff

110 Food: Where Chocolate Grows on Trees

A report from the cacao plantations of Venezuela—where, the author reports, “I tasted chocolate . . . with flavors more interesting and varied than I had ever tasted before.”

by Corby Kummer

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

6 745 Boylston Street

6 Contributors

8 Letters

20 The October Almanac

131 The Puzzler

by Emily Cox and
Henry Rathvon

132 Word Improvisation

by J. E. Lighter

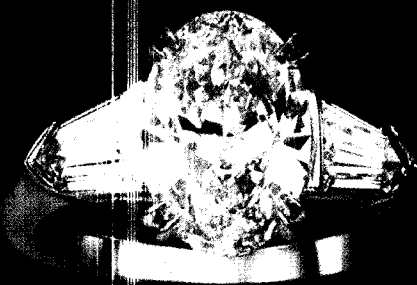
Cover art by
Seymour Chwast

The Atlantic Monthly (ISSN 0276-9077) is published monthly by The Atlantic Monthly Company, 745 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116 (617-536-9500). Second-class postage paid at Boston, MA, Toronto, Ont., and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Advertising and Circulation: 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., NY 10104 (212-830-1900). Subscriptions: \$17.94 for one year, \$29.95 for two years, \$39.95 for three years in the United States and its possessions; \$8.00 additional a year in Canada, includes GST (123209926); \$15.00 additional a year elsewhere. Subscription queries: Atlantic Subscription Processing Center, Box 52661, Boulder, CO 80322. Or call 800-234-2411. Back issues: send \$5.00 per copy to The Atlantic, Back Issues, 200 North 12th St., Newark, NJ 07107. Vol. 276, No. 4, October 1995. Copyright © 1995, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights reserved. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Atlantic, Box 52661, Boulder, CO 80322.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*"The first time I gave her a diamond ring
she cried and called her mother."*

*I'll always remember that face.
The smile bordering on a tear.
Eyes as lively as the diamond
I nervously slipped on her finger.
And now that we have come
so far together, perhaps it's time to
celebrate that love, again, with a
diamond as exceptional as our love.*



*Exceptional woman.
Exceptional diamond.*

An exceptional diamond of two carats, or more, is so rare that fewer than one percent of women will ever own one. If you are considering an important diamond gift for your wife, like this ring featuring a brilliantly cut 2.55-carat center stone, simply call for your guide to a diamond's quality and value, as well as the name of your local expert diamond jeweler. 1-800-858-7110.

A diamond is forever.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



745 BOYLSTON STREET

LINDA Burstyn's graphic report in this issue, "Female Circumcision Comes to America," concerns a grim procedure that is as yet not illegal in the United States and that continues to be requested by parents under the sway of the custom of their mainly African countries of origin. Indeed, owing to immigration, the incidence of female circumcision among Americans is on the rise.

Burstyn tells the poignant story of Mimi Ramsey, an Ethiopian immigrant to the United States who, having come to terms with her own mutilation, is working to change American law on female genital mutilation (FGM) and to educate other African immigrants on the lasting evils of sending their daughters under the knife. That it took Ramsey many years to come to regard herself as a victim may seem surprising; but FGM is ubiquitous in parts of Africa, and raising the subject—a nexus of cultural prescript and parental betrayal—is taboo.

Painful and enraging, Ramsey's awakening has a promising sequel. Though her work has mostly been among new immigrants in this country, recently Ramsey returned to Ethiopia to confront her mother and to launch a campaign to

uproot tradition. In a question that taxes cultural relativity, she asked her mother, "Why did you mutilate me?" Because *her* mother had told her to, Ramsey's mother answered, blaming the chain of generations. "Please help me save other girls," Ramsey

pleaded. "That is the only way I can get my healing." Her mother agreed. Twenty-two girls in the neighborhood were due to be cut that week—though no one talks about the practice, everyone knows about it. The Ramseys went to the girls' mothers and begged them to stop. They waylaid the busy local circumcisers, asking, What would it take to get you to stop? The equivalent of ten dollars per girl was their usual fee—and what they would accept for not circumcising each one. Not much to save a girl from a lifetime of trauma.

Readers interested in helping those who are potential victims of FGM, in American cities as well as throughout Africa, may wish to write to one of the following groups: Equality Now, P.O. Box 20646, Columbus Circle Station, New York, NY 10023. RAINBO, 915 Broadway, Suite 1603, New York, NY 10023. Forward International, Africa Center, 38 King Street, London WC2 E8JT, United Kingdom. —THE EDITORS



Mimi Ramsey

CONTRIBUTORS

Martin Amis ("A Chicago of a Novel") is the author of many books, including *Visiting Mrs. Nabokov & Other Excursions* (1994) and *The Information* (1995). His essay in this issue is adapted from his introduction to the new Everyman's Library edition of *The Adventures of Augie March*, to be published next month.

John Barth ("Ever After") is the author of numerous books, including *The Sot-Weed Factor* (1960) and *Chimera* (1972). His latest book, *Further Fridays: Essays, Lectures, and Other Nonfiction 1984–1994*, was published this summer.

Linda Burstyn ("Female Circumcision Comes to America") was formerly a writer and producer for the ABC program *Nightline* and is now a freelance writer in Washington.

Seymour Chwast (cover art) is the director of the Pushpin Group, in New York. His work, in a variety of media, has been exhibited widely in the United States, Asia, and Europe.

Clifford Cobb ("If the GDP Is Up, Why Is America Down?"), a policy analyst, is the author of *Responsive Schools, Renewed Communities* (1992). Cobb is the research director at Redefining Progress, a nonprofit public-policy organization in San Francisco.

Ian Frazier ("Stalin's Chuckle") is a writer of humor and nonfiction. His most recent book, *Family*, was published last fall.

Ted Halstead ("If the GDP Is Up, Why Is America Down?") is the founder and executive director of Redefining Progress, a nonprofit public-policy organization in San Francisco.

Emily Hiestand ("Regional Airport") is a visual artist, writer of essays, and poet living in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Her work has appeared in *The Nation*, *The New York Times*, and *Best American Poetry*.

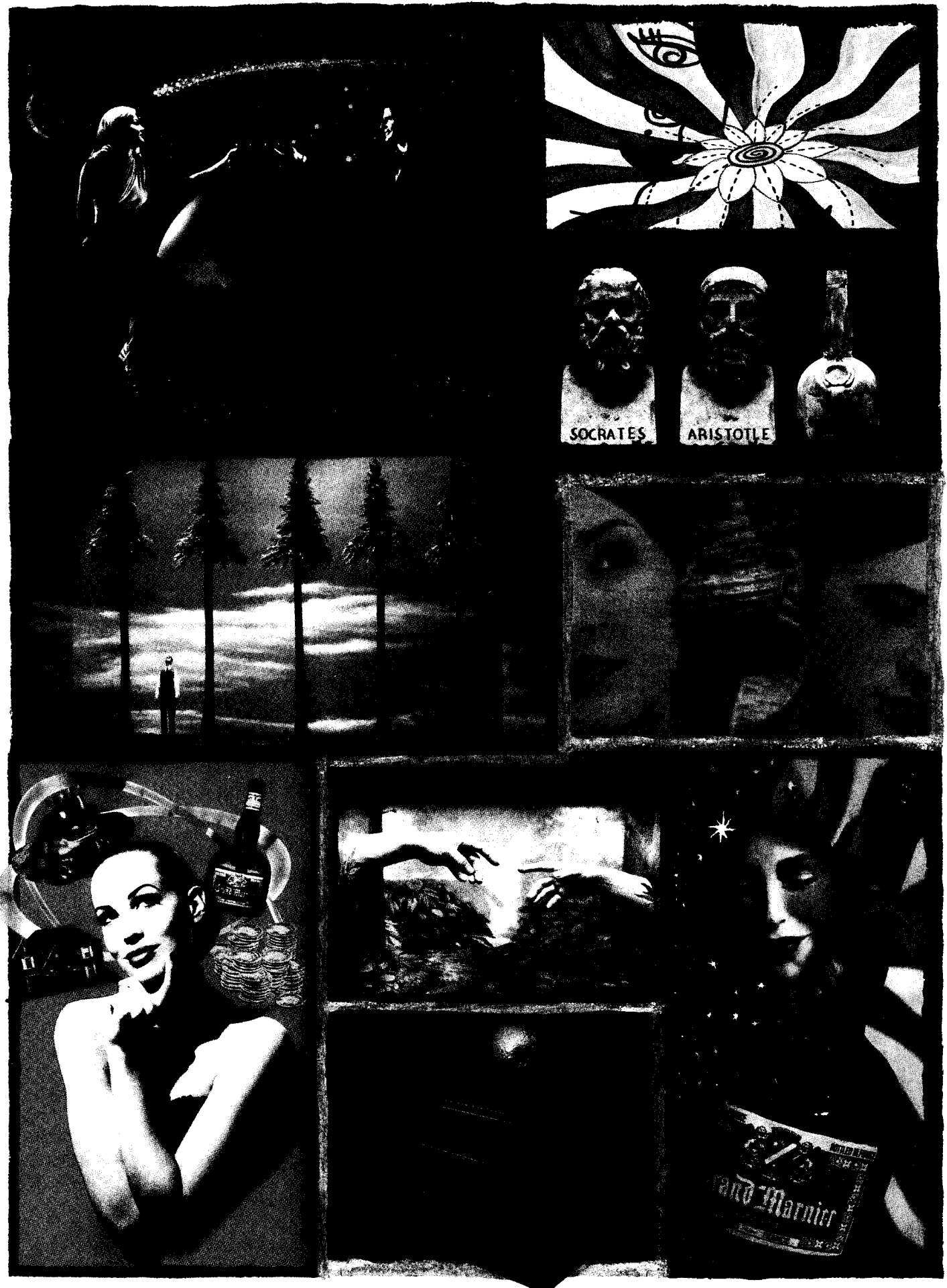
Wendy Kaminer ("My Reputation") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic* and a public-policy fellow at Radcliffe College. Her latest book, *It's All the Rage: Crime and Culture*, was published last spring.

Carl Phillips ("As From a Quiver of Arrows") is a visiting assistant professor of English and American literature and language at Harvard University. He is the author of *In the Blood* (1992) and *Cortège*, which will be published this fall.

Jonathan Rowe ("If the GDP Is Up, Why Is America Down?") has been an editor at *The Washington Monthly* and a staff writer for *The Christian Science Monitor*. He is a co-author, with Edgar Cahn, of *Time Dollars* (1991). Rowe is the program director at Redefining Progress, a nonprofit public-policy organization in San Francisco.

Witold Rybczynski ("Downsizing Cities") is the Martin and Margy Meyerson Professor of Urbanism at the University of Pennsylvania. His latest book, *City Life: Urban Expectations in a New World*, was published last month.

William Zinsser ("Doin' the Chameleon") is an editor and a teacher who writes frequently about popular music. His fifteen books include *On Writing Well*, now in its fifth edition.



Grand Marnier, *slightly less mysterious* than the meaning of life.

PRODUCED BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Editor
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Washington Editor
JAMES FALLOWS

Managing Editor
CULLEN MURPHY

Senior Editors
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Art Director
JUDY GARLAN
MARY WORKMAN, Interim

National Correspondents
KATIE LEISHMAN, NICHOLAS LEMANN

Assistant Managing Editor
MARTHA SPAULDING

Associate Editors
PETER DAVISON (poetry), AMY MEEKER, SUE PARILLA

Staff Writer
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors
DAVID BARBER, LESLIE CAULDWELL,
AVRIL CORNEL, KATHERINE GUCKENBERGER,
TOBY LESTER, LUCIE PRINZ, MILETA ROE,
YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN, JANE ROSENZWEIG,
SCOTT STOSSEL, LOWELL WEISS

Art Staff
ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES, Associate Art Director
ELIZABETH URRICO, Assistant Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant

Contributing Editors and Correspondents
ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
WENDY KAMINER, ROBERT D. KAPLAN,
TRACY KIDDER, WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE,
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON, CHARLES C. MANN,
JACK MILES, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN,
THOMAS POWERS, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

Chairman
MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
FRED DRASNER

President and Publisher
JAYNE YOUNG

Senior Vice President
KIMBERLY SMITH JENSEN

Associate Publisher
CINDY J. STILL

Advertising
ALLISON DAYAN, Advertising Director
DONNA PALMER, Vice President, West Coast
MARA HART FILO, Vice President, Detroit
Managers: ANNA BRADY, SUSAN CROWE,
JENNIFER HILLIS, MARIE ISABELLE, LIZ OSIAS,
CHARLES E. SCHENCK, CHRISTOPHER SCHUBA
Assistants: ISRAEL CARUNUNGAN, KIM COX,
KARIN FORD, RACHEL GOLD, HILEINAD TROTMAN

Marketing & Public Relations
CANDICE WHITE, Marketing Director
JANE NAWROCKI, Promotion Manager
CHRISTINE CORASANTTI, Research Manager
JAMES LONG, Public Relations Consultant
SOOMIE AHN, Marketing Assistant

Circulation
JOHN L. BROWN, Subscription Director
ADAM R. COHEN, Associate Subscription Director
ANN K. HOFF, Circulation Assistant
JOHN KALINOWSKI, Single-Copy Sales Director

Production
JAN MORRIS, Production Director
JOHN KEFFERSTAN, JOSEPH O'CONNELL, JULIA PARKER

Finance
MICHAEL J. DRNACH, Business Manager
CAROL BECKWITH, DEBI HOFFENBERG, MIKE KIMBALL,
MURIEL MONTEIRO, VIOLA WILSON

Special Projects
KATHARINE BACON, JENNIFER COLES, TED GRESH,
GINA HAHN, MARTY HERGERT, WEN STEPHENSON

LETTERS

The Crisis of Public Order

Adam Walinsky ("The Crisis of Public Order," July *Atlantic*) is right on the mark with his analysis of the despair over central-city violence and our seeming inability to do much about it.

St. Louis, a city confined to the relatively small space of sixty-one square miles by the provisions of a 120-year-old charter, has seen its population plummet in the past few decades. This dramatic exodus of people to the suburbs has been accompanied by a corresponding rise in the rate of violent crime which has worsened appreciably in the past ten years—as it has everywhere else.

Already the residents of several city neighborhoods have voted to establish "special taxing districts" to pay for private security forces, usually consisting of off-duty policemen. Needless to say, these are neighborhoods and individuals who can afford the extra tax. Whether warranted by the severity of the situation or not, the hiring of these private security forces amounts to a confession that government has defaulted on even its most basic obligation to serve as night watchman for its citizenry.

No one pretends that more police officers are a solution to crime's "ultimate causes." But surely even the most reform-minded among us can no longer suggest that issues of personal safety and neighborhood security can wait until we have solved all the social problems engendered by years of middle-class flight, industrial abandonment, cultural and moral decay, cocaine, and family collapse. St. Louis may remain a generally poor city for years to come, but it need not be an unsafe one.

Harold Karabell
St. Louis, Mo.

Adam Walinsky is right: crime has reached unbearable levels. It has reached such levels because we are using our re-

sources primarily to fight pseudocrimes.

As a society, we seem to prefer that our government spend its limited resources to control what we read, what we watch, what we ingest, and who we have sex with and how, rather than to make our streets safe. That's what we're getting, and doubling or trebling the police force, as Walinsky recommends, will simply get us more of the same.

Silvio Levy
Berkeley, Calif.

Adam Walinsky's solution to our growing crime problem is to hire more police officers. Although that wouldn't hurt, it won't reduce the source of the crime—namely, the huge business of buying and selling illegal drugs in the United States.

Much of the crime in this country is driven by the drug business—something Walinsky and everyone in law enforcement already knows. The drug business is feeding the growth of gangs, has resulted in the corruption of police departments throughout the country, and has become a source of jobs for inner-city youths with no better prospects. Who wouldn't choose to make \$1,000 a week selling drugs rather than \$5.00 an hour flipping burgers?

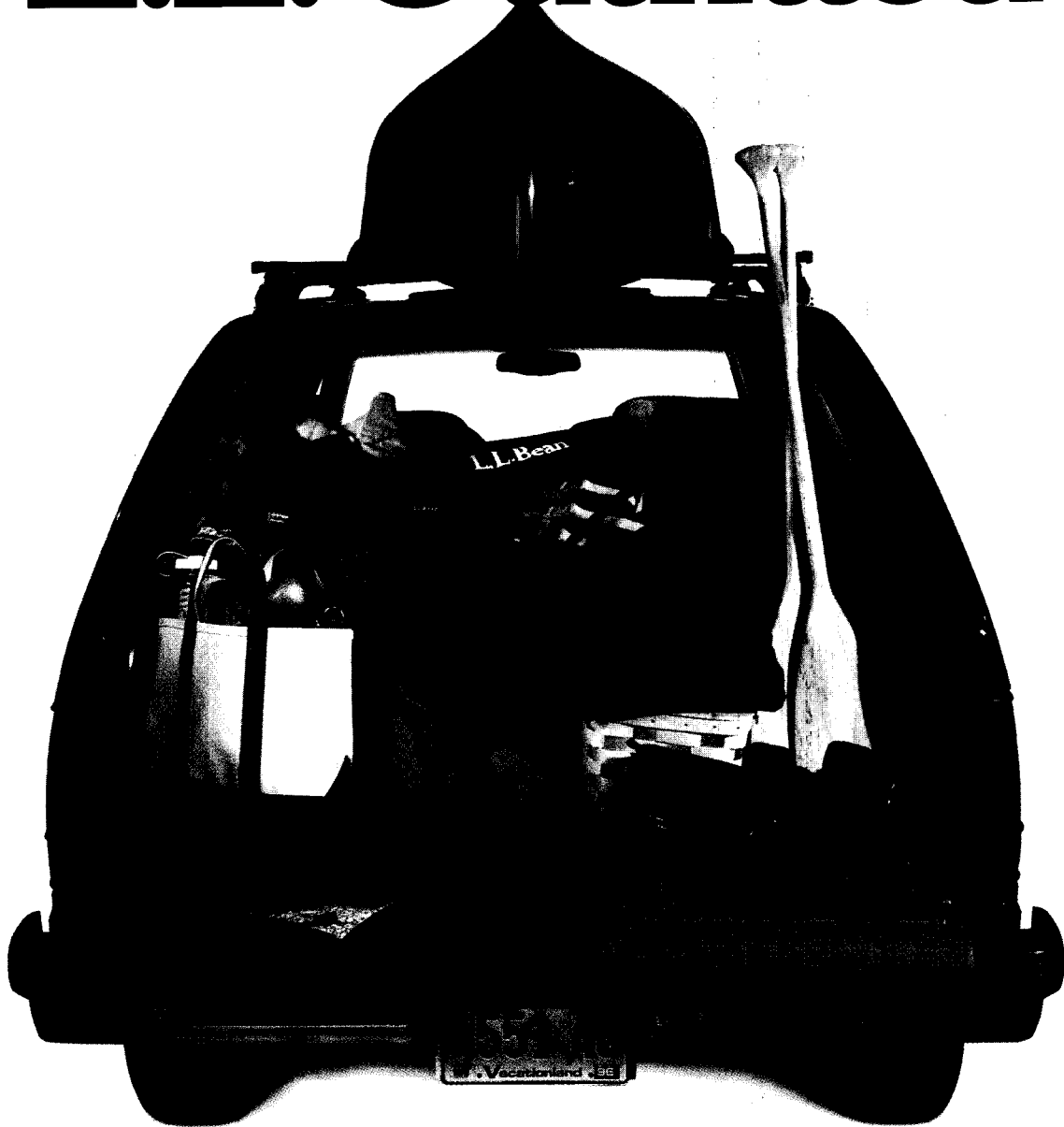
Until we legalize drug use and regulate it as a medical rather than a criminal problem, we will get no relief from crime and its corrupting influence on our entire society. The alternative is to turn our country into a police state.

Dawn Hodson
Ventura, Calif.

Adam Walinsky states that most arrests and prison sentences are not for violent crimes and that "for the past five years drug arrests have averaged one million a year, and arrests for all violent crimes combined about 600,000."

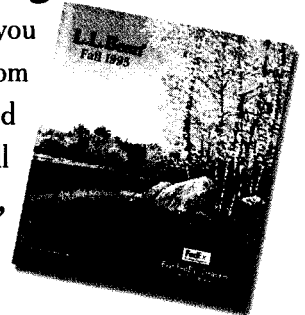
A drastic and greatly needed revision of federal drug policy—perhaps even legalization—would, among other benefits, release many of the officers making these

L.L. Outfitted



Great fall weekends start with your new L.L. Bean catalog.

Whether you're outfitting a journey to the mountains, or an overnight in the backyard, you can count on L.L. Bean for all your clothes and gear. We offer over 400 items for fall, from paddles to pullovers, tents to turtlenecks, all 100% guaranteed, honestly priced, and delivered quickly by Federal Express. That's why for over 80 years, most folks have started their fall adventures by opening their L.L. Bean catalog. **So before you head out this weekend, why not open yours and give us a call?**



Can't find your catalog? We'd be happy to send you another.
Just call or write us.

1-800-548-4307

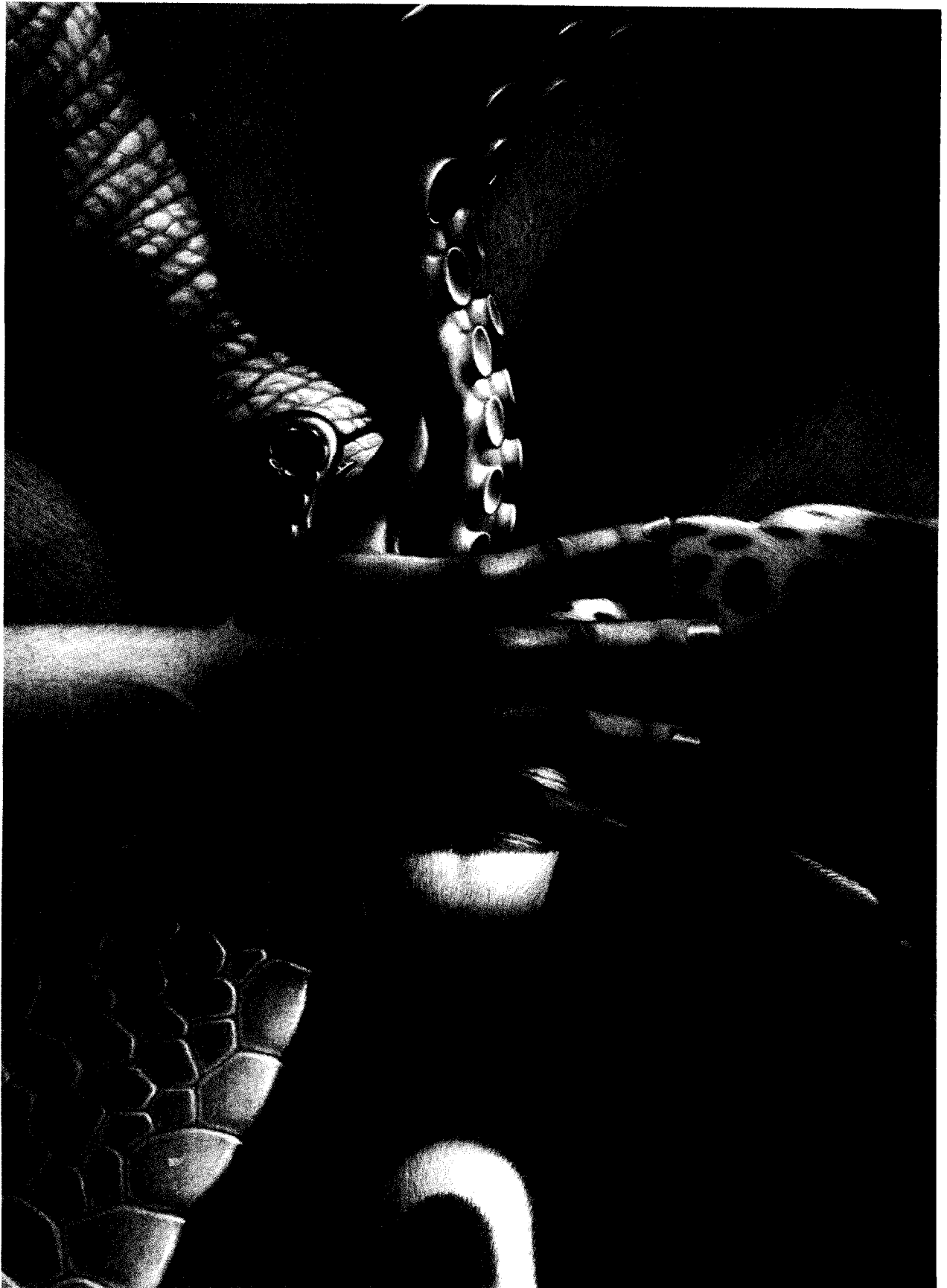
LL# 4201130

L.L.Bean®

Casco Street, Freeport, ME 04033

© 1995 L.L. Bean, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE THE PLANET, WE ALL NEED TO LEND A HAND, PAW, FIN, HOOF, AND WING.

These days, everyone is becoming more environmentally conscious. From recycling at home to driving more fuel-efficient cars, we're all doing our part to clean up the planet. But we still have a long way to go. And together, we can make a big difference in the lives of all creatures, great and small.

At Chrysler Corporation, we're doing our part by recycling. Every year we recycle thousands of tons of wooden pallets, cardboard, and paper. Even our cars are 75 percent recyclable.

Our engineers are also working to reduce emissions and improve air quality. Even though today's gas engines burn cleaner and more efficiently than ever, we're looking at

alternative fuels like methanol-gasoline mixtures, natural gas, and electricity to power our vehicles in the future.

But you don't have to wait for technology to have a "green" machine. Keep your air and fuel filters clean for better mileage, performance, and a cleaner exhaust. Maintain recommended tire pressures to increase fuel efficiency. And combine errands, since short trips use more gas per mile than a long trip.

As you can see, there's a lot we can do. So let's all lend a hand to save our planet. After all, it's the only one we have.



For more information on Chrysler Corporation and our environmental programs, visit us on the Internet at <http://www.chryslercorp.com>

FOR OUR READERS

Submissions & Correspondence

The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and mail for the Letters column.

Correspondence should be sent to

The Atlantic Monthly
745 Boylston Street
Boston, MA 02116

Letters can also be sent through the major online services at our E-mail address: mailatl@aol.com

Manuscripts will not be returned, nor will queries be answered, unless they are accompanied by a postage-paid return envelope. Please do not send manuscripts by E-mail.

Subscriptions & Reprints

Please direct all subscription queries and orders to Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 52661
Boulder, CO 80322

Reprint requests should be made to

The Atlantic Reprint Department
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10104

The Atlantic Monthly Online

The Atlantic Monthly can now be found on America Online. With a computer, a mouse, and a modem, subscribers can read articles from the current issue and also archival materials, special online-only sidebars, follow-ups to past articles, primary-source documents, and interviews with contributors. They can also communicate on message boards and participate in live conferences with *Atlantic* authors and commentators.

Call America Online at 800-827-6364 ext. 10227 to receive ten free hours of exploration of *The Atlantic Monthly* Online and the Internet.

The Atlantic Monthly

million arrests for more important duties, such as protecting the rest of us, as Walinsky strongly advocates.

Walter W. Davis
Millerton, N.Y.

There is a giant hole in the center of America's national debate, which "The Crisis of Public Order" goes some way toward filling. But even this courageous reportage balks at addressing the great defining disappointment of American life: black racism.

My own reporting, based on Justice Department crime reports and victim surveys, found that each year more than a million white Americans are victims of violent black crime, while about 130,000 blacks are victims of white violence. When these figures are adjusted on a per capita basis (the black population is only one seventh the white population), they reveal that blacks are committing *more than fifty times* as many violent interracial crimes as whites.

The cumulative effect of this huge disparity is staggering, especially when the far more numerous nonviolent crimes of theft are included: I found that more than 170 million crimes have been committed by blacks against whites over the past thirty years. This problem has always been explained as a by-product of poverty and exclusion. But the racial character of much black crime is obvious every day in a cascade of large and small animosities.

This is the great disaster of American ideals today, as Jefferson predicted it would be—yet the government and the national news media, with the conspicuous exception of *The Atlantic*, do not want to touch it.

Paul Sheehan
Chief U.S. Correspondent
Australian Consolidated Press
New York, N.Y.

Dropping the Bomb

Thomas Powers's "Was It Right?" (July *Atlantic*), another in a long series of articles on the morality of dropping the atomic bomb on Japan, emphasizes correctly that the moral threshold had been passed.

I served from 1942 to 1946 as a flight

surgeon and saw only half the pilots who started with the squadron return to the United States. I would have accepted anything that shortened the war, even by days, if it was in our favor. I needed little persuasion about the morality of dropping the bomb. Later, when I read of the carnage on Okinawa, I was convinced that landing on the Japanese mainland would have caused enormous U.S. casualties, and more Japanese casualties than in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Powers's report, however, omits a question that is always absent from similar studies: Does anyone believe that the Japanese would not have dropped the bomb on us if they had had it?

Edward Meilman
Great Neck, N.Y.

Thomas Powers's views on our dropping atomic bombs on Japan were the most balanced I have encountered, but some curious things appeared in the article. First, the question asked by the title, "Was It Right?", simply did not arise in a war preceded by the murder by the Japanese of 250,000 people in Nanking—an action they have yet to repent—and epitomized by saturation bombing of both English and German cities. Of course it wasn't "right," but neither was the killing of some 50 million other people in the Second World War.

Powers referred to our action as having "a political purpose." No such purpose occurred to those of us in the Far East when the Japanese surrendered. To us it simply meant that we were going home alive. I suggest that many events of 1945 cannot be judged by people who did not live through them.

It is doubtful in the extreme that "the Emperor would have submitted if the atomic bomb had merely been demonstrated." Walter J. Boyne, in his recently published *Clash of Titans*, said that younger Japanese military men forced their country into war in the first place, and assassinated those who protested. Boyne said that the Emperor merely rubber-stamped their decisions. It was their attitude that produced virtually no surrenders on Tarawa, Okinawa, and Iwo Jima. It was their attitude that caused the death of thousands of Filipinos and Americans on Bataan, and the murder of American civilian prisoners on Wake Island when the United States bombed it.

Is it possible that the real problem involving the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki lies in Americans' primal fear of *nuclear power*? This fear appears to be elemental and ingrained. It has even, ironically, impeded efforts to dispose of nuclear wastes. It may well be that were it not for Chernobyl and Three Mile Island, no one would object to the nature of the bombs carried by the *Enola Gay*.

Robert H. Paschall
Bishop, Calif

Thomas Powers offers a plausible rebuttal to the revisionist theory that America's deployment of the atomic bomb was somehow immoral. He errs, however, in doubting the specifically tactical nature of its first victim, *Hiroshima*. According to the historian Samuel Eliot Morison, "This city had been given the tragic assignment as the second most important military center in Japan. The bomb wiped out the Second Japanese Army to a man, razed four square miles of the city, and killed 60,175 people, including the soldiers." As for Nagasaki, it was of course a major enemy naval base as well as an industrial concentration.

In further mitigation of Truman's decision, Powers might also have mentioned the temporary reluctance of Japanese physicists to acknowledge the real nature of our terrible swift sword: their own vexatious project to develop an A-bomb had been abandoned in favor of other war-time priorities.

From 1945 to the present a number of responsible critics have deplored our use of two thermonuclear weapons. But these do not include, for example, former infantry lieutenant Paul Fussell, whose recent *Thank God for the Atomic Bomb* accurately reflects the sentiments of most Second World War fighting men on both sides of that global tragedy.

H. W. Gleason Jr.
Shippensburg, Pa.

Nuking cities is not an open moral question. So it was no accident that Thomas Powers neglected to quote any theologian or ethicist in favor of slaughtering tens of thousands of Japanese to end the Second World War. Why a writer of Powers's class would abandon the humanitarian church of Einstein, Szilard, Pauling, Neibuhr, Eisenhower, MacArthur, Sheen, Macdonald, Ellsberg,



ADVICE & DISSENT

They're The McLaughlin Group. Each with a view that's contentious and contagious. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Clarence Page, John McLaughlin, Eleanor Clift, Morton Kondracke and Fred Barnes.

Made possible by a grant from GE.

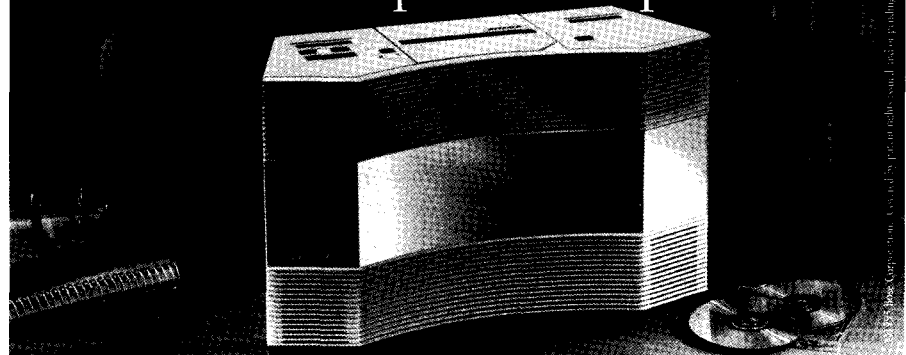
The McLaughlin Group

Check your local listing for station and time.



We bring good things to life.

The first high-fidelity system
with a Napoleon complex.



It may be small. But the Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system is definitely an overachiever. The unit holds a compact disc player (or cassette), AM/FM radio, and Bose's patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. And produces a rich, natural sound quality comparable to audio systems costing thousands of dollars. We know, that's hard to believe. So we're ready to prove it. Call or return the coupon today for more information, and learn about our convenient monthly payment plan.*

BOSE
Better sound through research®

Name _____ Telephone _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Call 1-800-898-BOSE, ext. WIB2.

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, The Mountain,
Depr. CDD-WIB2, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

*This offer cannot be used in conjunction with any other offer. Good on credit card orders only. Payment Plan offer expires 12/31/95.

Lifton, Wills, and Popes galore for the blood-soaked arguments of Truman, Churchill, Stimson, Groves, Oppenheimer, McCullough, Fussell, Manchester, Styron, Bush, Clinton, the American Legion, and the editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal* twists the intellect.

But even if one grants Truman's bad faith about military necessity, *morally speaking* the Bombs of August should have been a last resort, not a fixed idea hurriedly executed without a scrupulous consideration of alternatives. As Powers knows, Truman did everything within his power to advance the drops, and nothing to retard them, not even giving the Japanese a decent interval to surrender before dropping the Nagasaki bomb.

The Catechism of the Catholic Church, adopting the Nuremberg approach, says that "indiscriminate destruction of whole cities or vast areas with their inhabitants is a crime against God and man." You do not have to be a Berrigan brother to believe that Truman and his henchmen were unindicted war criminals. Powers should do penance for suggesting acquittal.

Philip Nobile
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Thomas Powers replies:

We might ask three questions about the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki with atomic bombs: Why did we do it? What did it achieve? Was it right?

We did it because we had already committed ourselves to a strategy of destroying Japanese cities from the air. The result was the immediate surrender of Japan and the sobering of the world about the dangers of modern war.

The last question is hardest, at least for me. I guess I would tell Philip Nobile that the victory we got and the peace that followed resulted from how we fought the war. Although that makes it impossible for me to say that it was wrong, I still haven't found a way to say flat out that it was right. The question is hard because it can be clarified but never answered.

Ferocious Differences

Jorge G. Castañeda's "Ferocious Differences" (July *Atlantic*) should be mandatory reading for all who have long lamented the prickly nature of the Mexi-

co-U.S. relationship. In laborious language that may be more revealing than the author intends, the article takes an anthropological tack that stresses Mexico's tenacious reverence for history. Verbiage aside, Castañeda means that Mexico lost half its territory in the nineteenth century and will never forgive the United States.

As a retiree who worked joyfully in Mexico for many years and prayed for the day when Mexico would find it *in its best interest* to put aside ancient antagonisms, my dream was that one day a strong Mexican politician would decide it was time to profit from the proximity to the United States. A story is told that Ludwig Ehrhard, on being subjected to the complaint of a Mexican politician regarding the hardship of sharing a 2,000-mile border with the United States, said that Germany would be delighted to suffer that handicap. If France and Germany can put aside the bitterness of three wars, why can't Mexico learn to take advantage of its neighbor's affluence?

Anthony J. Dimino
London, England

I believe that Jorge G. Castañeda hit the nail on the head when he referred to an article in *Forbes* magazine about the wealthiest people in the world, and the increase in billionaires in Mexico. Why should the American taxpayer have to suffer political extortion when Mexico's wealthiest families could do far more for their country? Unless the wealthiest families of Mexico do more to stabilize their country's sad state of economic and cultural affairs, they will in time suffer the harshest of consequences.

David R. Espy
Chino Valley, Ariz.

Yen for Dollars

In "The Dollar and the Yen" (July *Atlantic*), James Fallows uses Robert Samuelson as a straw man, an economist foolish enough to state in 1986 that Japan's protectionist policy would undermine its export-based economy by driving up the value of the yen. Samuelson, of course, was and is right. Japan's economy, while it continues to post record trade surpluses, is in the throes of its most serious postwar crisis, which Fallows fails to notice.

As Samuelson has stated, the weakness of the U.S. dollar versus the yen has done little to reduce giant trade surpluses, because many Japanese firms, often following their government's advice and policies, have continued to export heavily even as profits turned negative, and because the Japanese government stubbornly resists liberalizing controls over imports. The lack of profits and the continued strength of the yen have forced many Japanese manufacturers to take dramatic steps. First, beginning in about 1990 the rate of reinvestment in export-related industries began to decline, and it has yet to recover. Second, for the first time in the postwar era many Japanese firms began to shift industrial production overseas, often to dollar-denominated economies. Third, these firms began to use offshore plants rather than domestic capacity to meet growing internal and external demand. What we (but not Fallows) are witnessing is a rapid and painful hollowing out of Japan's greatest postwar achievement—its export sector. Samuelson was right. But what Samuelson and many others underestimated was the ability of policymakers to withstand the political and economic pain of export-at-all-costs policies.

In the past Japan exported itself out of economic crises. In this case the opposite is true: it has exported itself into an ongoing crisis. It is firebombing its own industrial base.

Fallows claims that the problem with Samuelson and others of his ilk is that they believe that at some yen-dollar point Toshiba and Mitsubishi cannot export. Fallows, who sees the recent dollar debacle as more cant from economists who believe that devaluation will eventually help the United States gain its competitive advantage, closes his argument by suggesting that those who agree with Samuelson are deluded, because they, unlike Fallows, don't understand the nature of the Japanese or the Japanese economy.

Fallows really believes that the Japanese and their economy are *sui generis*: profits don't matter; the Japanese won't ever react intelligently to or feel the negative consequences of their own anti-competitive policies; export subsidies are an infinite resource; and a continued dollar devaluation against the yen is preordained, because the export machine is unstoppable.

Profits do matter—hence the race to go offshore. The political and economic crisis continues to deepen. Many Japanese are actively rethinking the usefulness of restrictions on imports and subsidies to exports. There is a real and harsh credit crunch. The rate of growth of exports has stalled. But the yen is stronger against the dollar because a politically paralyzed government is incapable of meaningful action. The strong yen, as Samuelson notes, is a Japanese problem, not a display of American weakness.

Joe Demetrius
Greensboro, N.C.

James Fallows's valiant effort to persuade us that the weak dollar-yen exchange rate hurts us is defeated by his own reasoning.

With respect to the early-1970s British pound, Fallows properly criticizes the strategy of "competitive devaluation" for neglecting the fundamental economic principle that "each person's most important role is as a consumer." (Fallows's reiteration of this principle in commonsensical terms is all but irrefutable: "If people can buy more things for less money, then the economic process has been a success.") De-

creases in domestic corporate profits affect most of us only if they are manifested in lower salaries, lost jobs, or other reductions in our buying power.

Fallows quickly forgets this principle, however, as his defense of a strong dollar drifts into fashionable criticism of our trade deficit with Japan. It follows from Fallows's principle that the "most important" effect of any trade imbalance is its effect on consumers, at least in the short run. As a matter of economic law, our trade deficit with Japan is part and parcel of the American consumer's ability to buy superior Japanese products at low prices.

Unlike British imports in the early 1970s, America's imports from Japan have continued to be cost-competitive as the dollar-yen exchange rate has fallen lower and lower. Instead of recognizing this as evidence that the trade deficit has yet to hurt the American consumer, however, Fallows cites continued Japanese exports as an illustration of how a weak dollar has supposedly hurt us. Yet Fallows acknowledges that our Japanese counterparts continue to "live in little houses" and "work harder" as we go on buying their cars and electronics.

Just as the claim that we are somehow

James Fallows replies:

There is a peculiar logic to Joe Demetrius's letter, which boils down to two assertions:

1) The Japanese emphasis on sustained trade surpluses will eventually hurt Japan, and the proof can be found either in the fact that the surpluses continue (as they have done, despite warnings like Mr. Demetrius's, over the past decade) or in the fact that they will end (through future "hollowing out" of the export economy). The peculiarity of this assertion, obviously, is that it is immune to factual rebuttal. The reason I mentioned the

1986 column by Robert Samuelson, a journalistic colleague whom I like and respect, was to show that people have been expecting the rising yen to choke off Japan's exports for a very long time, and so far they have been spectacularly wrong.

2) Through the past decade Japanese companies have resisted the effects of the rising yen by suppressing profits, following government guidance, relying on a protected home market, and so on. Nonetheless, it is foolish to consider these companies "suicidal" or to expect that they can continue doing what they

have done for decades.

It is possible that Japanese firms are now at the breaking point. It is possible that the yen's enormous strength will prove a strategic weakness for Japan. But history suggests that countries have more to fear from a steadily weakening currency than from a steadily strengthening one. And the history of overly gloomy assessments of Japan's prospects shifts the burden of proof to those who say that this time the yen is *really* too high.

My disagreement with Russell Mortyn turns on the difference between theoretical economic analysis and the real world.

Ben Franklin wanted to make
it the national bird.

We settled for making it
the national bourbon.



WILD TURKEY

101 proof, real Kentucky.

Wild Turkey® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 50.5% Alc./Vol. (101°), Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, KY. © 1994 Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.

worse off being able to buy \$200 Panasonic instead of \$300 RCAs has been justifiably ignored by the American consumer, we should question Fallows's categorical assertion that a low dollar is "never . . . a sign of health." More important, we should reject his measure of our economic "health" (the "exchange rate at which Toshiba and Mitsubishi cannot export"), because it erroneously uses the Japanese producer, rather than the American consumer, as its point of reference.

Russell M. Mortyn
La Jolla, Calif.

Order Your Poster Today!

Chrysler Corporation "Lend a Hand" Poster.

See ad in front of magazine.



Poster Size: 31" x 40"

Call
1-800-723-0300

Price: \$11.50 includes shipping.
All Major Credit Cards Accepted.

In economic theory, as he points out, people's welfare begins and just about ends with their role as consumers. So far, the long decline of the dollar has not shown up in dramatically higher consumer prices. Therefore what's the problem? The problem comes from the aspects of life that reach beyond the price of a VCR or a Toyota. A weakening currency makes it harder to acquire assets overseas, while cheapening the price of your own country's assets. This means that your country is poorer, and if you believe in capitalism, it reduces your future ability to generate wealth. America's influence in the world has come largely from the fact that America is rich. Our ability to deploy a military, help refugees, offer foreign aid, or participate in pollution-fighting efforts is affected by how much money we have. As the dollar falls, so does our ability to do any of these things. Meanwhile, the falling dollar has not accomplished its advertised objective: creating a broad new base of manufacturing jobs through greater overseas demand.

A weaker dollar may be inevitable. That does not make it good.

Immigration Debate

As a first-generation immigrant and naturalized citizen, I was deeply troubled by Peter Brimelow's extreme views, which Jack Miles is actively helping to broadcast ("The Coming Immigration Debate," April *Atlantic*). Like the French when they talk about Le Pen, Miles tries to camouflage his own views in rhetorical questions and in extensive quotations—from Brimelow's book, *Alien Nation*. But if economic arguments against immigration are not persuasive, as both Miles and Brimelow concede, then what exactly is Miles trying to say when he warns of the impending loss of "cultural coherence"?

Miles asserts that whereas previous immigrants—presumably his ancestors—took on American history as their own, "more-recent immigrants" are little interested in "building a nation on 'the proposition that all men are created equal.'" It is ironic that on the same page he should excoriate the Immigration and Nationality Act Amendments of 1965, which finally put an end to the discriminatory regime

that had begun with the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 and continued through the National Origins Act of 1924 and the restrictions on immigrants from the "Asia-Pacific triangle" under the McCarran-Walter Act of the McCarthy era.

Is this the history of respect for equality that he would like me to take on as my own?

Ta-kuang Chang
New York, N. Y.

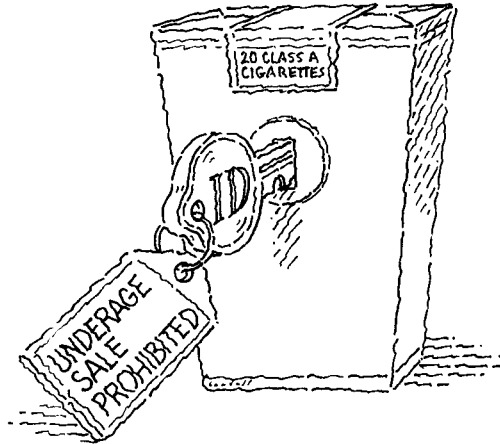
Jack Miles's review of *Alien Nation*, by Peter Brimelow, commendably shows how Brimelow's personal Anglocentric agenda compromises the arguments he makes against current levels of immigration to the United States. Unfortunately, Miles accepts without serious examination Brimelow's argument that immigration levels should be reduced, saying that Brimelow "makes a powerful—indeed, nearly overwhelming—case against the status quo."

But just what is that case? Brimelow and Miles back off from economic arguments (probably because economic studies have shown that immigrants contribute more to the American economy in the way of taxes than is spent on them in welfare and other support). Miles states that the United States is "different from every other nation in the world in its radical openness to immigration." This is simply false. The U.S. legal-immigration figure of 1.5 million is barely half the per capita figure for Canada (290,000, equivalent to a U.S. figure of 2.9 million) and, indeed, is now far lower per capita than it was during the first two decades of this century. The United States is just one among several countries (Australia, the countries of South America, South Africa) with historically large numbers of immigrants. Miles also ignores the large numbers of people allowed to make their permanent residence in Western European countries. Instead of an examination of the facts, we are treated to a series of anecdotes about Brimelow's personal rejections at the embassies of various nations. (Frankly, if Brimelow is half as obnoxious in person as he is on paper, I can well understand the reluctance of immigration officials.)

Brimelow's demand for reciprocal immigration with other countries is ridiculous. First of all, as he well knows, if actual immigration levels were to reflect

Our position, word by word.

No Sale



No one should sell cigarettes to minors. Minors should not have access to cigarettes. They should not smoke. Period.

That's why Philip Morris launched *Action Against Access*, one of the most comprehensive programs ever introduced to combat the issue of youth access to cigarettes.

ACTION against ACCESS

Action Against Access is a voluntary program that is taking some very specific steps.

Here are some highlights: We have stopped the distribution of free sample cigarettes to consumers. We no longer distribute cigarettes through the mail. And we are placing the following notice on all our cigarette brand packs and cartons: "Underage sale prohibited."

In addition, Philip Morris is helping retailers comply with minimum-age laws by providing free signage and funding educational programs.

And, as part of *Action Against Access*, Philip Morris is taking a leadership role in seeking widespread industry and public support for the passage of state legislation designed to prevent minors from having access to cigarettes in vending machines. Additionally, Philip Morris seeks to establish reasonable licensing requirements for cigarette retail sales.

The principle behind *Action Against Access* is simple: The best way to keep kids away from cigarettes is to keep cigarettes away from kids.



**We want you to know
where we stand.**

relative demand, there would undoubtedly be an *increase* in the numbers of people coming to the United States. Second, as Miles concedes in a weak moment, the United States, as a recently created nation populated almost exclusively by immigrants, is qualitatively different from historical nations whose current population numbers owe much more to native growth. Miles makes the point that heavy legal immigration has taken place only because there were laws allowing it. But this is a tautology. The real point is that for all but about thirty of the past 300 years there has in fact been heavy immigration to America.

But all these issues are smoke to cover the real agenda and the real worry of Miles and Brimelow—that far too many immigrants have the wrong hue of skin. Brimelow worries that by about the year 2050 American whites, including his own immigrant son, will have become a minority (the words “in their own country” must have been hard for Brimelow to repress). So?

These arguments are all rather obvious. It is a shame that Miles did not tackle the more challenging question, raised inadvertently by Brimelow, of whether in the globally open economy so beloved of conservatives the economic pressures that create immigration, legal and otherwise, can be effectively countered by means that fall short of turning the United States into a police state.

John Bechhoefer
Vancouver, B.C.

Jack Miles replies:

The restriction and regulation of immigration are not in and of themselves racist. Senator Edward Kennedy, who introduced the 1965 legislation defended by defenders of the immigration status quo, recently joined two senatorial colleagues in introducing new legislation to revise the law. The revision need not entail, as Ta-kuang Chang fears, a return to racist exclusionism. In fact, the ethnic neutrality of our immigration law could be strengthened if certain features of it—notably, family reunification—were revised. Depending on how the criteria for admission were addressed in the law, dark-skinned people might stand an even better chance than they now do of immigrating to the United States. An emphasis on advanced education and prior knowledge of Eng-

lish, for instance, might well favor the admission of dark-skinned Indians.

There are those, no doubt, whose motive for restricting and regulating immigration is racist, but the immigration debate is grossly and needlessly coarsened when all other motives for change are regarded as racism in disguise. My review of Peter Brimelow's *Alien Nation* faulted it for failing to treat African-Americans as an integral part of the American nation from the start, despite their long exclusion from the American polity. Going beyond black-white relations, I said that “American national identity . . . is not a given. It is endlessly constructed. And it is the multiculturalists, with all their faults, who have taken this constructive enterprise in hand.”

Contrary to the claims of John Bechhoefer, it is indeed possible to call for immigration reform while holding to a multi-ethnic, multiracial vision of the American future.

Suffering Children

No Christian Scientist I know would want or allow to happen to their children, or any child, what Caroline Fraser describes in her article “Suffering Children and the Christian Science Church” (April *Atlantic*). Although it is one-sided, the article may have a positive effect in nudging the Church toward clarifying its policy on this matter. Voluntary adoption of the English law, which requires parents to seek medical help if no improvement is seen after seventy-two hours of Christian Science practice, would be a positive step. Indeed, Fraser smooths the way for such a policy by pointing out that Mary Baker Eddy herself would support it.

Eric Oddleifson
Hingham, Mass.

It is comforting to note that Caroline Fraser, toward the end of her article on the Christian Science Church, concedes that Mary Baker Eddy agreed that a physician could be called if a physical problem had not yielded through prayer. Contrary to popular belief, Mrs. Eddy had high respect for the medical profession.

Grace C. Carter
Washington, D.C.

The Townsend Collection is proudly offered at these fine stores:

Alabama	Texas
Birmingham Mori Luggage Mobile Dillards-Bel Air	Abilene Busch Jewelers Pender Office Supply Savon Office Supply
Arizona	Arlington Savon Office Supply
Phoenix Dillards-E. Cactus Road Flax Company, Inc.* Indian School Stationers Leonards Luggage*	Austin G & L - VBj* Beaumont Starship Hallmark Shops
Mesa Dillards-W. Southern Avenue	Brownsville The Depot*
Scottsdale TJ's Office Supply TJ's Princess Gift Shop	Dallas Dallas Pen Company Preston Office Products* United Stationers
Tempe Canem Jewelers*	El Paso Airline International, Inc. Dillards-Gateway West Harrison Office Products
Tucson Zarfaz Luggage & Gifts	Fort Worth Savon Office Supply Trinity Office Supply
Arkansas	Friendswood Bay Area Jewelers*
Fayetteville Blakeman Inc. Little Rock Vanness, Inc.	Houston Bag & Baggage* Coach/Mark Cross Houston Blue Print & Stat*
Louisiana	Houston Jewelry* Jefferey Stone Ltd. Macy's Galleria Massin Office Supply*
Baton Rouge Gayfers Louisiana Office Supply*	Richardson Dist., Inc. Sara International Southwest Video & Appliance United Stationers
Monroe Fleur Jewelers	Kingwood Dowds Office Supply*
Montairie Hiller Jewelry Co.	Laredo Patria Office Supply*
New Orleans Fischers Jewelry Rapp Trunk Saks Fifth Avenue	Lubbock Hester's Office Center*
Mississippi	McAllen Jones Office Supply*
Jackson Gayfers-Jackson	San Antonio Dillards-Loop 410 Monarch Trophy Studio
Biloxi Gayfers	Wichita Falls Krugers Jewelers Savon Office Supply
New Mexico	
Albuquerque Pen and Pad Stationery*	
Santa Fe Healy-Matthews Stationery	

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

GIVEN TO CELEBRATE A DAY.
GUARANTEED TO LAST A LIFETIME.

*Cross 150 Club Members
Recognized Full-Line Retailer

Once again, the Irish countryside stirs pens to greatness.



*New Marbled
Green Lacquer writing
instruments draw on
the rich, deep shades
of Eire.*

cliffs. The crisscrossing hedgerows
of the midlands. So when it came
time to introduce a distinctive

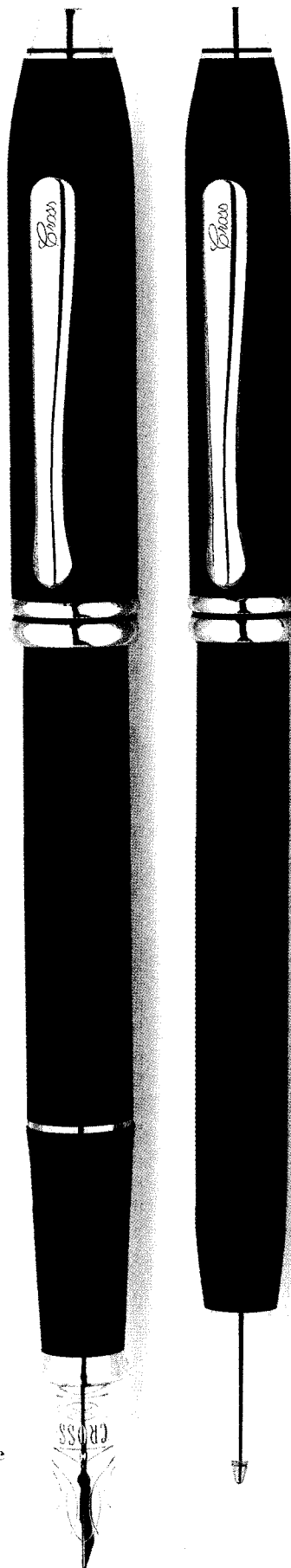


*Exquisite design
accents, classic Cross
styling*

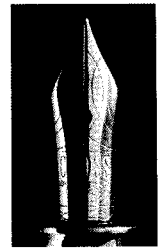
Green Lacquer writing instruments are
distinguished by their rich, deep color
and brilliant gloss finish. They draw

The Irish
landscape
has moved
poets and
playwrights
for centuries:
the soft rolling
hills of Clare.
Inishmore's
breathtaking

green finish to our
Cross Townsend
Collection, it was
altogether fitting
that we look
to Ireland for
inspiration. Our
new Marbled



on a Cross design first seen nearly
seventy years ago. Four models suit
a variety of writing
preferences: fountain
pen, ball-point pen,
rolling ball pen
and 0.5mm pencil.



*Jeweler's attention
to detail*

Each offers a unique
combination of Art

Deco styling and advanced writing
technology. Each expresses your

individuality as
well as your thoughts.

And with their
lifetime mechanical
guarantee, our

Marbled Green
Lacquer writing



*World-renowned
Cross quality*

instruments are certain to be
cherished for generations.

The Cross Townsend Collection.
A dramatic wide-diameter
interpretation of the classic
Cross silhouette.

From \$55 to \$350, and awaiting
your review at fine gift stores and
stationers
nationwide.



SHOWN ABOVE: THE CROSS TOWNSEND MARBLED GREEN LACQUER FOUNTAIN PEN AND BALL-POINT PEN WITH 22 KARAT GOLD ELECTROPLATED APPOINTMENTS.

FOR A LOCAL RETAILER, CALL 1-800-989-3959.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OCTOBER ALMANAC

Demographics

Starting this month families wishing to adopt a U.S.-born child of a different race may find it easier to do so. Under the 1994 Multi-ethnic Placement Act, which takes effect on October 21, child-welfare agencies that receive federal funds are prohibited from delaying or denying placement of children solely on the basis of the race, color, or national origin of the adoptive parents. The legislation is intended to facilitate adoption, especially for African-American children, who account for more than a third of all children eligible for adoption and who generally wait longer than the national average of 17 months, often because of "racial-matching" policies. The act goes into force 23 years after the National Association of Black Social Workers declared transracial adoption a form of "cultural genocide."



Food

October 18, 20 bison will be sold at auction today in Minnesota's Blue Mounds State Park—an exercise that would have been almost unimaginable as recently as 30 years ago, when the species was all but extinct. Bison, or buffalo, were reintroduced to Blue Mounds from a Nebraska wildlife refuge in 1961; they have flourished, and an auction to reduce their numbers has been held each year since 1985. The bison's resurgence in Minnesota is part of a larger comeback across the Great Plains: there are now more than 100,000 in the United States. The participants in this day's auction are breeders who raise bison for their increasingly valuable meat, which is high in protein and low in fat and cholesterol.

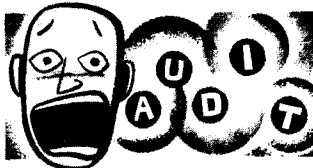


Environment

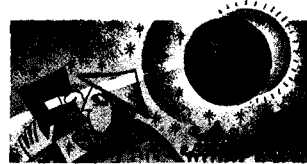
October 31, new minimum-efficiency standards for many light bulbs come into effect, as part of the federal Energy Policy Act of 1992. The bulbs in question are fluorescent two-foot U-shaped and four-foot straight tubes, along with some notoriously inefficient but popular incandescent bulbs: those for spotlights and floodlights (ordinary household light bulbs will not be affected). These must meet or exceed lumens-per-watt ratios set by the Department of Energy, which vary according to bulb type and wattage. The regulations also stipulate that bulb packaging provide consumers with information that will be a guide to efficiency. Not surprisingly, the new bulbs will be more expensive; their increased efficiency, however, should reduce long-term costs.

Government

This month the Internal Revenue Service begins a lottery with unenviable prizes: extensive line-by-line audits of last year's tax returns. The 1995 Taxpayer Compliance Measurement Program will involve the examination of more than 150,000 randomly chosen returns, making it the largest ever since the TCMP's inception, in 1962. The scrutiny of some returns could last up to two years. Although the program does serve to collect unpaid taxes, it is primarily a research tool with which to discover the sources of repeated taxpayer confusion, mistakes, and fraud; some of the data are



then used to write better tax forms and to make other adjustments. For example, as a result of the 1986 survey taxpayers are now required to provide the Social Security numbers of claimed dependent children—and some 7 million children have consequently vanished from returns. Also this month, larger food-stamp awards are likely to go to some recipients, especially men, by virtue of a provision of the 1993 Mickey Leland Childhood Hunger Relief Act which goes into effect on October 1. Under this provision child-support payments may now be deducted from total income when determining eligibility for assistance.



The Skies

October 6, Saturn lies just below the nearly full Moon tonight, high in the southeast. 8, Full Moon, also known this month as the Hunter's Moon. 22, the Orionid meteors, remnants of Halley's Comet, peak in the hour just after midnight. 24, a total eclipse of the Sun, visible in much of southern Asia but, unfortunately, not in America. 27, Jupiter lies close to the crescent Moon. 29, at 2:00 A.M., Daylight Saving Time ends. Turn clocks back one hour.

Arts & Letters

October 22, the world's largest collection of Soviet underground art will go on view today in its new home, the Jane Voorhees Zimmerli Art Museum, at Rutgers University. Titled "From Gulag to Glasnost," and spanning the period 1956 to 1986, the exhibit will include some 350 of the more than 10,000 works in the Norton and Nancy Dodge Collection. Some will be housed in a small "apartment" similar to the ones in which



the artists, denied public exhibitions, worked and displayed. Norton Dodge, a former economics professor, clandestinely bought most of the pieces in the collection during academic-research trips to the former Soviet Union, at a total cost of about \$3 million. The collection's new home is a marked improvement over its previous one—the barns on the Dodges' Maryland farm, where some pieces were stored in horse stalls and a few were damaged by a cat or stained by raccoon urine. Future plans for the collection include a traveling exhibit to be shown in Amsterdam, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Moscow.

75 Years Ago

A. Edward Newton, writing in the October, 1920, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "As if to make the approach to our cities and towns more hideous than they already are, 'concessions' are secured and immense signs erected, calling attention to the merits of someone's oil as a lubricant, either for one's motor or one's bowels. Such advertising is positively loathsome, and sooner or later it will be stopped. . . . Should a man stand outside my gate and beat a drum night and day, he would ultimately be taken either to a hospital or to an undertaker's; and those who make our country hideous with their shrieking signs should suffer the same fate. As for bill-board advertising, the case of our towns is indeed desperate; but I am not altogether without hope."



Before 1949, world-class military squads represented America in international equestrian competition. When those squads disbanded, a small but ambitious group of sportsmen stepped in to replace them and founded the United States Equestrian Team.

The Team started at the top, capturing the Nation's Cup on its first six-country Fall Circuit competition in 1950. "The continuing goal of the USET is to develop and train American riders to compete in world-class events," says Executive Director Bob Standish. "The Team's constant nurturing of new talent has paid off over the years in steadily accumulating championships."

In preparation for 1996, the USET has already embarked on the quadrennial cycle that features the World Equestrian Games at The Hague and ends with the Olympics in Atlanta.



Lt. John Wofford, first president of the USET, on Babe Watham. 1932 Olympics

Rolex supports the efforts of the USET with a series of sponsored competitions ranging

Michael Matz, aboard Heisman, takes a record fifth USET National Championship in 1992.



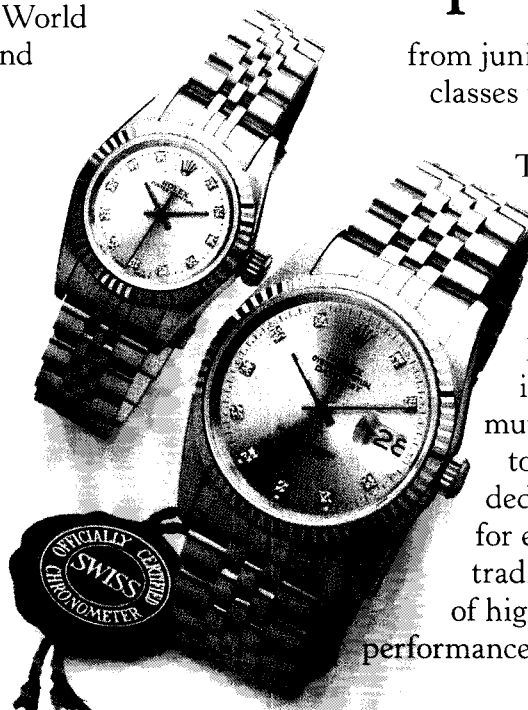
The U.S. Equestrian Team. A proud presence in a classic sport.

from junior show jumping classes to the prestigious Rolex Kentucky Three-Day Event.

The enduring bond between Rolex and the United States Equestrian Team is held fast by our mutual commitment to excellence. This dedication preserves for each a recognized tradition of high performance.



ROLEX



Rolex Lady Oyster Perpetual and Men's Oyster Perpetual Datejust in stainless steel and 18kt gold with matching Jubilee bracelets and diamond dials.

For more information about the U.S. Equestrian Team write: USET, Inc., Gladstone, N.J. 07934.

Write for watch brochure: Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 798, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-5383.

Rolex, the crown logo, Oyster Perpetual, Datejust and Jubilee are trademarks.

Against All Odds

The implacable in pursuit of the improbable

THE advertisement, spread over two pages in *The New York Times Book Review*, bore a headline in bold black letters: "THE FOUR STEPS TO ABSOLUTE PEACE." The four steps were said to be fleshed out in volume nine of the *Selected Works of Prof. Dr. Hisatoki Komaki*—Komaki being identified as the chancellor of the International Center of the Earth Environment University Roundtable—but the advertisement itself helpfully offered a précis.

The first step is "Peace Between Mankind," which means world disarmament. Target date: now. Second is "Peace Between Men and Animals," which will require "total abolition of meat diet, animal experimentation and insecticides." Target date: 2050. Third is "Peace Between Animals and Animals," which will involve "control of the population of wild animals, fishes and insects, without mutual killing and pain." Target date: 2099. Fourth is "Peace of All Beings of the Whole Universe." Target date: actually, no date was specified. This one could take some time.

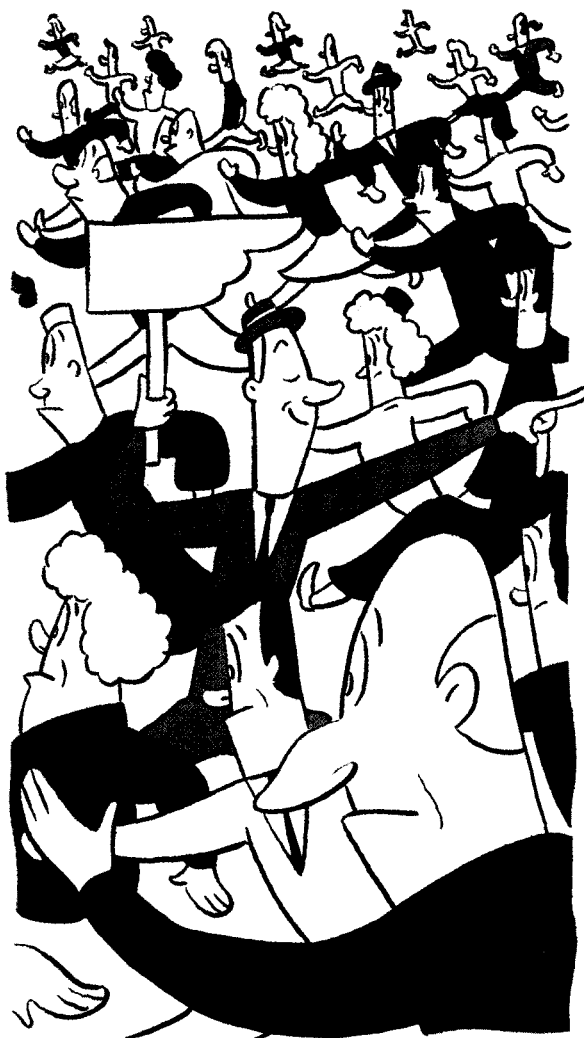
Next to his own small picture in the *Times* advertisement Komaki placed a small picture of the late Linus Pauling, the chemist and Nobel laureate, who was the honorary chancellor of the Roundtable—as if to say, "And you wondered whether to take me seriously?!"

Zealous and naive, idealistic, in many cases cheerfully heedless of their probable irrelevance—such are the people who undertake one of the most characteristic of human endeavors: the

pursuit of lost causes. The pursuit of a cause when all evidence suggests that it is doomed embodies the human condition in full array, from nobility through tenacity to futility. George Santayana, in his essay "The Suppressed Madness of Sane Men," wrote of the "passionate, fanciful, or magical" elements in the human psyche that sometimes get out of hand, "flaring into all sorts of obsessions" so as to "baffle rational ambition." But he went on to observe that we should give those elements our attention, because they sometimes offer insight into human aspirations that rational ambition doesn't. At some level most of us

understand this, I think, which is why crowds gather at Speaker's Corner, in London—and why anyone might pause to read the words of Prof. Dr. Hisatoki Komaki in an advertisement.

Of course, most defenders of lost causes set their sights a little lower than Komaki has. After him, on the next lower rung of the ladder of ambition, come the believers in world government—members of organizations like the World Service Authority and the World Federalist Association. One of the things hampering the one-worlders, apparently, is that they're split into several camps, among them the not-an-overnight-process camp and the one-fell-swoopists. Divisions like this, I've discovered, are a major feature of lost causes. They are present to an even greater degree among the proponents of a global language, who hope to facilitate international communication and perhaps, therefore, foster harmony. Esperanto, invented in 1887, is the best-known global language, but linguistic





BOMBAY

SAPPHIRE

Distilled

LONDON
DRY GIN

*Distilled from 100%
Grain Neutral Spirit
from a 1761 recipe*

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.
MILTON IMPORTERS LTD.
TEANECK, NEW JERSEY

IMPORTED

1 Liter

Alc. 47% vol (94 Proof)

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS RECOMMENDED BY STEPHEN DOLAN

OUR SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin 47% alc/vol (94 Proof) 100% grain

Teaneck, NJ 07666

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and ideological disagreements have given rise to scores of others: Glosa, Interlingua, Novial, Occidental, and Volapuk, to name but a few. At some point in the next century the number of invented languages will probably overtake the number of surviving natural languages.

Among those who remain content to speak English there are many proponents of simplified spelling, which has been a lost cause since the first simplified system was proposed, in the sixteenth century. Over the years many systems have been devised; a newspaper in Canada, the *Times ov Toronto*, is today published in one of them, known as Kanadan. Another system, called New Spelling, would start the Gettysburg Address like this: "Forskor and seven yeezr agoe . . ." Again, competition is a problem. As one frustrated nineteenth-century simplifier, Isaac Pitman, wrote in *The Phonetics Journal*, "We have long known that it is impossible to induce the inventor of any scheme of reformed spelling to support the scheme of any other reformer."

The roster of lost causes is always growing: the return of the gold standard, keeping English out of French, statehood for the District of Columbia, the Latin Mass, Basque independence, maglev trains, the Chicago Cubs. There still exists a Women's Christian Temperance Union. Sometimes, to be sure, one suspects that the lost cause is not meant to be taken seriously. A group in Ukraine, for example, has been lobbying without success for a monument in the city of Lviv to a native son, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, the centennial of whose death is being marked this year; Masoch's tastes, as revealed in his novel *Venus in Furs* (1869), led to the coining by Richard von Kraft-Ebbing of the eponymous term "masochism." (The Lviv city council is determined to frustrate the effort, which could, given the context, represent an odd sort of victory for the Masoch forces.) In England a group formed as the result of a letter to Cardinal Basil Hume from a former Argentine ambassador to Thailand is pressing ardently for the canonization of Gilbert Keith Chesterton. If, improbably, the group succeeds, then we might entreat Chesterton to assist Saint Jude, who has long been considered by some Christians to be the patron saint of lost causes, although no one really knows why. Per-

haps it was Saint Jude who came up with the idea of trying to create a U.S. professional soccer league.

■ ■ ■

One man who is in deadly earnest about his lost cause—a cause that rivals Komaki's in its conflation of hopelessness and ambition—is Thomas T. Samaras, a management consultant and engineer who lives in San Diego. Samaras believes that the typical human being should be about five feet tall and should weigh about 110 pounds, and he has a plan to achieve this objective.

The thinking behind the plan can be found in Samaras's book, *The Truth About Your Height*, which has a lot to say about the global consequences of the continuing increase in the size of the average human being. Owing to improvements in diet and public health in many countries of the Western world, populations have been growing an inch per generation for the past century and a half. The typical Japanese youth has grown at an even faster rate—by as much as five inches during the past forty years alone. In Third World countries people are also beginning to register gains. Along with gains in height, people worldwide are gaining in the amount of weight per inch of height.

Assume, Samaras writes, that the human population remains constant at about six billion but the average weight of a human being grows from 140 to 175 pounds. That represents a 210-billion-pound increase in biomass, which is in many respects the practical equivalent of a 25 percent increase in population, without any actual population growth. And of course there will be population growth. Imagine, then, the consequences of greater human size for the consumption of food and energy, and for the production of waste. Imagine having to clothe an amount of additional human body-surface area larger than Texas.

Given these realities, Samaras is urging the human race to embark on a program of long-term shrinkage. As he rightly observes, in a world whose resources are finite "a reduction in the size of people is equivalent to increasing the size of the earth and all its features, including the resources available." Samaras has been lobbying for action for more than a decade. He would like to see nutritional scientists "develop a low-calorie,

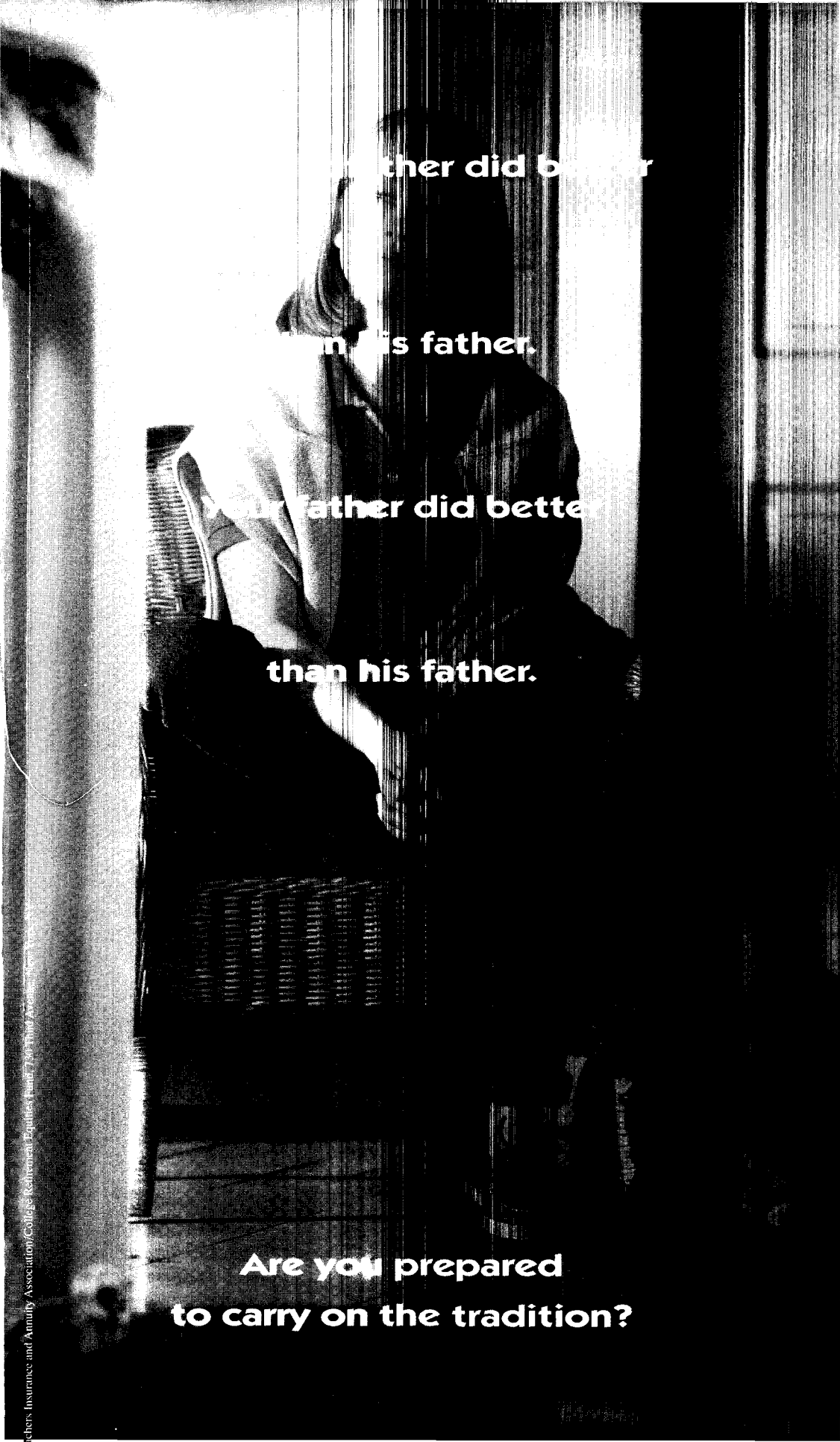
low-fat diet for children that will allow parents to control growth without any harmful effects on the child's mental development and physical health"—a diet, theoretically possible, that could eventually reduce the height of the average human being worldwide by six to eight inches.

No progress has been made yet. During the years since Samaras began his campaign, according to a study funded by the National Institutes of Health, the weight of the typical American in the age group twenty-five to thirty has in fact increased by ten pounds. Earlier this year, in what is surely a portent, the town of Porirua, New Zealand, which is faced with a worsening shortage of cemetery space owing in part to the increasing size of graves, felt compelled to impose a 30 percent surcharge on grave plots above a certain size.

■ ■ ■

It is as hard to argue with Samaras's analysis of the basic biomass problem our species faces as it is to think that his worldwide rollback program will ever happen. And yet it must be admitted that just as there have been some historical sure bets that ultimately turned into lost causes (dinosaurs, Thomas Dewey, term limits), there have also been some lost causes that were ultimately won. The United States seemed like a lost cause at Valley Forge—and never mind that it sometimes still seems like one today. The abolition of slavery once seemed like a lost cause in Alabama, but last year the state legislature actually got around to taking slavery formally off the books. The fight against communism once seemed like a lost cause. So did the fate of the Houston Rockets at the beginning of last season.

Surely it is this that sustains the Komakis and the Interlinguists and the partisans of Masoch: the knowledge that every once in a while, against all expectations, destiny moves a lost cause into the win column. I doubt that I'll be around to see *The New York Times* adopt simplified spelling, much less to read a headline blaring the news about the onset of PEES OV AUL BEINGZ OV DHE HOEL UENIVERS. But it is somehow reassuring to know that a habitable space exists between improbable possibility and probable impossibility—a space where potentiality is infinite. ☞



**...ther did better
...n his father.
... your father did better
... than his father.**

**Are you prepared
to carry on the tradition?**

TIAA-CREF.

Proven

Solutions

To Last

a Lifetime.

Upward mobility used to be a fact of life. But life has changed. Today, more than ever, prosperity requires long range planning and innovative thinking. That's why TIAA-CREF has become the largest retirement system in the world, based on assets under management. We offer pension, investment, insurance, and personal annuity savings plans that can help you build the kind of future you've always imagined—maybe even better. To find out more, call 1 800 226-0147 for a free Personal Investing Kit, including a current CREF Prospectus. TIAA-CREF. Financial services exclusively for people in education and research.

For more complete information, including fees and expenses, please read the CREF Prospectus offered above. Read it carefully before investing.



**Ensuring the future
for those who shape it.™**

Life's not always a picnic. But it can be a ride in the Park.

Late nights, early mornings, meetings about meetings—life is hectic. Reward yourself with a quiet moment in the Park. Park Avenue is a beautiful place to be. Powerful—with a 3800 Series II V6—yet so elegant, so luxurious. It has a way of smoothing out life's rough edges. Park Avenue by Buick. You've earned it. For more information, call 1-800-4A-BUICK.



BUICK

The New Symbol For Quality
In America.



©1995 GM Corp. All rights reserved.
Park Avenue is a registered trademark
of GM Corp. Buckle up, America!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Official Sponsor of the
1996 U.S. Olympic Team

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The activist Mimi Ramsey in front of posters denouncing the practice of female genital mutilation

Female Circumcision Comes to America

*Performed by new immigrants,
veiled in deference to a cultural tradition of the
developing world, female circumcision is
becoming an American problem*

IT is a late-summer night, nearly midnight in Washington, D.C., when the taxicab comes for Mimi Ramsey. She steps into it with a worried look in her eyes and her mouth firmly set. She is on her way to yet another stranger's house, where she will again—for the umpteenth time in the past year

by Linda Burstyn

—talk about the most personal and most secret of African customs, offering herself as a sort of human roadblock in the traffic of tradition.

At the house Ramsey is kissed on both of her cheeks by her hostess, an Ethiopian immigrant like herself, and ushered into a dimly lit living room decorated with rugs

and cloths from their homeland. There she spends the next several hours huddled together with the young mother, Genat, talking in conspiratorial whispers.

"Mother says she will do it anyway, herself—when I'm out of the house—if I don't agree to get it done soon," Genat confides to the woman she hopes will help her. "She says she will take a razor blade and do it." Ramsey nods. She has heard this story many times before, and responds by reciting a long list of reasons why the older woman must be stopped, trying to give Genat the courage to buck tradition and disobey her mother. "You cannot let her do this to your child. Please. It is wrong. You know how painful it is. How damaging. Your daughter may hate you for life for what you allow to happen to her."

Genat shakes her head. She doesn't want her baby girl, just born in this country, to be circumcised, as is customary in her native land, but her mother is adamant.

"She believes in it so strongly," Genat says. "She said if I don't do these things,

To the eye, invisible.
To the ear, impossible.



© 1995 Bose Corporation. Acoustimass® bass module is not shown. JN96109

*Bose® Lifestyle® Music And Home Theater Systems.
The New Standard In Audio.*

It seems impossible. How can a room full of rich, lifelike stereo sound come from a system as small as the one in this picture? The answer is inside Lifestyle® music and home theater systems.

Bose patented technologies take everything good about the sound of a concert or movie, from the clarity of the music to the excitement of sound effects. And re-create it from a system so small, it's practically invisible in a room.

That is, until you turn it on. Suddenly, speakers you may have overlooked, and a music center that blends into your decor (though it contains a CD player and tuner), beg to be noticed.

Time magazine certainly did when it recently selected our Lifestyle® 5 system as the only stereo on its Ten Best Products list.

But to believe the sound, you have to hear Lifestyle® music and home theater systems yourself. To find out which Lifestyle® system is best for you, and for Bose retailers near you, call **1-800-444-2673 ext. 592.** Sometimes what seems impossible really does exist!

BOSE®
Better sound through research.®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the girl will grow up horny. She'll be like American girls. And how will I be able to go back to work if my mother is not here to care for my child?"

It is not until many hours later, after a long, sleepless night and a fruitless morning discussion with the older woman, that Ramsey, discouraged, finally ends this peculiar house call. "Please send your mother home," she advises Genat. "Go on welfare if you have to, but don't let your mother stay in the house and do this to your baby."

TO Mimi Ramsey, a forty-three-year-old nurse who lives in San Jose, California, scenes like this one are increasingly familiar. An activist in a growing movement in this country to halt the practice of female circumcision—also called female genital mutilation, or FGM—she, among others, is trying not only to persuade her compatriots to end the practice but also to persuade America to address FGM as a serious health and human-rights issue. It is not an easy task. Even though the details of some of the extreme yet common forms of the practice are as horrifying to most Americans

as ualistic FGM. "When you wrap this issue in the cloth of culture, you just can't see what's inside. This is a clear case of child abuse. It's a form of reverse racism not to protect these girls from barbarous practices that rob them for a lifetime of their God-given right to an intact body."

Americans who are aware of the practice, which has been performed on some 100 million to 130 million women and girls worldwide, assume that it is a fact of life only for girls who live in faraway places—a form of barbarism that doesn't touch American homes, schools, or doctor's offices. This is simply not true. As more and more African immigrants move to this country, bringing with them their food, practices, and traditions, perhaps hundreds more daughters of African parents are circumcised in the United States every year.

Many of the immigrant mothers who are making these decisions about their daughters know little or nothing about their own anatomy. They are told that if the clitoris is left alone, it will grow and drag on the ground; that if their daughters are left uncircumcised, they will be wild, and will crave men; that no man from their home country will marry them uncircumcised (although many African men say that they prefer uncircumcised women for sex and marriage); that circumcision aids in menstruation and childbirth (although the opposite is true in both cases); and that it is a religious—usually Islamic—requirement (although none of the major Islamic texts calls directly for FGM). And so these women and their husbands come to the United States filled with misinformation, and remain blindly dedicated to continuing this torturous tradition.

Azza, an Egyptian immigrant who moved to the United States fifteen years ago and now lives in Louisiana, plans to take her ten-year-old American-born daughter back to Egypt in a few months to have her circumcised. "They say it helps us control our emotions," she says. The thirty-three-year-old mother is confused about whether or not she wants to put her daughter through the procedure, first saying that she and her husband are not sure what they are going to do, and finally saying that it is up to him and the Egyptian doctors to decide.

Frequently families will chip in to bring someone from the homeland to the United States to perform circumcisions, be-

cause it's cheaper to import a circumciser than it is to send several girls abroad. A taxi driver in Washington, D.C., who hotly defends the practice says that he recently had his daughters circumcised that way. "I stood over her to make sure she cut enough," he says. "I wasn't going to let my daughters have those things!"

AS more and more immigrants from countries that practice FGM come to make their homes in Western countries, these countries are facing the task of confronting a custom that is rigidly adhered to and yet taboo to discuss. The United States has not given FGM the attention or the illegal status that many other nations have given it. The United Kingdom has a full-fledged and longstanding anti-FGM movement that involves the country's social-service agencies. France, Canada, Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden, and Belgium all have outlawed the practice. The first attempt to prohibit FGM here died in the previous Congress. However, the legislation has been reintroduced by its original co-sponsors, Representatives Pat Schroeder, of Colorado, and Barbara-Rose Collins, of Michigan. Senator Harry Reid has proposed similar legislation in the Senate. Three states, New York, Minnesota, and North Dakota, have passed laws making the practice of FGM a felony unless it is medically necessary.

Knowing that federal legislation to deal with FGM is far from a certainty, a growing number of people are joining the battle to stop FGM in America. They want this country to start documenting the extent of the practice here and to use the courts and social services to put an end to it—an aim they're finding it difficult to achieve at a time when so many cities are struggling with other pressing issues.

"It's a serious problem in most urban centers in the United States," Hogan says. "There just hasn't been enough empirical documentation of it. But what we see when we see it, anecdotally or empirically, is just like incest was in its time—or child abuse. It's the tip of the iceberg."

Several recent events have helped to strengthen this movement. Probably the most high-profile of these were the publication of Alice Walker's novel on the subject, *Possessing the Secret of Joy*, and the production of Walker's documentary film, *Warrior Marks*, which was shown in cities throughout the United States.

Frequently families will chip in to bring someone from the homeland to the United States to perform circumcisions, because it's cheaper than sending several girls abroad.

as Nazi human experimentation or brutal child abuse, documentation is hard to come by, and resistance to infringing upon the traditions and mores of another culture is difficult to overcome.

"We don't warn [immigrant] families that we consider this child abuse," says Catherine Hogan, the founder of the Washington Metropolitan Alliance Against Rit-



SIR GEORG SOLT

Shostakovich: Sym. No. 5; Mendelssohn: Sym. No. 4. Solti cond. (London) 118-133
Berlioz: *Symphonie Fantastique*. Solti cond. (London) 472-878
"Immortal Beloved"—Orig. Sndtrk. (music of Beethoven) (Sony Classical) 114-504

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Scheherazade*; Stravinsky: *Scherzo Fantastique*. Chailly cond. (London) 489-112

Beethoven/Schumann: *Piano Quartets*. Stern, Y. Ma; E. Ax; J. Stern. (Sony Class.) 486-662

Borodin: *Symphonies Nos. 1 & 2*, etc. Ashkenazy (London) 486-555

Michael Nyman—The Piano Concert (Argo) 479-006



Pavarotti & Friends 2 (London) 131-284

Shostakovich: Sym. No. 13 "Babi Yar". N.Y. Phil. & Chorus; Masur cond. (Teldec) 485-581

Beethoven: *String Quartets Nos. 6 & 7*. Cleveland Quartet (Telarc) 484-162

Grand & Glorious—Great Operatic Choruses. Shaw, cond. (Telarc) 483-313



Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas, Op. 2, Nos. 1-3*. Murray Perahia (Sony Class.) 130-013

Orff: *Carmina Burana*. Mehta, London Phil. & Chorus (Teldec) 469-593

Cecilia Bartoli—The Impatient Lover (London) 469-148

Handel: *Water Music*. Mackerras, St. Luke's Orch. (Telarc) 462-523

Leonard Bernstein—The Final Concert (DG) 455-006

Chant—Benedictine Monks Of Santo Domingo De Silos (Angel) 477-067

Mozart: 3 Sonatas For Violin & Piano. Isaac Stern, Yefim Bronfman (Sony Class.) 486-035

Schubert: "Trout" Quintet: Quartett D.96. James Levine, piano; members of Berlin & Vienna Philharmonics (DG) 473-355

Gershwin Plays Gershwin (Elektra/Nonesuch) 473-348

Mozart: *Oboe Conc.; Bassoon Concerto*; more. Koopman cond. (Erato) 469-635

Pachelbel: *Kanon*; Tchaikovsky: *Serenade For Strings*. L. Slatkin cond. (Telarc) 462-655

Murray Perahia—Beethoven (Telarc) 462-655

Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas, Op. 2, Nos. 1-3*. Murray Perahia (Sony Class.) 130-013

Orff: *Carmina Burana*. Mehta, London Phil. & Chorus (Teldec) 469-593

Cecilia Bartoli—The Impatient Lover (London) 469-148

Handel: *Water Music*. Mackerras, St. Luke's Orch. (Telarc) 462-523

Leonard Bernstein—The Final Concert (DG) 455-006

Chant—Benedictine Monks Of Santo Domingo De Silos (Angel) 477-067

Mozart: 3 Sonatas For Violin & Piano. Isaac Stern, Yefim Bronfman (Sony Class.) 486-035

COLUMBIA HOUSE CLASSICAL

10 CDs—1¢

Plus a chance to get more FREE!

Details below.

Beethoven: *Piano Conc. # 5 "Emperor"*. R. Serkin, Ozawa cond. (Telarc) 462-416

Ravel: *Rapsodie Espagnole; Bolero*, etc. Barenboim, Chicago Sym. (Erato) 454-181

Glenn Gould Edition—Bach: *Goldberg Variations*, etc. Historic 1955 Debut (Sony Class.) 450-676

Vladimir Horowitz—Discovered Treasures (Sony Class.) 450-502

Mozart: *Symphony No. 39*, more. Giulini, Berlin Philharm. (Sony Class.) 449-207

Gorecki: *Sym. No. 3*. Dawn Upshaw, Zimman, London Sinfon. (Elektra/Nonesuch) 441-923

Kathleen Battle & Wynton Marsalis—Baroque Duet. (Sony Classical) 439-372

Rachmaninoff: *Piano Concertos 2 & 3*. Bronfman, piano. (Sony Class.) 436-626

The 3 Tenors—In Concert: Carreras/Domingo/Pavarotti (London) 423-418

Beethoven: *Sym. No. 9 (Choral)*. Norrington, London Class. Players (EMI Classics) 365-619

Bernstein-Copland: *Appalachian Spring (Suite)*, etc. N.Y. Phil. (CBS Mast.) 357-889

Sibelius: *Sym. 2: Finlandia*. Mehta cond. (Teldec) 419-820

Brahms: *Ein Deutsches Requiem*. Blomstedt cond. (London) 129-957

Webern: *Quartet & Trio For Strings*. Emerson Quartet (DG) 129-932

Herbert Von Karajan—Adagio (DG) 129-635

Tchaikovsky: *Piano Concerto No. 1; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 2*. Andre Watts; Yoel Levi cond. (Telarc) 126-581

Bartok: *Divertimento; Dance Suite*, etc. Boulez cond. (DG) 129-650

Verdi: *Requiem; Four Sacred Pieces*. J. Eliot Gardiner cond. (Philips) 123-059/393-058

Mahler: *Symphony No. 6*. Pierre Boulez cond. (DG) 123-042

Brahms: *Symphony No. 4*. Carlos Kleiber cond. (DG) 121-293

Sylvia McNair—*The Echoing Air*, Music Of Purcell (Philips) 120-808

Debussy: *La Mer; Jeux; Nocturnes*; Boulez cond. (DG) 120-782

Vaughan Williams: *Fantasia On A Theme By Thomas Tallis*; more. Neville Marriner, cond. (Philips) 123-067

Stravinsky: *Petrouchka; Pulcinella*. Chailly cond. (London) 120-774

Kronos Quartet—Performs Philip Glass (Nonesuch) 119-107

Chopin: *Ballades, Etudes, Mazurkas*. Murray Perahia, piano (Sony Class.) 119-016

Gil Shaham—Vivaldi: *The Four Seasons*; more. (DG) 118-901

Mozart: *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Sinfonia Concertante*; and more. C. Von Dohnanyi cond. (London) 118-893

Luciano Pavarotti—Pavarotti In Central Park (London) 118-851

Mendelssohn: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Ozawa (DG) 118-182

Beethoven: *Sym. No. 3 "Eroica" & Sym. No. 5*. John Eliot Gardiner cond. (Archiv) 118-158

Maria Callas—*La Divina* 3 (EMI Classics) 118-125

Pepe Romero—*Noches De Espana*: Romantic guitar classics (Philips) 118-075

Schumann: *Sym. No. 3 "Rhenish" & No. 4*. Nikolaus Harnoncourt cond. (Teldec) 114-488

ITZHAK PERLMAN

Itzhak Perlman—Bits And Pieces (EMI Classics) 108-142
Mendelssohn: *Violin Concerto*; Prokofiev: *Violin Concerto #2*. Perlman; Barenboim cond. (Erato) 469-874
Itzhak Perlman—Brahms: *Violin Concerto*. Barenboim, Berlin Phil. (EMI Classics) 459-842



Dawn Upshaw—Canteloube: *Songs Of The Auvergne* (1923-30) (Erato) 114-470

Prokofiev: *Peter And The Wolf*; Debussy: *La boîte à joujoux*. Nagano cond. (Erato) 114-264

Bach: *Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1, 2, 3*. Pearlman, Boston Baroque (Telarc) 114-025

Enescu: *Symphony #2; Roumanian Rhapsodies 1 & 2*. Andreescu cond. (Olympia) 113-993



Tchaikovsky: *Pas De Deux—Famous Waltzes*. Kurt Masur conducting (Teldec) 126-094

Wynton Marsalis—London Concert. Haydn, Hummel, Fasch. (Sony Class.) 113-035

Beethoven/Mozart: *Piano Quintets*. Barenboim & members Chicago, Berlin Sym. (Erato) 103-481

Beethoven: *Sonatas 12, 13, 14 (Moonlight) & 19*. Alfred Brendel, piano (Philips) 102-996

Haydn: *Piano Sonatas Nos. 32, 47, 53 & 59*. E. Ax (Sony Class.) 102-970

Sibelius: *Violin Conc.*; Bruch: *Scottish Fantasy*. Midori; Mehta, (Sony Class.) 102-947

Holst: *The Planets*. Previn, Royal Philharm. (Telarc) 462-564

Rachmaninov: *Sym. No. 2; The Rock*. Pletnev cond. (DG) 486-548



Bach: *Great Organ Favorites*. Biggs (CBS Master.) 374-512

Weber: *Symphonies Nos. 1, 2*; more. Roger Norrington conducting (EMI Classics) 129-981

Messiaen: *Les offrandes oubliées*; more. Myung-Whun Chung (DG) 129-643

Tchaikovsky: *The Seasons, Op. 37b*; etc. Mikhail Pletnev, piano (Virgin Class.) 118-190

Chopin: *Piano Con. #2; 24 Preludes*. Maria Joao Pires (DG) 118-174

Wilhelm F. Bach: *Six Duets*. Schulz, flute; Schellenberger, oboe (Sony Class.) 113-514

Paganini: *Violin Concerto No. 1; Saints-Saens: Havanaise*, etc. Sarah Chang (EMI Classics) 108-076

THE ONLY CLUB TO OFFER THESE TITLES EXCLUSIVE

©1995, The Columbia House Company.

• Just mail to us coupon and we'll send your 10 CDs, for which you will be billed a penny, plus shipping and handling.

• You agree to buy as few as six selections in the coming three years, at the regular Club price (currently \$12.98 to \$16.98), and you may cancel your membership at any time after doing so! (A shipping and handling charge will be added to each shipment.)

• Free Music magazine sent every four weeks (up to 13 times a year), describing the Regular Classical Selection, plus scores of alternates from other fields of music. And Special Selection mailings up to six times a year (total of up to 19 buying opportunities).

• Buy only what you want! If you want the Regular or Special Selection, do nothing—it will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just mail the response card always provided by the date specified.

• You always have 10 days to decide; if not, you may return the Selection at our expense.

• INSTANT BENEFIT PLAN! Right from the very start, every CD you purchase at regular Club price immediately entitles you to take another CD for only \$3.99! This amounts to significant savings on the CDs you want—and you enjoy this money-saving advantage for as long as you decide to remain a member.

• 10-Day Free Trial! We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory package. If not satisfied, return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation.

• Extra Bonus! When you may take one additional CD right now for only \$6.98, plus shipping and handling—and you are then entitled to take an extra CD as a bonus FREE! And you'll receive your discounted CD and your bonus CD with your 10 introductory selections—11 CDs in all!

• If the address on this coupon is missing, write to: Columbia House, 1400 North Fruitridge Ave., Terre Haute, IN 47811-1129.

Selections with 2 numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2—so write in each number in a separate box.

COLUMBIA HOUSE CLASSICAL CLUB, 1400 N. Fruitridge Ave., P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129

Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 10 CDs indicated here, for which I will be billed 1¢, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy six more, at regular Club prices, in the next three years—and may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

RUSH ME THESE 10 CDs—ALL AT ONCE!				5.	•	8.	•
1.	•	3.	•	6.	•	9.	•
2.	•	4.	•	7.	•	10.	•

Also send this 11th CD now, for which I will be billed \$6.98, plus shipping and handling. 11. • And I'm entitled to this 12th CD FREE! 12. •

Rush my CLASSICAL CDs to the following address:

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss Print First Name Initial Last Name Age
Address Apt.
City State Zip

Do you have a VCR? (04) ☐ Yes ☐ No A telephone? (01) ☐ Yes ☐ No
Have you ever bought anything by mail in the past? (27) ☐ Yes ☐ No
How have you paid for your mail order purchase? Check below all that apply:
☐ Cash (28) ☐ Check (30) ☐ Credit Card (29) ☐ Money Order (31)

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto—terms of offer may vary. Applicable sales tax added to all orders. 928/F95

Also significant was the well-publicized court case of a Nigerian woman living in Oregon who won asylum in this country by pleading that her daughters would be in grave danger of being forcibly circumcised if they were sent back to their homeland.

Women's-rights groups such as Population Action International, Equality Now, RAINBO, the Washington Metropolitan Alliance Against Ritualistic FGM, and the Program for Appropriate Technology and Health (PATH) and other groups form a loose information-and-activist network on FGM. More important, immigrant women who were circumcised as children have joined forces to fight the tradition among compatriots in this country.

Soraya Mire, a thirty-four-year-old Somali film maker who lives in Los Angeles, has been touring the country with her film *Fire Eyes*, which shows African children being circumcised. Asha Mohamud, a Somali who has worked as a pediatrician and who lives in Alexandria, Virginia, now directs several FGM projects in Kenya and the United States for PATH. Mimi Ramsey has made it her avocation to visit African businesses and communities in this country and proselytize against FGM.

Ramsey typifies many who, after hearing about FGM in the media, have finally been able to talk about an experience long suppressed. For years she had gone to doctors for help with the aftereffects of her radical circumcision. For years doctors, either because they were stunned by what they saw or because they were trying to be culturally sensitive, said nothing to Ramsey about what had been done to her and simply prescribed various topical creams and jellies to ease her pain. But in February of last year all that changed.

"I went to a doctor for the problem I have down there," Ramsey says. "He asked me, 'Why did they do this to you? Why did they remove all your genitalia?' He was in shock." After returning to her apartment, depressed and confused, Ramsey, a devout Christian, prayed for some answers. Later that night she saw a television program about FGM and the Nigerian woman's asylum case in Oregon. It answered many of her questions. "I was angry and still am. The morning after the show I got up and called all the African women from my address book who live in

the United States. I asked them, 'Are you a victim too?' And they said yes. I said, 'Let's talk about it. I'm not going to shut up anymore.'"

MOST of the talk about circumcision in this country has focused on male circumcision, as people have made the case that it causes physical and psychological pain to infant boys. When it comes to women, "circumcision" is at best a misnomer.

"Cutting off the clitoris is equivalent to cutting off much of the penis," Asha Mohamud says.

This is why opponents and medical leaders use the more descriptive and more accurate term "female genital mutilation." Although in a tiny percentage of cases FGM consists of a small cut to the hood of the clitoris, typically it is much more severe. It usually involves the complete removal of the clitoris, and often the removal of some of the inner and outer labia. In its most extreme form—infibulation—almost all the external genitalia are cut away, the remaining flesh from the outer labia is sewn together, or infibulated, and the girl's legs are bound from ankle to waist for several weeks while scar tissue closes up the vagina almost completely. A small hole, typically about the diameter of a pencil, is left for urination and menstruation. The cutting is usually done with a razor, a kitchen knife, or a pair of scissors. It is rare for any anesthesia to be used. The age at which FGM is performed varies among countries and communities. In some countries it is done on infants in the days or weeks after birth; in others, such as Senegal, it is part of an elaborate rite of passage that comes with puberty. In parts of Nigeria and Burkina Faso, FGM is practiced during the seventh month of a woman's first pregnancy, in the belief that if the baby at birth comes in contact with its mother's clitoris, it will die.

There is no doubt within the medical community that FGM is a brutal, harmful practice. A World Health Organization report on FGM says,

The immediate physical effects—acute infection, tetanus, bleeding of adjacent organs, shock resulting from violent pain, and hemorrhage—can even cause death. In fact, many such deaths have occurred and continue to occur as a result of this traditional practice. The lifelong physical and

psychological debilities resulting from female genital mutilations are manifold: chronic pelvic infections, keloids, vulval abscesses, sterility, incontinence, depression, anxiety and even psychosis, sexual dysfunction and marital disharmony, and obstetric complications with risk to both the infant or fetus and the mother.

*The United States is
at best ambivalent
about its responsibility
in preventing and
punishing female
circumcision. In fact,
there is almost no legal
protection against it.*

The American and British medical professions have in the past practiced FGM to varying degrees. There are reports of clitoridectomies having been performed as recently as the 1950s, to cure nymphomania and melancholia in girls. In the nineteenth century both clitoridectomies and female castration (removal of the ovaries) were practiced by British and American physicians, as cures for melancholia, masturbation, nymphomania, hysteria, lesbianism, and epilepsy. The American medical profession stopped performing clitoridectomies decades ago, only to find itself today confronting the practice in patients from cultures that perform FGM.

IT is far easier to convince Americans of the horrors of FGM than it is to persuade them that it is enough of a problem here to warrant action. Proving just how widespread the practice is in the United States is a critical step. The legislation proposed in both the House and the Senate calls for the Department of Health and Human Services to gather data on the number of females living in the United States who have been subjected to FGM. However, the current lack of such data means that opponents can only point to

anecdotal evidence to estimate the extent of FGM.

"I think some people leave some traditions behind, but some traditions are stronger than others," Mohamud says. "This is one that's very strong. The community here sees explicit sex on television, they hear a lot of alien things, and so it becomes more urgent for mothers to do this to their daughters so the girls don't fall into loose groups. They think if they don't follow the tradition, they don't know what will happen."

It is estimated that at least 7,000 women and girls immigrate to the United States each year from countries where at least a majority of females, if not all of them, are circumcised. Most of these new immigrants live in California, New York, and the Washington, D.C., area. It is difficult to determine the true circumcision rates in their home countries, because in most the practice is not discussed publicly. Nevertheless, rough estimates of what is common in each country suggest that almost half the women of Africa have been circumcised. The rate of FGM in Somalia is nearly 100 percent, in Ethiopia over 90 percent, in Egypt 50 percent. The list of places where it is traditionally practiced includes twenty-six countries in Africa and various areas of the Middle East, Asia, and South America. Even if only a small percentage of newly arrived families from these countries maintain the tradition of FGM, these figures suggest that hundreds of young girls either brought here or born here are in danger each year.

Mimi Ramsey spent part of the past year trying to track down circumcisers rumored to be living in this country. But not all families depend on finding a circumciser. Last September, Ramsey heard about a man in San Jose who had just circumcised his daughter over the objections of his wife. He had waited until his wife left the house and then locked his three-year-old in the bedroom with him and performed the FGM. "He said that she was too wild," Ramsey says. "She liked to play outside too much. She had friends who were boys. He said this will tame her."

If a native-born American father had mutilated his daughter, the action would incontrovertibly constitute child abuse. But this country is at best ambivalent about its role and responsibility in pre-

venting and punishing FGM. In fact, other than in the three states previously mentioned, there is almost no legal protection against FGM for girls in the United States, both because it's difficult to uncover and because, absent a specific law against the practice, courts are unsure about how to punish it. One effort at prosecuting a woman in Georgia who cut off her niece's clitoris failed in part because of the legal confusion surrounding the problem.

"Legislating these issues is going to be really crucial," says Leah Sears, a justice on the Supreme Court of Georgia who has been doing research on FGM and legal questions pertaining to it. "Legal issues concerning FGM are complex. Can an adult woman do this to herself? We American women consent to have our breasts enlarged, which is another bizarre thing women do for the pleasure of men. Is that so different? I think we need comprehensive legislation in this area."

In England and Canada—places where people from FGM-practicing countries have immigrated—laws against FGM and against taking a child out of the country to circumcise her have been passed. France has also made FGM illegal, and in 1993 it sentenced a Gambian woman to five years in prison after she paid \$70.00 to have her two daughters circumcised. The medical associations in most of the Canadian provinces have passed prohibitions with strict penalties against circumcision and reinfibulation (sewing the vagina nearly shut again after childbirth). They have also begun educational efforts in those communities where FGM is most likely, preferring to discourage the practice rather than punish a parent after a girl has been circumcised. Unlike the United States, these countries take it for granted that FGM is occurring. Even though most U.S. legal experts interpret child-abuse laws broadly to cover FGM, very few preventive measures, such as education and community outreach, have been implemented in this country.

IN this legal vacuum doctors and others who provide social services that could educate and inform communities about FGM and protect uncircumcised girls are caught in the ethical bind of trying to show respect for another culture and at the same time guide people away from a harmful practice that is very much a part of that culture. For instance, in re-

A Hat For All Reasons

THE WALKABOUT
In the land down under, less isn't always more. The sun can be strong, so the sensible traveler packs a sensible hat. This is a washed cloth out-back-style hat with a soft, crushable crown and leather band trim. In tan. Men's: M, L, XL.
\$29.95

THE OUTBACK
This water-repellent 100% wool felt outback hat is trimmed in leather for dress-up, dress-down versatility. And it's designed to hold its shape, even if crushed! In black, chocolate, khaki, pecan, or putty. Men's: S, M, L, XL.
\$39.95

To order, or request a Hartford York Ltd. catalog, please phone:

800-936-5646

HARTFORD YORK LTD.
BURLINGAME CALIFORNIA

SHOPPING BY MAIL CAN SAVE YOU TIME AND MONEY

The Atlantic Monthly MARKETPLACE

A FREE INFORMATION SERVICE

See page 121 to learn how to receive free information about some of the products and services offered in our pages. Use the convenient reply card, or send your requests to the address listed.

sponse to growing concern about FGM, the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists released a statement opposing all medically unnecessary surgical modification of female genitalia (although doctors here continue to perform cosmetic reduction surgery on both the clitoris and the labia), and declared that FGM should be stopped; but its guidelines end there. Some hospitals and doctors continue to reinfibulate women and to say nothing against parents' plans to circumcise their daughters. An article published in 1993 in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* clinically details one obstetrician's efforts to deliver a child vaginally from an infibulated woman. The article, written as a guide for dealing with such a situation, ends with a recommendation on how to perform reinfibulation and concludes, "The issue of whether the woman will want her own infant daughter circumcised also needs to be discussed so that she can make an individual, culturally appropriate and educated choice."

"My patients say doctors are often shocked when they see them, and don't know how to help them," says Carol Horowitz, an internist who cares for East African immigrants in Seattle. "I try to deal with them with respect and dignity and try to help them with their problems, surgically or nonsurgically." Horowitz says that she is mindful of the risk of offending her patients when she educates them about the harmful aspects of what was done to them or counsels them against circumcising their children—and that some doctors with whom she has worked will not broach the subject at all. "To many patients, a circumcised vagina is normal. Any change is going to have to come from within that community."

Teachers, nurses, and administrators in elementary schools located in areas with many African students are often ill equipped to detect and help a child at risk for mutilation, or to help a child following this potentially traumatizing experience. "There was a time I got a call from someone in northern Virginia," Asha Mohamud says. "They heard of a girl in a school who was at risk. The teacher was teaching about sex education, and the young girl

pointed out the clitoris and said, 'That part is really bad, and my mother is taking me back in the summer to have that cut out.'" Mohamud tried to find the girl, but by the time the story had reached her, it was too late. The girl had already graduated and returned from her trip to Africa.

"If that family-life teacher was aware, she could have done something immediately," Mohamud says. "It's something also that made the issue more urgent to us. Things are happening here right under our own noses. Girls are probably being taken back right now."

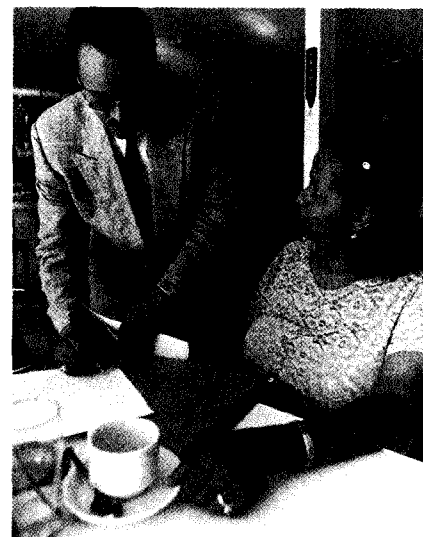


A DESIRE to educate both the officials in her adopted country and immigrants from her native one drives Mimi Ramsey. The New York-based international women's-rights group Equality Now is raising money to fund Ramsey's efforts so that she will be able to spend more time doing what she does best: taking her message to the streets.

In a dark restaurant in Los Angeles paper place mats are decorated with maps of Ethiopia. Shiny red-vinyl booths are filled with brightly dressed residents of the local immigrant community. Original Ethiopian artwork and African posters cover the walls. The smell of cooked meat and the sound of quiet laughter surround the booth where Ramsey sits, with her just-served lunch. Her own conservative dress is more likely to be found in Orange County than in Addis Ababa. She bows her head and prays aloud: "Please, God, save girls from being tortured. Please, God. Please. Thank you."

Just minutes after she begins her meal of traditional Ethiopian bread dipped in a stew of vegetables and meat, she gets up and approaches a table of four Ethiopian men. She exchanges pleasantries in their native language, Amharic, but quickly the

conversation turns tense. A few English words are mixed with the foreign ones. A man says, "Tradition." Ramsey replies, "Let's talk about it," and squeezes in next to the men.



"In this country you see a lot of young women unmarried, pregnant," Yashanu, an Ethiopian taxi driver in his mid-forties, says, leaning back in his chair. "Maybe if American girls were circumcised, this wouldn't happen. When I was growing up, a girl had to stay within the family. She could be home no later than five or six in the afternoon. But in this country there are no rules." He shakes his head. "When you circumcise a woman, they're less active sexually and more interested in their schoolwork."

Mimi describes the physical pain, the burning and irritation, she still feels from what was done to her when she was six years old. She takes a small tube of cream from her purse and shows it to them. The

cream is supposed to soothe her damaged nerve endings. "I can't enjoy sex," she tells them. "I feel nothing. I will never forgive my mother for doing this to me. Will you join me in stopping people from doing this to little girls? We have to help them," she says, smiling, touching one of the young men on his arm.

By the time Mimi stands up, thirty minutes later, the three younger men, all of whom knew vaguely about FGM because they had had sex with women who were circumcised, are horrified. They each promise earnestly to call their fami-



Clockwise from far left: Ramsey discusses FGM with immigrants, gets support for a petition, discusses FGM with medical-center staff members, and assembles first-hand accounts of FGM that she has collected

lies back in Ethiopia to talk with them about the practice. But the older man remains unconvinced.

Across the street, at another African-owned restaurant, Ramsey speaks to a table of very modern-looking young women. One of them, a beautiful twenty-five-year-old in jeans who works for a Hollywood studio, pulls Ramsey aside and hands her a piece of paper. On it is the name of one of her close friends, a Los Angeles resident, who is planning to take her baby daughter back to Ethiopia for a circumcision in a week's time.

In her own community Ramsey patrols the African shops and restaurants like a diligent security guard. Her golden-brown face lights up whenever she sees a person she recognizes as a fellow Ethiopian, and she immediately engages in traditional greetings before turning the subject to that which is taboo.

"Was this done to you?" she asks the women. "It was done to me. I'm trying to stop this practice. Will you join me?" These encounters, usually the first time these women have ever discussed the issue, often end with tears, an embrace, and an exchange of phone numbers.

Beletu, a thirty-five-year-old Ethiopian immigrant, lives with her husband and their three daughters just outside Washington, D.C., in Maryland. She has had all three of her daughters circumcised—the youngest, two and a half, just last summer, during a short trip back to Ethiopia. "People practice without knowing," Beletu says regretfully, now that she has learned about the harmful aspects of the procedure. "Even though I lived here years, I didn't know. Nobody told me. I wouldn't have put my daughters in this situation if I had known." Five months pregnant with another girl, she vows to leave this one uncircumcised.

"My mother told me it's protection for us—from boys," says Azza, the Egyptian immigrant in Louisiana. "It's very bad pain. I don't want my daughter to have it, but it depends on what the doctor tells us." When told that information exists about the medical effects of the procedure, she begs for it to be sent to her. "The more education the better," she says. "It's done from generation to generation by word of mouth. But why is it done? I'm confused about it."

SORAYA Mire, the Somali film maker, is one of a handful of women trying to find the finances and forums to educate an immigrant population that views FGM as a comforting tie to the morality and traditions of its homeland. She uses screenings of her documentary as opportunities to discuss the issue. Like others, Mire is motivated by her own experience as a mutilated woman.

"They use vegetable thorns to sew because they are very strong," Mire says, describing the process of infibulation that she experienced. "The stitches stay in until marriage. Then three days before the wedding they ask the groom, Do you want to open her or do you want us to open her? A good man will say, You go ahead and do it. Others want to tear the woman open themselves.

"I get calls from people within the

community asking me if I know someone who will circumcise their children. I of course say no, and try to talk them out of doing it. I got a call last year from a man in L.A. who said he had just performed a circumcision on a girl. He said, 'She had a problem with her clitoris and I corrected it. There's nothing you can do to stop it.'"

Last year Mire went into hiding after receiving death threats from Somalis who were angry about what they saw as her traitorous behavior. She is now cautious when she's out in public and is reluctant to divulge the whereabouts of her secluded Los Angeles-area home.

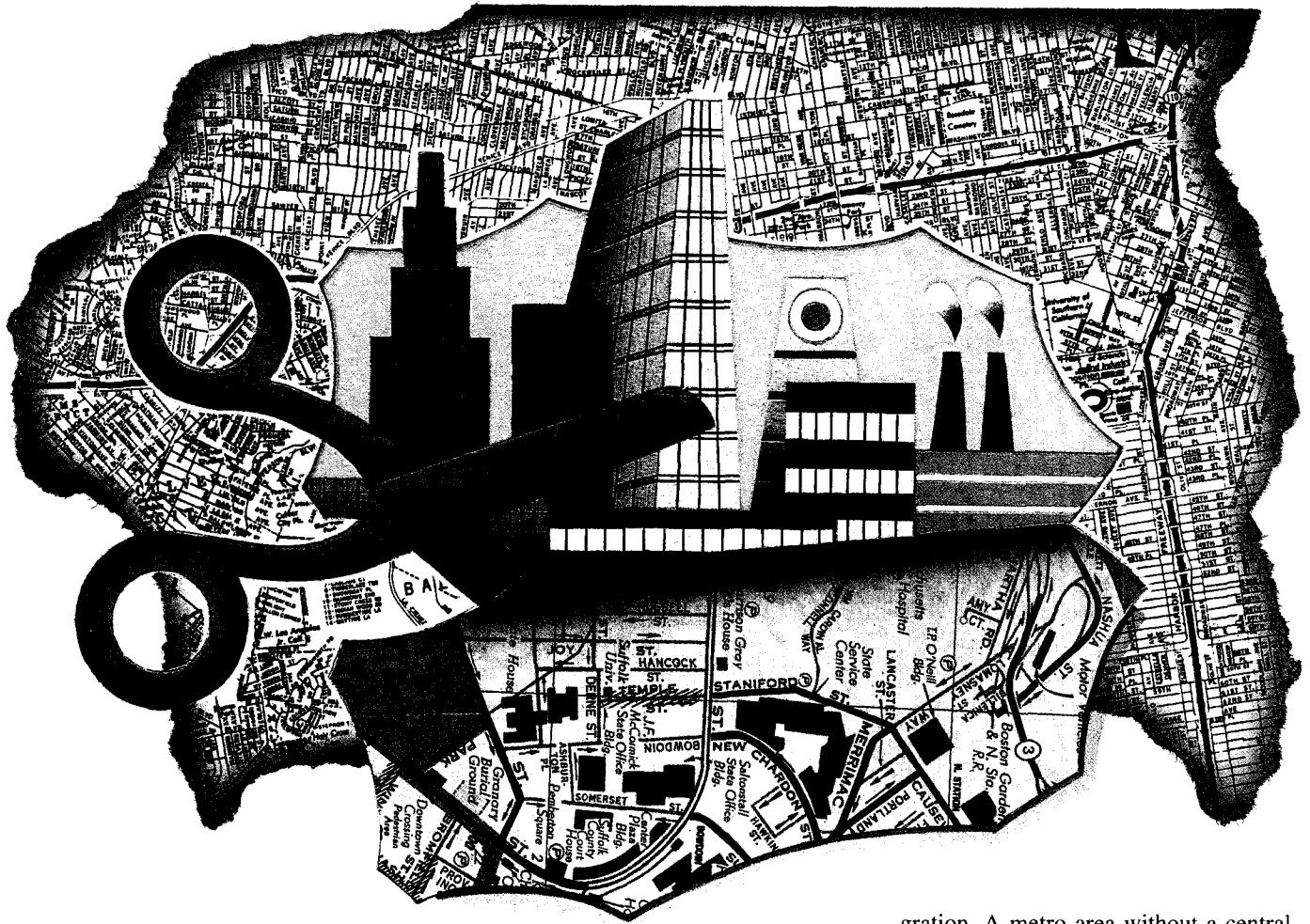
At the Raleigh Studios, in Los Angeles, she shows her film to an audience of thirty-two people. The viewers cringe as they watch. A young girl is shown being held down. The circumciser reaches for a razor blade. The audience recoils. Mimi Ramsey is part of that audience. She drops her head to her lap and sobs.

After the film is over, Ramsey is asked to speak. She walks to the front of the stage but is still overcome. She simply cries and gasps, unable to talk for several minutes. The theater is perfectly silent except for her crying. Finally she speaks.

"I was struggling and calling my mother," Ramsey says in a hushed and breathless voice, trying not to break down again. "Little did I know that my mother had set me up. She paid for it to be done to me. This is something we all have to struggle with. While we're watching this, more little girls are being cut. My best friend was cut. She was my friend. My buddy. They did her the same day they did me, only she bled to death. What I'm doing now, I'm doing for her. I'm doing it for my buddy. She died for no reason. Please, let's fight it together. Please. Please."

Ramsey is still shaking an hour after the screening. "I need to go home, to face my mother. I need her to say she's sorry. Then I want her to go through Ethiopia with me, talking to women—talking them out of doing this to their daughters. She needs to go ahead of me. I will stand back and let her take the lead. It's only through this that I will forgive her."

Back home in San Jose, some time later, Ramsey hears again from Genat, in Washington. Genat has sent her mother back to Ethiopia. She happily reports that her daughter is safe. Crying, Ramsey thanks her, returns the phone to its cradle, and bows her head in prayer. ☪



Downsizing Cities

*To make cities work better,
make them smaller*

URBAN America is changing, and as has so often happened, the change is largely unplanned. Fields turn into housing developments; housing developments turn into suburban towns; suburban towns grow into cities; commercial strips and malls grow into full-fledged urban centers. Moreno Valley and Santa Clarita, both in California, not even incorporated in 1980, are today among the fastest-growing cities in the country. Forty years ago Mesa, Arizona, was a town outside Phoe-

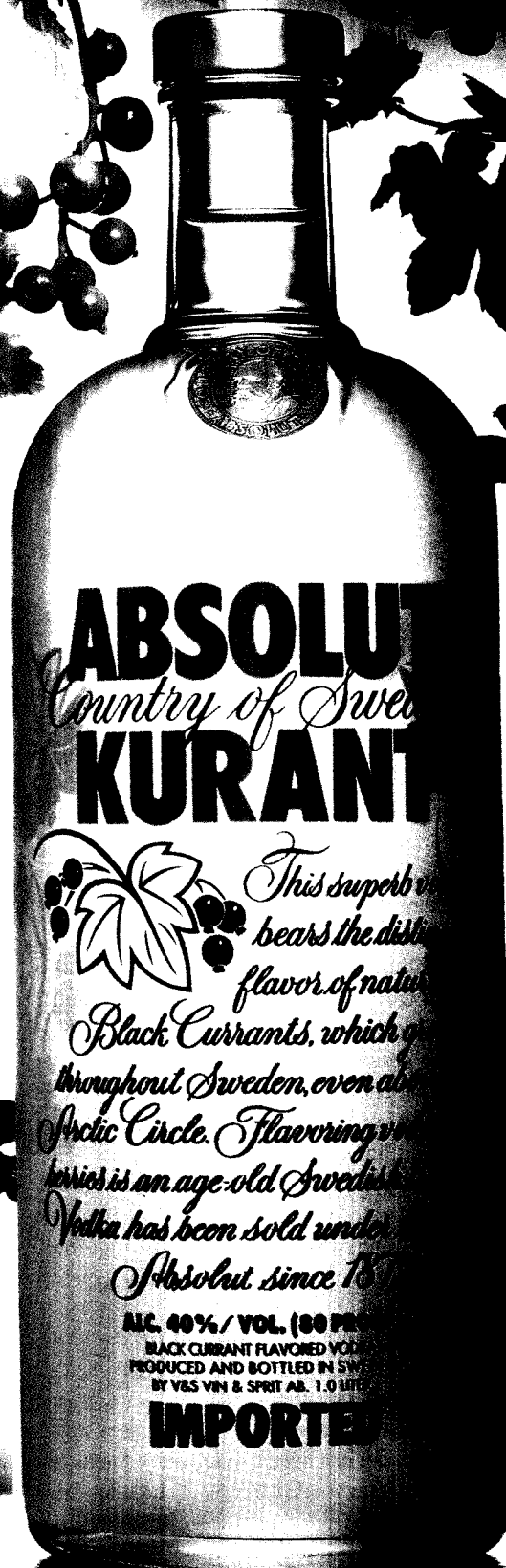
by **Witold Rybczynski**

nix; today, with 325,000 inhabitants, Mesa is bigger than Louisville or Tampa. As for Phoenix, it is now the eighth largest city in the United States, with more than a million people, and makes up only part of a metropolitan area that covers more than 400 square miles.

A metro area—or a metropolitan statistical area (MSA), as the Census Bureau calls it—is defined as a central city of at least 50,000 inhabitants together with adjacent communities with which it has a high degree of social and economic inte-

gration. A metro area without a central city must contain at least 100,000 people in all (or, in New England, 75,000, as the term is defined there); major metro areas of more than a million, which in practice always contain central cities, may be designated consolidated metropolitan statistical areas. Although the concept of a metro area was introduced in 1949 as a demographic convenience, the city proper remains a distinct legal entity.

In *Cities Without Suburbs* (1993), David Rusk, a former mayor of Albuquerque, convincingly demonstrates that those central cities that have expanded their limits to annex suburbs, or that have enough vacant land to accommodate suburban growth, do better than static cities in a number of significant ways. The two Ohio metropolitan areas of Columbus and Cleveland serve as an example. Since 1950 the city of Columbus has been aggressively expanding, and now covers about 200 square miles; Cleveland's area—seventy-seven square miles—is almost unchanged. Although metro Cleveland is comparable in income level and racial



ABSOLUT

Country of Sweden

KURANT

This superb vodka bears the distinctive flavor of natural Black Currants, which grow throughout Sweden, even above the Arctic Circle. Flavoring vodka with black currants is an age-old Swedish tradition. Vodka has been sold under the Absolut name since 1879.

ALC. 40% / VOL. (80 PROOF)
BLACK CURRANT FLAVORED VODKA
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN
BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. 1.0 LITER

IMPORTED

ABSOLUT KURANT.

*A city whose population
has declined radically
should first consolidate
those neighborhoods
that are viable.*

composition to metro Columbus, and both metro areas have grown significantly in the past four decades, the present situation of the two cities is very different. Cleveland has fallen behind Columbus in economic growth and job creation; it is more racially segregated; and it has a significantly lower per capita income, more poverty, and a lower municipal-bond rating. The city of Cleveland, despite being the center of a consolidated metropolitan statistical area, is anything but integrated with its surrounding communities. By every measure (income, education, employment, poverty) the city is less well off than its suburbs. The same pattern is repeated across the country in cities like Detroit, St. Louis, and Chicago, which are increasingly isolated—economically and racially—within their metro areas.

CAN old manufacturing cities and their suburbs be unified? Rusk concedes that true metropolitan government is unlikely (the only American metro area with a directly elected regional government is Portland, Oregon) and suggests revenue sharing between rich and poor jurisdictions, metro-wide housing-assistance programs, and economic-development plans. But helping ailing center cities by transferring funds from the suburbs is unlikely to garner much political support.

What is more likely is a federal program, such as the recently created Empowerment Zones, aimed at revitalizing inner-city slums. This is another version of what used to be called urban renewal, or enterprise zones, and it is as unlikely to succeed as its predecessors. Nicholas Lemann made this point forcefully last year in a *New York Times Magazine* article titled "The Myth of Community Development." "Nearly every attempt to revitalize the ghettos has been billed as a dramatic departure from the wronghead-

ed Government programs of the past," he wrote, "even though many of the wrong-headed programs of the past tried to do exactly the same thing."

Even if it were possible to expand the tax base of isolated central cities to capture at least some of the wealth of surrounding suburbs, doing so would not solve another problem. A city like Cleveland is not just less dynamic, poorer, and less racially heterogeneous than it used to be; it is also considerably smaller. Since 1970 Cleveland's population has decreased by 33 percent—one of the most precipitous declines of any large city. (During the same period Columbus grew by 17 percent.)

Cleveland is an example of an urban phenomenon that is increasingly common: the shrinking city. From 1970 to 1990 the total population of the 200 U.S. cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants apiece increased from 59 million to 64 million—a nine percent growth rate. (The nation's population grew by 22 percent in the same period.) But growth was not experienced equally by all cities. In fact, cities fell into two distinct categories: about two thirds grew vigorously, and the other third actually lost population. Over the two decades the average population decline was 12 percent and the average growth was an astonishing 81 percent. The cities that lost population tend to be the older manufacturing cities; the gainers are newer suburban-style cities, chiefly in the West and the Southwest. The trend has continued; today nine of the twenty largest cities in the country have smaller populations than they did even in 1950, and some cities, such as Boston and Buffalo, are smaller today than they were in 1900.

These and many smaller cities now have what is referred to in the real-estate business as a low occupancy rate. In a shopping mall with a low occupancy rate the owner can decide to refurbish the mall or to offer special leases. If these strategies don't work, in the short run the owner will absorb the loss; in the long run either rents must be raised or the owner will go bankrupt. But if rents are raised too high, more tenants will leave and bankruptcy will only be accelerated.

Like a mall owner, the administration of a city with a low occupancy rate can try to increase its tax base by refurbishing the downtown area to make it more at-

tractive to business. It can organize riverboat gambling and build aquariums and world trade centers. It can stimulate employment by enlarging the public sector. (It cannot, however, create the sort of manufacturing jobs that were the basis for the earlier prosperity and growth of great cities like New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia.) It can also try to balance its budget by raising revenues through higher property taxes, business taxes, and income taxes, and by curtailing services—although these tactics, like raising rent, will eventually only hasten population decline.

The mall owner who has tried everything and finds that there is simply no demand for space has a final option: make the mall smaller. Consolidate the successful stores, close up an empty wing, pull down some of the vacant space, and run a smaller but still lucrative operation. Many cities, such as New York, Detroit, and Philadelphia, don't stand a chance of annexing surrounding counties. Downsizing has affected private institutions, public agencies, and the military, as well as businesses. Why not cities?

TWO things happen when a city loses population. The reason for the first is that although a city is often said to be shrinking, its physical area remains the same. The same number of streets must be policed and repaired, sewers and water lines maintained, and transit systems operated. With fewer taxpayers, revenues are lower, often leading to higher taxes per capita, an overall deterioration of services, or both. More people depart, and the downward spiral continues.

The reason for the second is that urban vitality has always depended on an adequate concentration of people. In 1950 the average density in cities like Detroit, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh was more than 12,000 people per square mile; by 1990 it was around 6,000 or 7,000—a dramatic decline. The reality is even worse than it sounds, because the decline was not distributed equally across the city, and certain areas experienced much more dramatic reductions.

Without sufficient concentrations of people, not only is the provision of normal municipal services extremely expensive but urban life itself begins to break down. There are not enough customers

(Continued on page 46)

OCTO
1

Arts &

ENTERTAINMENT

PREVIEW



Classical
A Night
at the Opera

Jazz
Coltrane
in the Studio,
1959-1961

Pep
Discovering the
Music of Vietnam

Film
An Alternate Take
on Forties LA

A SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION PRESENTED BY

CHRYSLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classical Music

BY AUSTIN BAER

ANOTHER GO AT LEPORELLO

Chief among the high points of the Metropolitan Opera's past season was the debut of the strapping Welsh bass-baritone Bryn Terfel (pronounced *Brinn Tare-vell*) as the wily bridegroom in *The Marriage of Figaro*. And chief among the disappointments was Terfel's withdrawal (due to a back injury sustained at the dress rehearsal) from his scheduled appearances as Leporello, put-upon sidekick to Don Giovanni, rake of rakes. Mozart's two great men-servants make a fine study in contrasts. Both are ironists and subversives, but Figaro has his life's happiness to fight for and the spirit to win. Leporello, on the other hand, is a man who gets slapped, along for the ride on the bumpy road to perdition. At twenty-nine Terfel has already proved himself the rare sort of artist who can capture complex characters in all their roundness. The burly appeal of his vocal material is one factor, his technique is another, but what sets him apart most of all is the depth and spontaneity of his imagination. His



Bryn Terfel back at the Met

the opera; his performance of Mahler's heartbreaking *Kindertotenlieder* (*Songs on the Death of Children*) with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra at Carnegie Hall (October 15; 212-247-7800) should be a season standout. For home listeners there is a large Terfel discography to explore. It includes, notably, Schumann's *Scenes From Goethe's Faust*, on Sony Classical, and, on Deutsche Grammophon, a Schubert recital amazing in its emotional range, along with the new release *The Vagabond*, a collection of art songs sung in English with an openness of heart any minstrel would envy.

A LANDMARK RESTORED



A close-up of fresh-faced Jordan Hall

At midcentury the fashionable thing to do with fine old concert halls was to tear them down. (To think how hard music lovers had to fight to rescue Carnegie Hall!) In these years of austerity the ideal is preservation—with some timely retrofitting thrown into the bargain. Jordan Hall, the 1,000-seat concert space of Boston's New England Conservatory, was built in 1903 to specifications that married majesty to intimacy. On October 27, af-

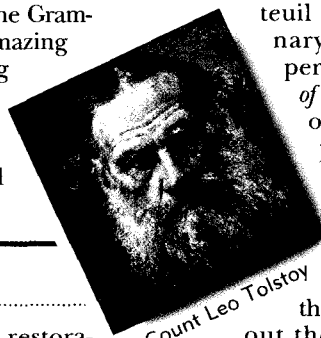
ter a six-month, \$8.2-million restoration, it reopens with horseshoe shape and rich dark-wood paneling intact. The acoustics should be intact as well: though the stage's original floor could not be salvaged, undamaged wood of identical vintage was found to take its place. Other improvements: air-conditioning, enhanced recording and audio-visual capacities, handicapped access. The opening gala features Yo-Yo Ma, Wynton Marsalis, and Denyce Graves, a young NEC alumna whose well-traveled Carmen arrives at the Metropolitan Opera this month. Bostonians will hear her as a different temptress: Saint-Saëns's voluptuous Delilah. For tickets to this black-tie occasion, call 617-262-1120, ext. 700. For a casual look at the hall, with lots of music, come as you are to the free all-day open house on October 28.

Austin Baer is a writer based in New York.

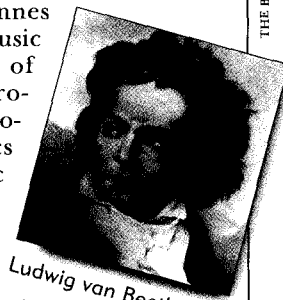
COUNTERPOINT OF IDEAS

For the inventive chamber-music society Da Camera of Houston, a program needs a point of view. Thus the season opener, on October 7, juxtaposes works by Richard Wagner and Johannes Brahms, whose music divided listeners of their day into ferocious factions, progressive romantics against academic classicists. Other concerts involve ideas about nationality, mysticism, and the changing role of the female musician.

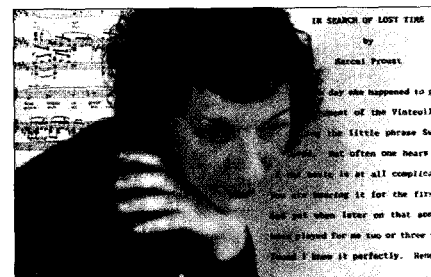
Of special interest on Da Camera's schedule are two programs that embed music in a literary context. On November 17 an evening centered on Marcel Proust's Paris features the real music of Fauré and Franck that inspired the Vinteuil Sonata—that imaginary composition that permeates *Remembrance of Things Past*, serving as one of the epic novel's principal leitmotifs and structuring devices. Readings from Proust and songs by composers with whom he was aesthetically in tune round out the evening. On February 1 Beethoven's celebrated "Kreutzer" Sonata for Piano and Violin, op. 47, is the starting point for a journey that takes in music by Janáček and fiction by Tolstoy and Kundera. The two literary concerts will be repeated at Lincoln Center, in New York (November 2 and February 5; for tickets call Centercharge, 212-721-6500). For the full Houston program (seventeen concerts) call 713-524-5050.



Count Leo Tolstoy



Ludwig van Beethoven



Artistic director Sarah Rothenberg

WINNIE KLOTZ

RICHARD PALEY

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

BETH KELLY

Popular Music and Jazz

BY BOB BLUMENTHAL AND CHARLES M. YOUNG

A GIANT STEPS FORWARD

From early 1959 to mid-1961 John Coltrane accomplished enough in the Atlantic Records studios to last most musicians a lifetime. The tenor saxophonist perfected the densely chordal style dubbed "sheets of sound," and then moved on to the more harmonically open terrain of modes and scales; popularized the moribund soprano sax with what would become his signature piece, "My Favorite Things"; and launched the quartet that proved to be the most influential jazz ensemble of the next decade.

This activity is captured on *The Heavyweight Champion: The Complete Atlantic Recordings of John Coltrane* (Rhino), one of the most lavish and essential anthologies to emerge in this period of boxed-set mania. Highlights of the seven-CD collection are found in the May, 1959, sessions that yielded the album *Giant Steps*, where Coltrane's virtuosity and compositional skills blossomed, and in three October, 1960, sessions, where McCoy Tyner's tolling piano and Elvin Jones's sprawling drums reinforce Coltrane's efforts to reconceive the blues,



the popular song, and several jazz standards. Other moments include a meeting with the vibes great Milt Jackson, knotty explorations with the trumpeter Don Cherry, and the incorporation of Spanish and African music featuring Freddie Hubbard and Eric Dolphy.

Disc seven, containing previously unreleased material, reveals some very talented musicians struggling over the mysteries of "Giant Steps" and "Naima." Coltrane, in contrast, is overflowing with ideas, and plays something memorable on each version. Lewis Porter's liner notes, the jewel in Rhino's packaging, provide great insight into Coltrane's Herculean achievement. —B.B.

AN OPEN-DOOR MUSICAL POLICY

Most Westerners probably associate Vietnamese music with its use in the occasional Hollywood movie, where it is contrasted with American popular music for a few seconds, as if to say, "Wow, these people are really foreign." A more concentrated exposure will generate a "wow" based on the similarities and differences and the bottomless well of complexity in between. Such an exposure happens to be available on *The Music of Vietnam* (Celestial Harmonies), a historic three-CD boxed set recently recorded on state-of-the-art equipment and propitiously timed for America's diplomatic recognition. The first two discs concentrate on folk music, while the third deals with the more formal imperial court music of Hue. Although Western pop has heavily infiltrated the culture since the war, traditional Vietnamese music obviously retains its vitality. Guitar fans will relate especially

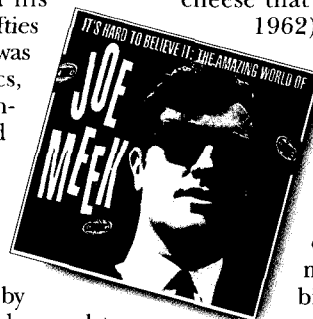


well to the *dan nguyet*, or "moon-lute," a stringed instrument with irregularly spaced frets that allow for extremely expressive note-bending and much the same finger acrobatics that jazz and metal virtuosos employ. If Nguyen Xuan Hoach ever gets to play "People and Fighters Unite" on MTV, he will likely spend the rest of his life being followed by teenaged boys who want to steal his licks. The other instruments take a bit more getting used to but are played with equal skill and passion. Like folk and blues players in the

United States, Vietnamese musicians tend to work with a five-note scale, playing stark melodies with ornate decoration. Having been invaded by the Chinese, the French, the Japanese, and the Americans in its tortured history, Vietnam has been a unique melting pot of musical styles, and is now finally free to influence others as it has been influenced. —C.M.Y.

IT'S A STRANGE, STRANGE WORLD

College radio periodically adopts some extremely odd artist from the past and elevates eccentricity into... well, not quite high art, but certainly visionary art. The next such cult figure will likely be Joe Meek, an English producer who did his best work from the late fifties until his death in 1967. It was a yeasty era for eccentrics, with new recording techniques being developed every day, and without any rules for using them. Tone-deaf, unable to play an instrument, possessed by a bad drug habit, Meek came to music by way of electronics, which he used to create an atmosphere that could only have fallen through some early hole in the ozone layer. *It's Hard To Believe It: The Amazing World of Joe Meek* (Razor & Tie) collects his work with various



bands, and it is, by God, hard to believe it: sci-fi kitsch, Buddy Holly licks, and some of the most haunting melodies in the history of rock. Best known in the United States for "Telstar," by the Tornados (an early pinnacle of keyboard cheese that became a No. 1 single in 1962), and "Have I the Right,"

by the Honeycombs ("Have I the right to kiss you" takes on new meaning in light of Meek's semi-closeted homosexuality), Meek left a legacy of distortion, compression, echo, and overdubs that made rock-and-roll sound big and dirty before almost anybody else did. —C.M.Y.

Bob Blumenthal is a jazz critic for The Boston Globe and CD Review.

Charles M. Young reviews popular music for Playboy, Musician, and other publications.

It's not so much a car

as it is a wake-up call for an entire industry.

A startling exception

to a blindly accepted rule.

The idea that room for five

must, by definition,

leave no room for imagination.

Cab-forward design

is that exception.

Chrysler engineers set out to build a car.

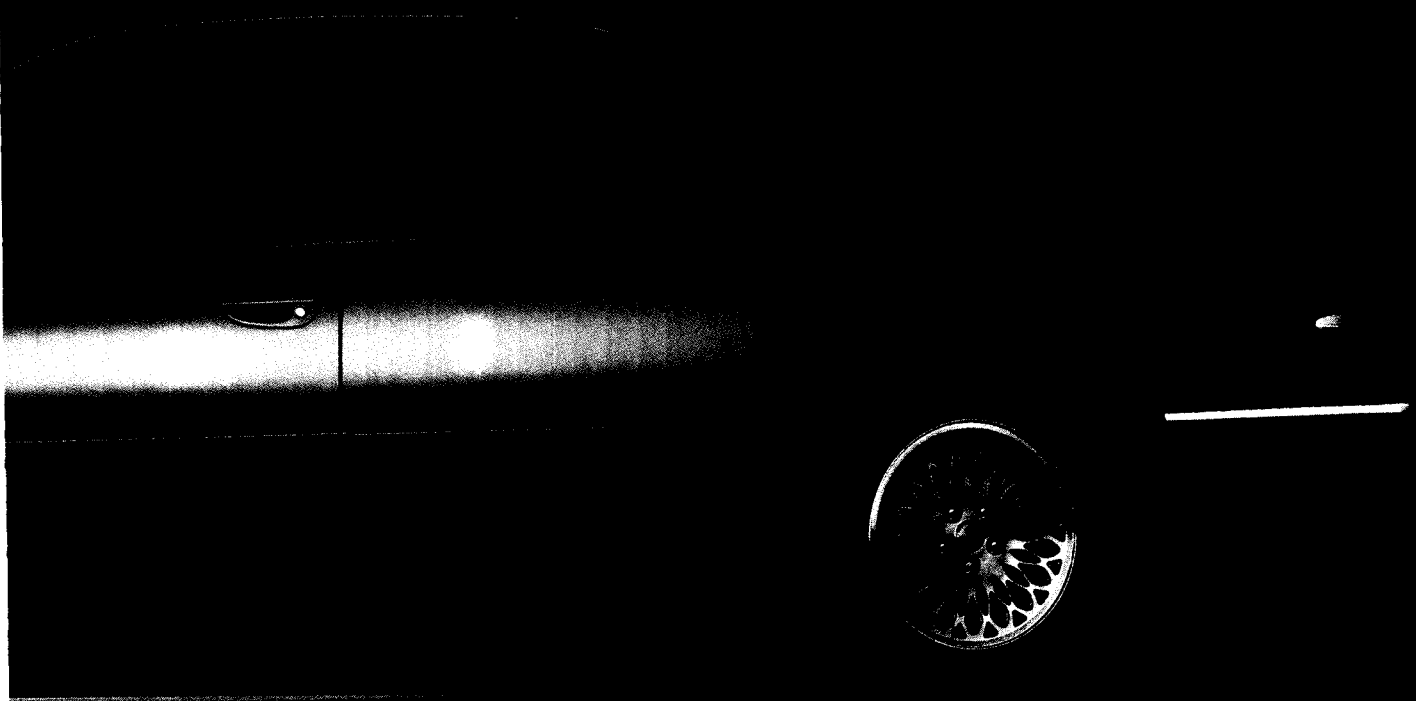
They wound up building

an alarm clock.

214 HP 24-VALVE V6 ENGINE, INDEPENDENT TOURING SUSPENSION, SPEED-SENSITIVE STEERING, 16" CAST ALUMINUM WHEELS, 4-WHEEL DISC ABS, LEATHER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chrysler Concorde *LXi*



TRIMMED SEATS, ELEVEN-SPEAKER PREMIUM SOUND SYSTEM, CAB-FORWARD DESIGN. THE 1996 CHRYSLER CONCORDE LXi. VISIT US AT WWW.CHRYSLER.COM FOR MORE INFORMATION.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Film

BY ELLA TAYLOR

MO' BETTER PICTURE OF THE INNER CITY

No one paints the excitement, color, and despair of the inner city like Spike Lee when he's on. His new film, *Clockers* (based on the novel by Richard Price, who co-wrote the lively screenplay with Lee), stars the gifted newcomer Mekhi Phifer as Strike, a young dope peddler with a permanent acid stomach, who learns from his magnetic, ruthless boss, Rodney (Delroy Lindo in a standout performance), the secret of success in the narcotics trade—deal but don't use. Success for Strike also entails turning kids on to hard drugs, along with becoming enmeshed in Rodney's escalating turf wars. When a rival dealer is murdered and Strike's straight-arrow brother (Isaiah Washington) confesses to the crime, homicide detective Rocco Klein (Harvey Keitel) smells a rat, and he and his sidekick, Larry Mazilli (John Turturro), turn their investigation to Strike. Lee tends to wear his technique on his sleeve, and at first his love of the lingering closeup makes the movie a



Mekhi Phifer (right) with boss Delroy Lindo touch introverted. But as the film warms up, technique is transformed into visual poetry, building to an emotional pitch (heightened by the lovely score) that will hook your sympathy and break your heart. Keitel's astute turn as the brash but compassionate Jewish cop may be Lee's attempt to placate—or tweak—critics who have seen anti-Semitism in earlier films. With *Clockers*, Lee vaults over his chilly *Jungle Fever* and meanspirited *Mo' Better Blues*, and returns in triumph to the passionate intelligence of *Do the Right Thing*.

FRIEND OF THE DEVIL

In his extraordinary sleeper hit, *One False Move*, Carl Franklin balanced a horror movie with a delicate dissection of deeply flawed characters on both sides of the law. Franklin's new movie, *Devil in a Blue Dress*, expands the clipped austerity of a gumshoe mystery into a richly stylized period piece evoking an elegant African-American Los Angeles in the 1940s. Based on the acclaimed novel by Walter Mosley (Franklin wrote the screen-



Denzel Washington and Carl Franklin

play), the movie stars Denzel Washington as Easy Rawlins, a World War II veteran who reluctantly turns private detective in order to pay the mortgage on his prized possession—his beloved

house. Easy's may be a "black" story, but it's also an American story of an everyman whose desire to hang on to his morsel of the American Dream compromises every ethical decision he has to make. And it's a universal story of a frightened man who makes a pact with the devil and then fights his way out with an act of courage. As he tries to track down a mysterious blue-clad woman (played by Jennifer Beals) who's wanted by several unsavory parties, Easy chases all over black Los Angeles neighborhoods that give the lie to the murderous slums seen in exploitation pics. The ensemble acting is seamless (*Picket Fences*' Don Cheadle does an especially witty turn as Easy's sociopathic friend Mouse)—and the visuals by cinematographer Tak Fujimoto (who also shot *Philadelphia* and *The Silence of the Lambs*) and production designer Gary Fruttkoff are ravishing. *Devil in a Blue Dress* is a beautiful, funny, and exciting film that brilliantly sustains the tension between the swift, active brushstrokes of the genre picture and the fullness of social realism.

Ella Taylor is a film critic for LA Weekly.

TECHNO ON THE MOSKVA

If you're a fan of any or all of the following—the Beach Boys, the Grateful Dead, Muzak, classical music, the Moog synthesizer, the scary score from *The Day the Earth Stood Still*—you'll love *Theremin—An Electronic Odyssey*. Steven M. Martin's fabulous documentary tells the dramatic life of Leon Theremin, the Russian-born inventor of the world's first electronic musical instrument, the theremin, a device using electromagnetic waves and played without touching. The film is a skillful, hilarious, and loving tribute to the ancestor of modern Western music. Lenin loved the invention; Stalin didn't. Theremin set up shop in the United States in 1928; in 1938 he was abducted from his Manhattan studio, and he languished in a labor camp for years before being rehabilitated and put to work in espionage. Martin found the alert ninety-five-year-old in Moscow in 1991 and brought him back to see the America he had so influenced; he barely recognized it. The man who had won the Stalin Prize for perfecting the electronic bugging device ended up belting out a theremin version of "Midnight in Moscow" before a rapturous American audience.



Weird science

CHRYSLER

AND THE CONCERT MUSIC NETWORK

This month's Arts & Entertainment Preview is sponsored by Chrysler, also the sponsor of acclaimed classical-music programming on the Concert Music Network, the only national satellite network of classical-music radio stations in America.

The winners of our Arts & Entertainment Challenge (see attached card for details) will receive a double CD from the Concert Music Network—Paul McCartney's *Liverpool Oratorio*, which McCartney composed to tell the story of his early years. The *Oratorio* will have its radio premiere during the week of September 25 on CMN.

OF

YES.

(Continued from page 38)

to support neighborhood stores and services, or even to provide a sense of community. Empty streets become unsafe, and abandoned buildings become haunts for drug dealers and other criminals. A national study of housing abandonment found that the "tipping point" in a neighborhood occurred when just three to six percent of the structures were abandoned. Vacant lots and empty buildings are more than just symptoms of blight—they are also causes of it. Central cities of metro areas that have aggressively expanded their borders face these problems too, even if the cities have a broader and richer tax base.

The first need of a city whose population has declined radically is to consolidate those neighborhoods that are viable. Rather than mounting an ineffectual rear-guard action and trying to preserve all neighborhoods, as is done now, the de facto abandonment that is already in progress should be encouraged. Housing alternatives should be offered in other parts of the city, partly occupied public housing vacated and demolished, and private landowners offered land swaps. Finally, zoning for depopulated neighborhoods should be changed to a new category—zero occupancy—and all municipal services cut off. Efforts should be made to concentrate in selected areas resources such as housing assistance and social programs.

Inevitably consolidation would involve the movement of individuals and families from one part of the city to another. It is true that private freedoms would be sacrificed for the common good in the process, just as they are when land is expropriated to build a highway or a transit system. Does this sound heartless? Surely it is less so than the current Pollyannish pretense of providing services to many poor and depopulated neighborhoods, which are occasionally half revived with community-development projects and then left on their own to decay even further.

The comprehensive downsizing of cities faces formidable obstacles—not only the lack of legal and bureaucratic tools (town planning has traditionally dealt with growth, not decline) but also political opposition. Historic preservationists will likely oppose the demolition of many old buildings. Local politicians

whose electoral base would be eroded can also be expected to resist attempts at consolidation.

In 1976 Roger Starr, a past administrator of New York City's Housing and Development Administration, published an article suggesting "planned shrinkage," a reduction in New York's municipal services. "I profoundly wish I'd never coined that phrase," he says today. "It was a most unfortunate term that was misinterpreted by many people as a plan to drive poor blacks out of New York, and I still receive calls that accuse me of being a racist." It is important to underline that the act of consolidating neighborhoods would not move people out of the city, and no loss of benefits and services would ensue. Nevertheless, since the most depopulated parts of the city tend to be the poorest, and since the poorest city inhabitants are predominantly black and Hispanic, relocation would undoubtedly affect members of these groups more than others. Much would depend on the ability of minority leaders to see that given the lack of real alternatives, abandoning half-empty neighborhoods is not necessarily a political defeat.

Much of the housing in older industrial cities is as dense as it is because of high land costs, a history of property speculation, and the greed of the original tenement builders. Consolidating neighborhoods would provide an opportunity to relieve congestion and encourage variety in kinds of housing. Two-story attached and semidetached houses can be built at net densities of sixteen to twenty-four houses per acre, instead of the higher densities that characterize nineteenth-century neighborhoods of three- to five-story buildings. There may even be an opportunity, in some cases, for cities to compete directly with the suburbs by providing detached single-family housing. In cities such as New York and Philadelphia detached single-family housing, built with a mixture of public and private support, is appearing in previously high-density areas.

Oscar Newman wrote in *Community of Interest* (1980) that "architects and architectural historians have been damning the suburban tract development since the 1930s, but social scientists and realtors will tell you that tract houses continue to be the most sought after and the most successful form of moderate- and mid-

dle-income housing ever built." The success of the tract house is one reason that cities have been losing people to suburbs. If cities are to attract—or at least keep—moderate- and middle-income citizens, they will have to provide the sort of housing those citizens want. If cities cannot annex suburbs, they can do the next best thing: rezone areas to permit the construction of suburban-style housing.

THE consolidation of residential neighborhoods would produce stretches of empty blocks where buildings would have to be knocked down, services stopped, streets closed, and bus lines rerouted. It would be comforting to think that such vacant land would find new use as recreational parks and wilderness areas. On a small scale, empty lots could be converted into allotment gardens or playing fields. But there is little likelihood of creating large urban parks on the scale of Frederick Law Olmsted's nineteenth-century creations. The costs associated with the removal of basements and old foundations, soil amelioration, drainage, and planting would probably be out of the reach of cities already in financial difficulties. Vacated urban land would more likely be left empty, streets and buried infrastructure in place, available for use at some future date.

The objection may be raised that zero-occupancy zoning would create large tracts of empty land whose presence would disrupt the proper functioning of a city. In fact many cities have grown up around cemeteries, or have enveloped earlier industrial areas such as quarries and railroad yards, and most cities already have large areas of land such as tank farms and container depots that are cut off from everyday use. The only difference between these areas and zero-occupancy zones would be that the latter would be

*Without sufficient
people, municipal services
become extremely
expensive. Urban life
itself breaks down.*

unused, and would not create noise or air pollution.

Cities have another option: divestiture. Contiguous parcels of, say, at least fifty acres could be put up for sale, with one of the conditions of sale being that the land would cease to be part of the city. According to Peter Linneman, the director of the Wharton School's Real Estate Center, large tracts in proximity to cities but without the burden of city taxes and bureaucracy would very likely attract developers who would otherwise shun them. The new developments, whether residential or commercial, would be responsible for their own municipal services, as new developments already are in suburban locations. Assuming that questions of ownership of rights-of-way and underground infrastructure could be worked out, the prospect is attractive. Cities would increase their income (although they would not gain taxpayers), and they would divest themselves of unproductive land. At the same time, people and economic activities would be attracted back into the urban vicinity.

The idea of downsizing goes against the progressive, optimistic American grain. Surely, conventional wisdom says, one should attack the root of the urban problem, not merely its symptoms. The solution to urban decline has always been assumed to be a combination of economic development (leading to renewed growth, more jobs, a larger population, and a larger tax base) and financial aid from federal and state governments. The problem is that population loss has gone on for too long: generally cities that have stopped growing and are losing population have been doing so for more than forty years. If metro-wide tax sharing were to be implemented, and if a more equitable allocation of financial resources finally gave cities a chance to deal more effectively with problems of poverty and immigration, the rate of population decline might be reduced or, at best, the population might be stabilized. Great manufacturing cities like St. Louis, Detroit, Philadelphia, and Cleveland will not return to their earlier predominance or their earlier size. Downsizing alone would not solve the problems of unemployment and urban poverty, but it would permit shrinking cities to marshal their resources more effectively as they make their way to a stable—albeit smaller—future. ☛

There are 33 airlines flying today that didn't even exist last year. Any wonder why the INVESCO Industrial Income Fund sees aviation taking off?



You might not have noticed all the new airlines starting up. But our analysts did. With so many countries making so many advances around the world, they knew there would be a demand for more airplanes, as well as smoother roads and better buildings. They anticipated the boom in capital goods. And made these stocks an important part of the INVESCO Industrial Income Fund.

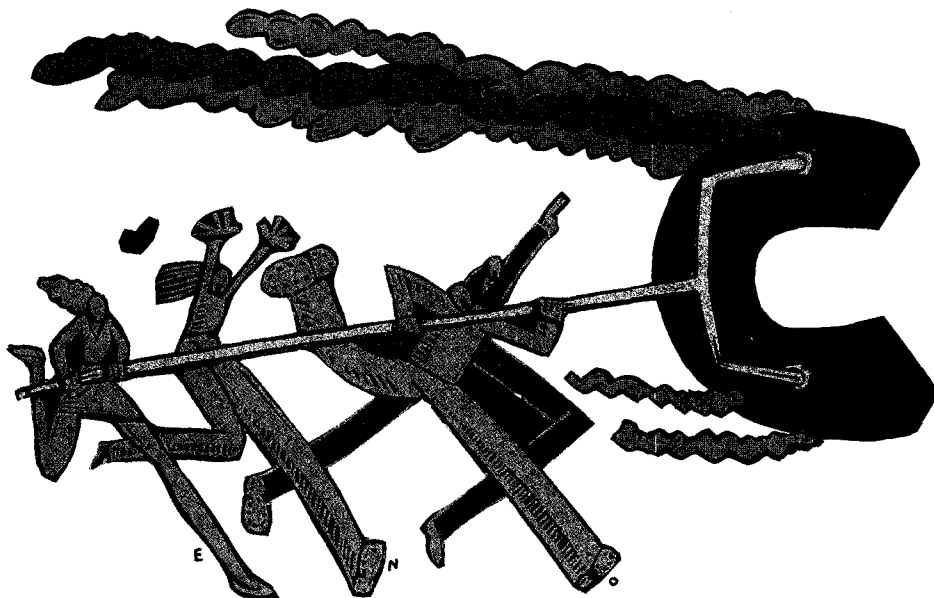
No wonder it was ranked number one of the 10 no-load funds in the Lipper Analytical Services equity-income fund category, based on total return for the 10-year period that ended 6/30/95.¹ And called one of the top five equity-income funds for the five-year period that ended 3/23/95 by Worth in its May 1995 issue.²

INVESCO INDUSTRIAL INCOME FUND Annualized return through June 30, 1995	
ONE YEAR.....	14.79%
FIVE YEAR.....	12.65%
TEN YEAR.....	14.96%
TWENTY YEAR.....	15.57%

Of course, past performance is no guarantee of future results. But INVESCO has been helping investors reach their financial goals for over one hundred years. So if you're looking for an equity-income fund that takes off with opportunities others may have missed, call for a prospectus. You'll receive more complete information, including management fees and expenses. Read the prospectus carefully before you invest or send money. Or find us on the Internet at <http://networth.galt.com/invesco>. INVESCO. Giving investors the world since 1853.

 **INVESCO FUNDS**
800-320-4525 Ext. 507

¹ THIS CATEGORY WAS CREATED BY INVESCO FUNDS GROUP USING LIPPER ANALYTICAL SERVICES DATA, EXCLUDING LOAD FUNDS. THE FUND WAS RANKED #1 OF 10, #6 OF 17 AND #14 OF 25 NO-LOAD EQUITY-INCOME FUNDS BASED ON TOTAL RETURN FOR THE 10-, FIVE- AND ONE-YEAR PERIODS, RESPECTIVELY, ENDED 6/30/95. LIPPER ANALYTICAL SERVICES RANKED THE FUND #2 OF 22, #10 OF 54 AND #72 OF 109 NO-LOAD AND LOAD EQUITY-INCOME FUNDS BASED ON TOTAL RETURN FOR THE 10-, FIVE- AND ONE-YEAR PERIODS, RESPECTIVELY, ENDED 6/30/95.
² WORTH'S RANKING IN ITS MAY 1995 ISSUE BASED ON AN ANALYSIS OF LIPPER ANALYTICAL SERVICES DATA COMPARING ANNUALIZED RETURN OF 138 EQUITY-INCOME FUNDS FOR THE FIVE-YEAR PERIOD ENDED 3/23/95, ASSUMING REINVESTMENT OF DIVIDENDS AND CAPITAL GAINS. TOTAL RETURN ASSUMES REINVESTMENT OF ALL DIVIDEND AND CAPITAL GAIN DISTRIBUTIONS. INVESTMENT RETURN AND PRINCIPAL VALUE WILL FLUCTUATE SO THAT, WHEN REDEEMED, AN INVESTOR'S SHARES MAY BE WORTH MORE OR LESS THAN THEIR ORIGINAL COST. INVESCO FUNDS GROUP, INC., DISTRIBUTOR.



My Reputation

A liberal reflects on the perils of holding modulated views

MY friend Abbe, a radical law professor, is worried about my reputation. "Wendy Kaminer? Isn't she a conservative?" one of her colleagues asked her recently. So she was not amused when I told her about a call from the *National Review*. David Klinghoffer, the literary editor there, had phoned and asked me to write a book review.

"Why are you calling me?" I asked. "I'm a liberal."

"That's okay," he assured me. "You're sensible."

I asked him how much they paid. "You guys are conservative. You believe in money. How much?"

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars," he said. "We believe in making money, but that doesn't mean we have much of it."

"For two hundred and twenty-five dollars I can write for *The Nation*," I told him, which wasn't quite true. *The Nation*

hasn't called. They probably think I'm too conservative. I really am a liberal, an old-fashioned liberal, I kept assuring Klinghoffer, as if I were trying to get Victor Navasky, *The Nation*'s editorial director, on the line. He kept telling me that I was sensible.

"But you don't understand," I explained. "I believe in the welfare state. People think I'm a conservative because there's a message about self-reliance in my work, but I don't apply it to children." There was a long pause. He stopped telling me I was sensible.

Once, I was secure in my political identity. My seventh-grade homeroom teacher threw me out of class, after calling me a commie, when I refused to stand and recite the Pledge of Allegiance. (I haven't recited it since.) No one called me a conservative then. Once, I was accused of being a feminist. In fact, just last year the *National Review* cited me as an example of a politically correct feminist. (Not

everyone there considers me sensible.) But some feminists dismiss me as a "backlasher." That's what one of my friends, eavesdropping on a discussion about my politics, heard me called in the locker room one day. ("What is it with Wendy Kaminer? Is she a conservative?" a woman asked, sparking the conversation.)

Although I'm flattered when women in locker rooms talk about my politics instead of their weight, I find my reputation for conservatism disconcerting. I've decided to blame it on the talk shows and declare that it reflects, in part, the increasing polarization of political debate encouraged by TV. When a producer calls to book you on a show, she usually checks to be sure you will stake out a position that is diametrically opposed to that of the other guest scheduled to appear. If you express even a little sympathy for what is supposed to be an opposing position, let alone a mushy view that attempts to balance the concerns of both sides, you'll probably forfeit your slot on the show. Analysis, not to mention judiciousness, is dismissed as equivocation. In any case, it's not good TV. "We're looking for a debate," the producer will say, and her vision of a debate is one person saying "Is too!" and the other responding "Is not!"

In this talk-show culture "liberalism" and "conservatism" have to be pure and all-encompassing: you can't adopt liberal-like positions on some issues and conservativish positions on others. It puzzles

people if you value self-reliance *and* support the payment of welfare benefits to poor people—as if self-reliance cannot coexist with social service, as if respect for self-reliance is inconsistent with the belief that none of us have the opportunity or the capacity to rely on ourselves at every stage of life.

And your social criticism should not be qualified. As Camille Paglia's success has demonstrated, what is most marketable is absolutism and attitude undiluted by thought. I am, for example, known as a critic of "victimism," because of my quarrels with the recovery movement (which suggests that virtually everyone is a victim of abuse) and my critique of a therapeutic brand of feminism that tends to exaggerate women's victimization. This should hardly brand me an apologist for incest and child battering or an enemy of sexual equality. Still, it confuses people when I acknowledge that some people (we don't know how many) are badly abused by their families. In a highly charged public debate, challenging the notion that abuse is ubiquitous is like denying that abuse exists. It confuses people as well if I say that we still need affirmative action to redress racial and sex discrimination. Suggesting that some feminists encourage women to see themselves as victims is considered the equivalent of asserting that women are no longer victimized at all.

Personally, I reserve the right to complain and even whine about whatever injustices are visited upon me—bad haircuts, bad boyfriends, and bad reviews. I have always believed in complaining—and in one view, that makes me a liberal. But I complain only in private, to friends and relations, not to the public at large, *and maybe that makes me conservative.* My friend Sue says that my reputation as a conservative has nothing to do with my political beliefs; it reflects my attitude problem. "You sound tough and unsentimental," she says. "You're not nice enough to be a liberal."

"Be sweet, young maid. Let those who will be clever," my mother used to say, worried that my attitude would get me into trouble. She called me a few months ago, after *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* ran an essay on young conservatives. She is an old liberal. "Did you notice how many of them are Jewish?" she said with wonder. Then she paused. "You're not a conservative, are you?" ☛

We Get a Good Return on Our Investment.



©Gary Meszaros

The Nature Conservancy takes a business approach to protecting our natural world. Each day in the U.S. we invest in over 1,000 additional acres of critical habitat for the survival of rare and endangered species.

Through creative techniques like debt-for-nature swaps, we are also saving millions of acres of tropical rainforest throughout Latin America and the Caribbean.

On these protected acres, migratory waterfowl return each year. Trout return to the streams. Antelope return to the grasslands. And in many areas plant and animal species previously driven to the brink of extinction are returning to their native habitats.

Join us, and make an investment in our natural heritage. Future return: isn't that what investment is all about?



Conservation Through Private Action

For more information, call toll-free 1-800-628-6860.
(or write The Nature Conservancy, Box PSA, 1815 N. Lynn Street, Arlington, VA 22209)



Flying Down to Europe

Chile is surprisingly European—except that it's warm in February

ARTURO Cousiño, a largish, faintly imperious man in his thirties, is the scion of a family that once had shipping interests and owned coal and silver mines in Chile.

From the 1870s to the 1930s Arturo's forebears lived in the Palacio Cousiño, a stupendous mansion in the heart of Santiago, the Chilean capital; in 1940 Arturo's grandfather gave the mansion to the city government. With its marquetry and majolica, its silver inlays and gold thread, its early technological marvels (the first elevator in the nation! a steam-heated conservatory!) and gallery of paintings of the French Revolution, the house would not be out of place in New York City—say, around the corner from the Frick mansion—or Newport. What I couldn't get over about Arturo when I met him, on a hot, sunny day last February, is that al-

though he has lived almost all his life in or near Santiago, he has never set foot in the Palacio Cousiño. Nonetheless, he boasted to me after I toured the mansion, "Because of all the family stories, I probably know it better than you, who have just visited there."

Arturo was giving me a tour of what is today the family's principal business: the Cousiño-Macul vineyard, which sweeps across a tranquil piece of land on the outskirts of Santiago. From where we stood, among the grapevines heavy with fruit, I could see the ENTEL tower—like Seattle's Space Needle—in the distance. Above us, in the opposite direction, the Andes towered.

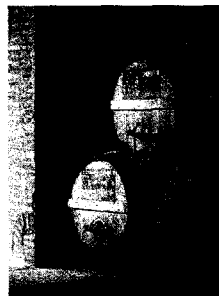
We moved on to the handsome nine-

At left, the volcano Osorno, in Chile's Lake District. Below, wine casks at the Cousiño-Macul vineyard

teenth-century wine cellar. One half, Arturo pointed out, was built in the French style, with a single wide vaulted ceiling; the other half was built in the Spanish style, with two narrower vaults. Perhaps the reason for the difference, he said, was that shortly after the first section was completed, there was an earthquake, as there tends to be in the region every ten years or so. "Don't ask me how long it has been since the last earthquake," he said, in his perfect English, as we climbed the stone steps toward the afternoon sky. Without pausing he answered himself: "Ten years." The margins of the steps were spattered with wax from the red candles, set in wrought-iron holders on the stone walls, that are lighted during daily public tours of the vineyard. We continued up the steps, Arturo chatting urbanely on. Suddenly I blanked. *Where am I? Is this France? Italy? Spain?*

IN Chile last winter my husband and I found ourselves seemingly in odd corners of Europe all the time. We were more or less guests of the Chilean government—a status that brought us into contact with experts who helped us refine our itinerary, suggesting the most picturesque towns and steering us, in some of them, to hotels so new they aren't in guidebooks. The real Europe is, of course, more uninterruptedly European. But the Chilean Europe has some big advantages. For one thing, it is a lot cheaper: the prices for our meals and hotels seemed not just lower than they would have been in most European countries but lower, by at least a third, than they would have been in the United States. For another thing, Chile's seasons are reversed, so in the dead of the U.S. winter you can take a trip like ones you have enjoyed in Europe in summertime.

Throughout our stay I tried out on people my theory of Chile as European. Chileans who knew Europe tended to agree vaguely: they were disagreeing, in their polite way.



Just some of the fine portraits you'll find in Madrid's three great art museums — all within walking distance of each other. For information, contact your local Tourist Office. © Eduardo Arroyo "Robinson Crusoe" (detail). Max Beckmann "Autorretrato con la mano levantada" (detail). Julio González "Autorretrato" (detail). VEGAP. Madrid.



through the history of art, in Madrid.

Recognize any faces in the crowd? A stroll around Madrid's galleries is always a social occasion. We call it the "Paseo del Arte." Start with the Old Masters at the Prado. Lunch nearby. Then proceed to Reina Sofía, home to Picasso's *Guernica*. Take time for a little shopping en route to the Thyssen-Bornemisza, one of the world's largest private collections. Cap the day at a local bar, to discuss life and art.



**Spain. Passion
for life.**

I want to discover all the greatness of Spain. Please rush me information.

Tourist Office of Spain • New York: 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. Tel: (212) 759-8822 • Chicago: 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Tel: (312) 642-1992 • Miami: 1221 Brickell Ave., Suite 1850, Miami, FL 33131. Tel: (305) 358-1992 • Los Angeles: 3333 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 960, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Tel: (213) 658-7188

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

AMY924

Then they would venture that perhaps Argentina is somewhat *more* European—by which, it turned out, they meant that Buenos Aires has better shopping and restaurants than Santiago. That's true, though I didn't happen to care about buying European goods, and I certainly ate well enough. In fact, I was thrilled to find several kinds of seafood new to me, including *picorocos*, barnacles that reminded me of lobster; delicate pink-and-white razor clams; and toothsome *locos*, abalones the size of filets mignons, which were quite inexpensive until a decade or so ago, when the Japanese discovered them and began snapping up most of the harvest.

European tourists, who seemed to be about as prevalent as tourists from the United States—not prevalent at all—responded differently to my theory. They knew what I meant. Both the manners of the people and the look of the countryside struck them as familiar—except, they said, the Chilean landscape is “grander” and “wilder” than its equivalents back home. These equivalents, we agreed, are Swiss, Mediterranean, and Norwegian.

Switzerland was the European country I was reminded of most often. I began to get an inkling of Chile's Swiss qualities in my first hours in the country, in the capital, when the hotel where we were staying—the calm, business-oriented Santiago Park Plaza (800-448-229-8355)—collected my suitcase, whose handle had broken at the New York airport, and promised to have it repaired before we were to leave town, a few days hence. The bag was back that evening, fixed. No charge. The next day I watched a cabdriver chase down a man who had just gotten out of his cab, in order to return a pen the man had dropped.

I saw another, more precisely Swiss Chile over the weekend, at a simple resort called Termas de Cauquenes (011-567-229-7226), a bit more than an hour's drive due south from the city. This site has been known for its thermal baths since well be-

fore Charles Darwin visited it, in 1834. Today the hostelry at the baths is owned and operated by the Acklin family, who are Swiss immigrants. They have restored the old stained-glass windows and the marble tubs in the bathhouse (or, where necessary, replaced the tubs with clean new ceramic); women in white uniforms draw your bath for you.

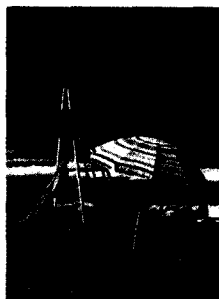
Besides being hoteliers and keepers of history, the Acklins—a Brueghelian-looking family—are excellent chefs. Sabena Acklin has succeeded her father, René, in the resort's kitchen. For lunch in the airy, old-fashioned dining room I ordered a meat terrine to start, ossobuco, and a big bowl of fresh raspberries for dessert, after which I followed the advice of friends who had told me to order herb tea instead of coffee—not because they disliked the coffee, as it happens. The herbs, in a wicker basket, were so freshly picked they weren't even wilted. I chose what I liked, and the waiter poured hot water over the selection in my cup. It was minty, refreshing, delicious.

But the most blatantly Swiss part of Chile is the country's Lake District, far to the south of Santiago and Termas de Cauquenes. Here black-and-white cows graze beneath alpine massifs, gingerbread villages dot the shores of sparkling lakes, and the culinary specialty is usually *kuchen*. The exotic place-names and

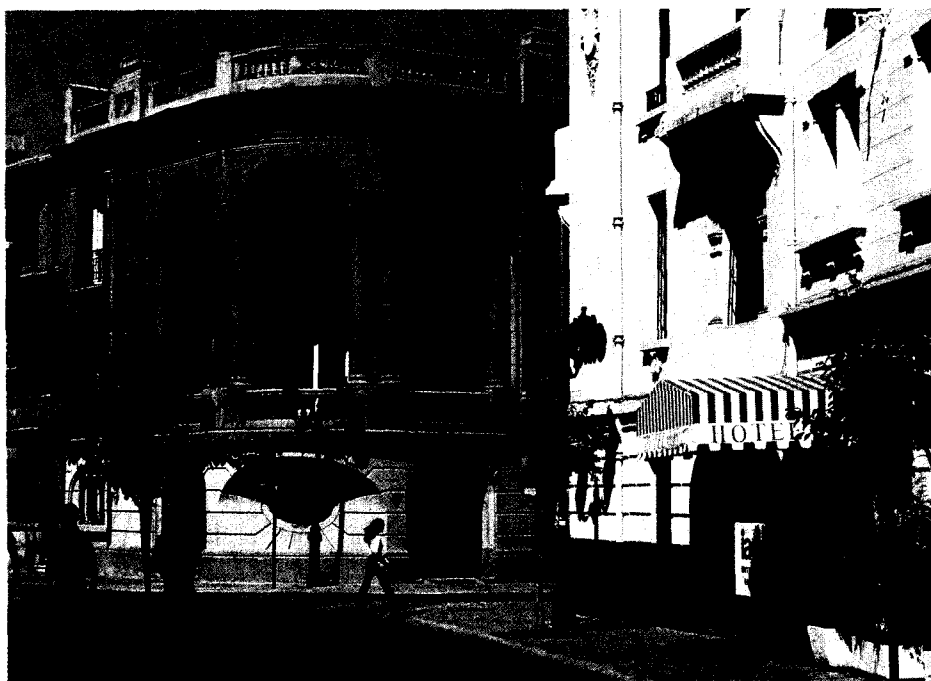
the minority population of Mapuche Indians provide ample clues that this is Switzerland with a twist—but what make the point best are the area's enormous, stunning, symmetrical active volcanoes, which loom into view like something out of *Jurassic Park*.

In the Lake District, I enjoyed our visit to Pucón, a lively small town that serves as a point of departure for hiking, fishing, and rafting trips, among other outdoor adventures. The Gran Hotel Pucón (011-564-544-1001), where we stayed, sits on the shore of Lake Villarrica. Rooms on the shore side have views of the lake and its swimming beach, and the others have views of the Villarrica volcano, seven miles away—though in the clear mountain air those seven miles look like nothing. The Chilean government built the Gran Hotel Pucón in the thirties, near a railroad depot, in part as a public-works project and in part to encourage Chileans to get out into their beautiful countryside. The place reminded me of the big old hotels in our western national parks.

The best plan is to fly from Santiago to the Lake District and rent a car there (you may want to rent another one in Santiago, at the beginning or end of your trip, for visits to Termas de Cauquenes and the Mediterranean-like coastal towns near the city). Chile's trains are not as tidy and, well, Swiss as they once were, and in any case neither they nor the buses, which are now the public transportation of choice, will give you the freedom that a car will.



Above, on the beach at Zapallar, northwest of Santiago. At right, a historic district in the capital





(1) Light was bouncing around everywhere. So I chose the N70's™ 3D Matrix Meter from the three metering systems offered. (2) With huge pockets of light and dark,

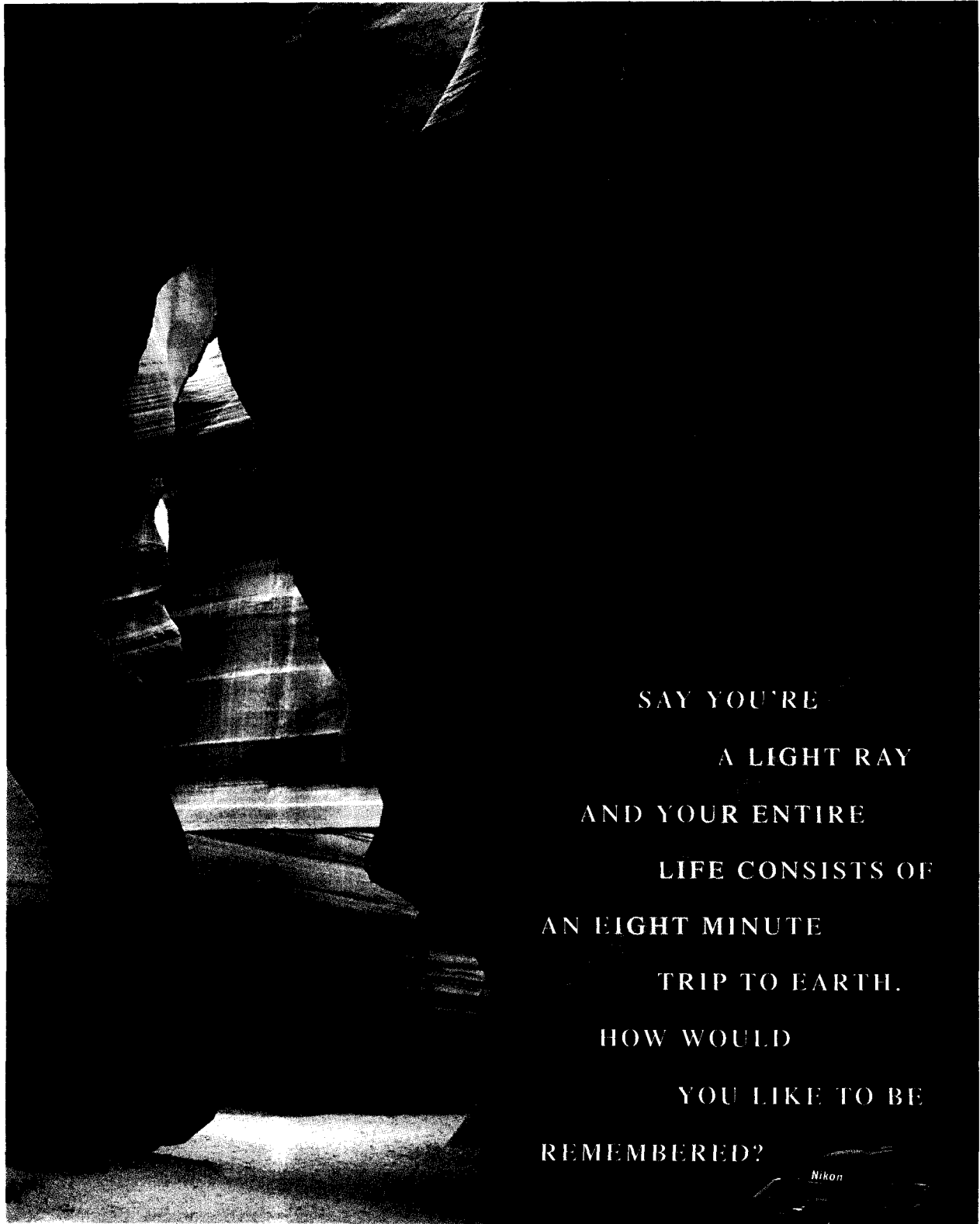
I wanted some options. From the five exposure modes, I chose manual exposure control, and auto-bracketed the shutter in 1/3 steps. (3) The built-in speedlight made

the shot—it filled the foreground shadows without burning out the highlights. It's pretty cool the way it works: it sends out a pre-flash, which determines the scene's reflectance

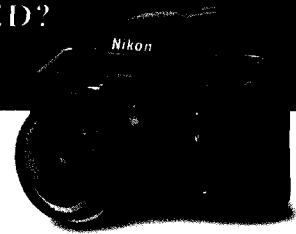
using the TTL Multi-Sensor. It also triggered a remote SB-26 making it possible to capture the canyon's subtle hues. There's nothing else like the N70. With so many

built-in options, it lets you capture light in ways you never thought possible.

Nikon.
We take the world's
greatest pictures.™ Yours.



SAY YOU'RE
A LIGHT RAY
AND YOUR ENTIRE
LIFE CONSISTS OF
AN EIGHT MINUTE
TRIP TO EARTH.
HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE TO BE
REMEMBERED?



See the N70 at authorized dealers displaying this symbol. Call 1-800-NIKON-35 for your free N70 brochure. ©1995 Nikon Inc.

N70. THE ART OF MASTERING LIGHT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TALES FROM THE

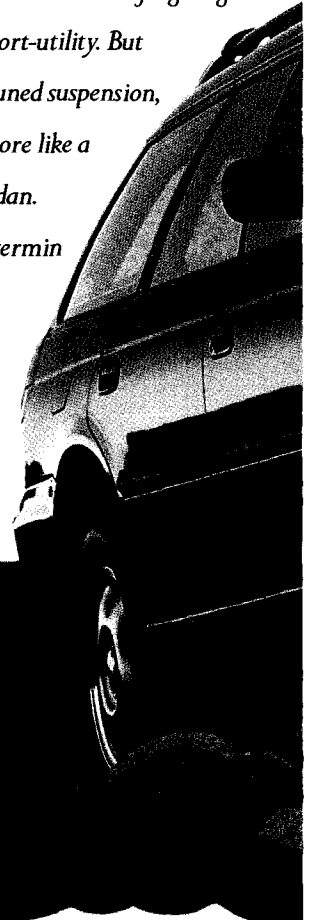
OUTBACK

**THE
WORLD'S
FIRST
SPORT
UTILITY
WAGON.**

Chapter One

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.

We were three days out of Perth in our new Subaru Outback* when two nasty blokes of ill-repute and evil intent set upon us like dingos on a wallaby. "Don't worry, luv," I said to my traveling companion, "this here Outback's the world's first sport-utility wagon. It's part sport-utility, part car. All they've got is a Chevy Blazer." I pressed the accelerator and we shot down the dusty desert road with the scalawags in hot pursuit. The chase was on. "Take that left just up ahead," my companion navigated after perusing her map, and soon we were on an old cart path unfit for a mule team. Our Outback, with its Subaru All-Wheel Driving System, easily handled this unforgiving terrain, like any good sport-utility. But thanks to its optimally tuned suspension, our rocky passage felt more like a Sunday drive in a fine sedan. Nevertheless, the pesky vermin proved difficult to shake. "What could they be after," I wondered. And suddenly realized that it must be the Outback



*Cargo space measured with seats upright. †All comparisons and figures represent 1995 model year vehicles, except for the 1996 Subaru Legacy Outback. Ground clearance based on manufacturer's published specs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itself. After all, how many vehicles have more cargo space than an Isuzu Rodeo,* more headroom than a Jeep Cherokee, ground clearance like a Ford Explorer,† plus the riding comfort and fuel economy of a passenger car?

Indeed, the world's first sport-utility wagon would make quite a prize. But our immediate concern was escape. We found our way onto a winding mountain road, our pursuers still just a stone's throw behind. We soon met with a particularly tight turn, which tested the limits of our stability. But thanks to our Outback's lower center of gravity, we handled the nuisance with

nary a problem. Our rivals, following in their Chevy Blazer, fared less well with that tricky roadway, and

their exact fate on that day remains a mystery. So we drove on, feeling safe for the moment, but keenly aware

that other adventures might await us down the road.

If you'd like to join in our exploits, just visit your Subaru dealer for a test-drive, or call 1-800-WANT-AWD.

COMPARE THE SUBARU OUTBACK.†

	Subaru Outback	Jeep Grand Cherokee	Ford Explorer	Chevrolet Blazer	Isuzu Rodeo
Fuel Economy (mpg)	20/26	15/20	15/20	16/21	15/18
Front Headroom	40.2"	38.9"	39.9"	39.6"	38.2"
Front Legroom	43.3"	40.9"	42.4"	42.5"	42.5"

1996 EPA estimate. Subaru Outback 4EAT. City 20 Hwy 26. Use for comparison only. Your actual mileage may vary.

SUBARU 
The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive.™



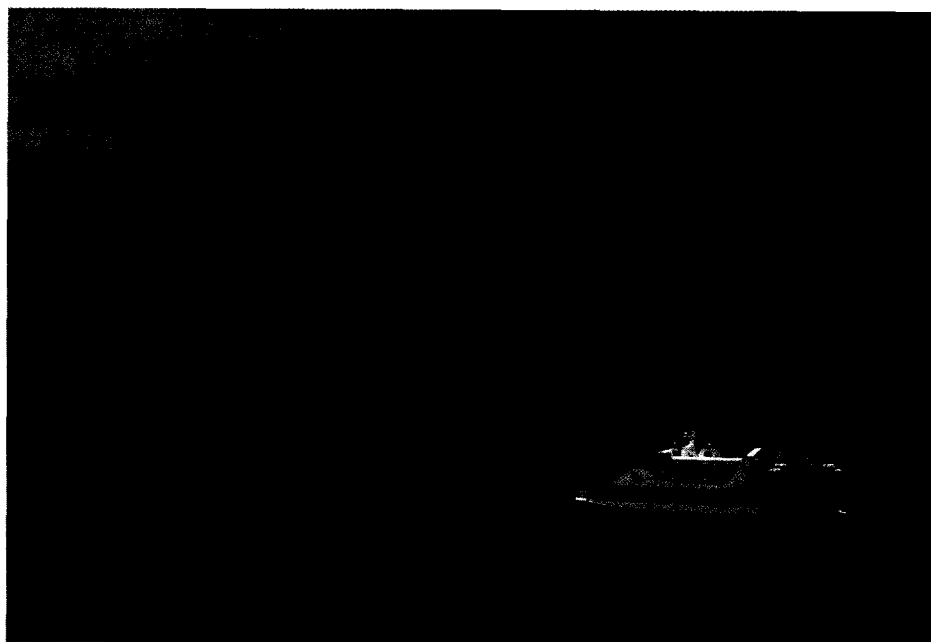
From Pucón we drove to Frutillar Bajo, a village two Bavarian-looking, flower-bedecked blocks deep along Lake Llanquihue. Here we stayed at the sleek little lakefront Hotel Ayacara (011-562-236-0897), and here the volcano, named Osorno, was behind the lake, poking up right next to the rising sun. Chileans tend to take their vacations strictly in season, which is to say in January and February. We arrived in Frutillar Bajo a day or two into March, and had the town almost to ourselves. In fact, the trick at dinner turned out to be finding restaurants where we wouldn't be the only patrons.

Frutillar Bajo is a good base for excursions to the various scenic spots in the area, including the drop-dead-beautiful Lake Todos los Santos. This clear, serene lake, the centerpiece of Vicente Pérez Rosales National Park, is bordered with volcanic sand the color of cocoa. The jagged surrounding mountain peaks look like the mountains children draw when they're working from their imaginations.

Sometimes the Mediterranean Chile intersects with the Swiss Chile. In rural places including the Lake District, the vistas often look Tuscan, and old characters with leathery faces and bright eyes drive oxcarts down poplar-lined lanes. Of course the beach resorts are still more Mediterranean than anything in Chile's interior. Decades ago Viña del Mar, an hour northwest of Santiago, was a fashionable resort town, and a dignified old hotel or two and a casino are today mementos of that era. But a clutter of condos and snack bars has driven the taste-makers an hour or two farther north, to Cachagua, Zapallar, and Papudo.

The penguin colony near Cachagua does nothing to strengthen the Mediterranean illusion, I admit. Zapallar, where we stayed, is more like it. The town amounts to a community of grand houses, some old (Zapallar has existed since the turn of the century) and some new, clustered around and above a perfect little half-moon beach. What appears to be one of the new grand houses is in fact a hotel, the postmodern-style Hotel Isla Seca

At right, the Patagonia Connection catamaran in Chile's fjordland. Below, the Termas de Puyuhuapi resort



(011-563-371-1508). This has a pleasant restaurant and a lovely view across the bay. From our base there I felt instantly part of the town, ogling the architecture and gardens along the path down to the beach the way a new neighbor, rather than a tourist, would.

AND then there's the Norwegian Chile, an immense fjordland running along the west coast of South America down through Patagonia to Tierra del Fuego, at the continent's tip—just as Norway runs along the west coast of Scandinavia. Or is this region Alaskan? Really, it is like no end of the earth other than itself. Once you have toured the parts of Chile that readily suggest comparisons, you simply must see the south, which is incomparable.

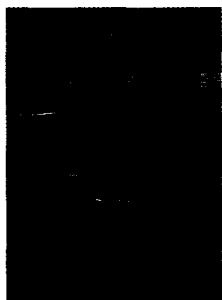
I think I remember being taught in grade school that the Pan-American Highway runs the full length of the Americas. But near Puerto Montt, which is considered the southernmost town in the Lake District, the Pan-American Highway veers out onto Chiloé island, straggles across it, and stops dead. Chile continues south for another 650 miles.

The Carretera Austral is the road that will one day finish the job the Pan-American Highway started, but today it is far from complete. For the time being, to see this remarkable part of Chile you must either undertake some very rugged travel or join a packaged excursion of one

kind or another. We flew an hour down the coast from Puerto Montt to join a three-day Patagonia Connection excursion (011-562-225-6489) to the Termas de Puyuhuapi resort. From the moment the plane was airborne and we could look down on trackless stretches of the Andes, we were enchanted. The first day of the excursion was devoted to touring majestic fjords in a big catamaran outfitted with plush armchairs. Then we lazed around for a day at the resort and lolled in its hot springs. For the denouement we got back on the catamaran to visit the Laguna San Rafael National Park and its large turquoise glacier.

Once we arrived at the park, small groups of us were taken in an inflatable boat to view the glacier at close range. This particular glacier has long confounded scientists with its pattern of advances and retreats. Today it is retreating at a rate of more than 600 feet a year—or, rather, the forward parts are breaking off and falling into the sea—and the scientists wonder whether it will soon disappear altogether.

The catamaran crew found a little iceberg bobbing in the sea, hauled it aboard, and began cheerfully chopping up the turquoise ice to serve in Scotch to the passengers as we emerged from the chilly inflatable and clambered back on board. What a luxury! In the remote southern Chilean fjordlands, I reflected, Scotch itself is quite a luxury, coming from so far away. At that point in the trip, finally, I had no doubt at all where I was. ☼





GREEN BAY PACKERS PHOTO: JULY 1965 TO JULY 1980

NFL PHOTO: VERNON J. BIEVER PHOTOGRAPHY

WE'VE INSURED ORGANIZATIONS that were TOUGH, AGGRESSIVE
and FULL of EGOS.
SOUND ANYTHING like YOUR COMPANY?



**COMMERCIAL
INSURANCE**

Taking on the Green Bay Packers™ is enough to intimidate anyone. Particularly an insurance company. But, at ITT Hartford, we've welcomed the challenge of insuring many of the world's largest and most aggressive organizations. From Fortune 500® companies to Super Bowl™ contenders.

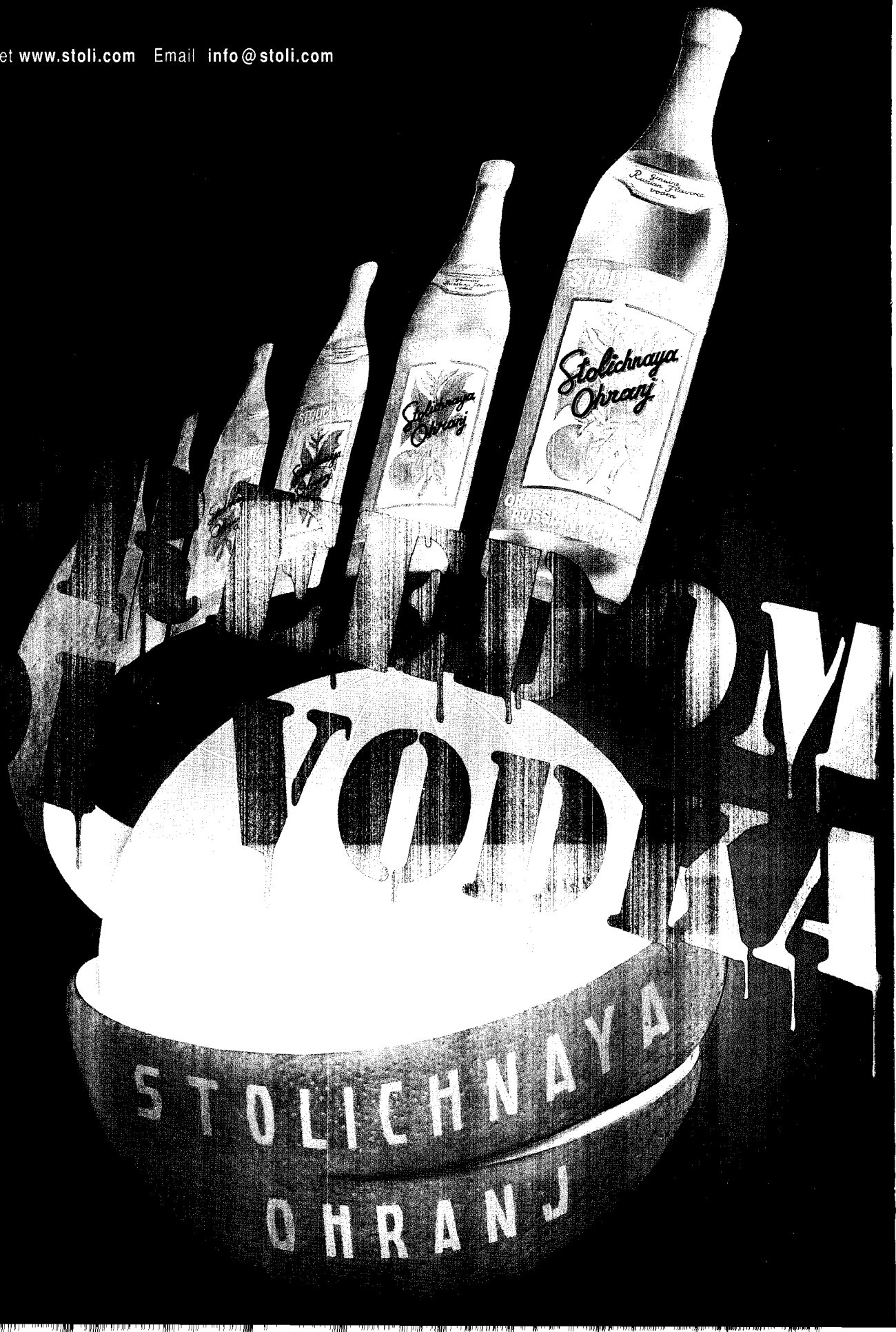
Naturally, it takes a great deal of expertise to handle risks of that magnitude. And that's precisely what we bring to the table. Whether it means delivering unique cost containment methods or a full range of commercial products and services.

At ITT Hartford, we believe in taking a proactive approach to problem solving. After all, the best defense is a good offense.



ITT HARTFORD

Internet www.stoli.com Email info@stoli.com

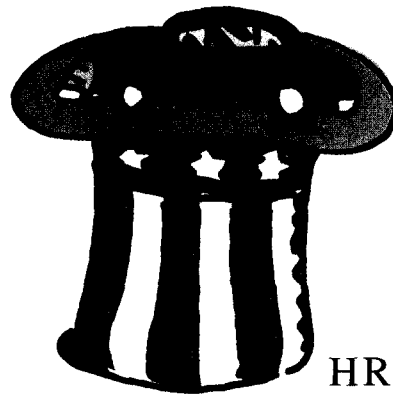


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF THE GDP IS UP, WHY IS AMERICA DOWN?

by CLIFFORD COBB, TED HALSTEAD, AND JONATHAN ROWE

*Why we need new measures of progress,
why we do not have them, and how they would change
the social and political landscape*



THROUGHOUT the tumult of the elections last year political commentators were perplexed by a stubborn fact. The economy was performing splendidly, at least according to the standard measurements. Productivity and employment were up; inflation was under control. The World Economic Forum, in Switzerland, declared that the United States had regained its position as the most competitive economy on earth, after years of Japanese dominance.

The Clinton Administration waited expectantly, but the applause never came. Voters didn't *feel* better, even though economists said they should. The economy as economists define it was booming, but the individuals who compose it—or a great many of them, at least—were not. President Bill Clinton actually sent his economic advisers on the road to persuade Americans that their experience was wrong and the indicators were right.

This strange gap between what economists choose to measure and what Americans experience became the official conundrum of the campaign season. "PARADOX OF '94: GLOOMY VOTERS IN GOOD TIMES," *The New York Times* proclaimed on its front page. "BOOM FOR WHOM?" read the cover of *Time* magazine. Yet reporters never quite got to the basic question—namely, whether the official indicators are simply wrong, and are leading the nation in the wrong direction.

The problem goes much deeper than the "two-tiered" economy—prosperity at the top, decline in the middle and at the bottom—that received so much attention. It concerns the very definition of prosperity itself. In the apt language of the nineteenth-century writer John Ruskin, an economy produces "illth" as well as wealth; yet the conventional measures of well-being lump the two together. Could it be that even the upper tier was—and still is—rising on the deck of a ship that is sinking slowly into a sea of illth, and that the nation's indicators of economic progress provide barely a clue to that fact?

Ample attention was paid to the symptoms: People were working longer hours for less pay. The middle class was slipping while the rich were forging ahead. Commutes were more harried. Crime, congestion, and media violence were increasing. More families were falling apart. A *Business Week*/Harris poll in March imparted the not surprising news that more than 70 percent of the public was gloomy about the future.

Sounding much like the guidance department of a progressive New York grammar school, the Clinton Administration said that Americans were simply suffering the anxieties of adjustment to a wondrous new economy. Speaking in similar terms, Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, told a business gathering in San Francisco this past February that "there seemingly inexplicably remains an extraordinarily deep-rooted foreboding about the [economic] outlook" among the populace.

Those silly people. But could it be that the nation's economic experts live in a statistical Potemkin village that hides the economy Americans are actually experiencing? Isn't it time to ask some basic questions about the gauges that inform expert opinion, and the premises on which those gauges are based?

Economic indicators are the main feedback loop to national policy. They define the economic problems that the political arena seeks to address. If the nation's indicators of

economic progress are obsolete, then they consign us to continually resorting to policies that cannot succeed because they aren't addressing the right problems.

Today the two political parties differ somewhat in regard to means, but neither disputes that the ultimate goal of national policy is to make the big gauge—the gross domestic product—climb steadily upward. Neither questions that a rising GDP will wash away the nation's ills: if Americans feel unsettled despite a rising GDP, then clearly even more growth is needed.

This was clear in the months after the election, as the media continued to report economy up, people down stories that never quite managed to get to the crucial question: What is "up," anyway? In July, *Business Week* ran a cover story called "The Wage Squeeze" that got much closer than most. The article showed remarkable skepticism regarding the conventional wisdom. But the magazine's editorial writers retreated quickly. Why aren't workers doing better even as corporate profits and "the economy" are up? "America just may not be growing fast enough," they said.

Furthermore, the GDP and its various proxies—rates of growth, expansion, recovery—have become the very language of the nation's economic reportage and debate. We literally cannot think about economics without them. Yet these terms have increasingly become a barricade of abstraction that separates us from economic reality. They tell us next to nothing about what is actually going on.

The GDP is simply a gross measure of market activity, of money changing hands. It makes no distinction whatsoever between the desirable and the undesirable, or costs and gain. On top of that, it looks only at the portion of reality that economists choose to acknowledge—the part involved in monetary transactions. The crucial economic functions performed in the household and volunteer sectors go entirely unreckoned. As a result the GDP not only masks the breakdown of the social structure and the natural habitat upon which the economy—and life itself—ultimately depend; worse, it actually portrays such breakdown as economic gain.

Yet our politicians, media, and economic commentators dutifully continue to trumpet the GDP figures as information of great portent. There have been questions regarding the accuracy of the numbers that compose the GDP, and some occasional tinkering at the edges. But there has been barely a stirring of curiosity regarding the premise that underlies its gross statistical summation. Whether from sincere conviction or from entrenched professional and financial interests, politicians, economists, and the rest have not been eager to see it changed.

There is an urgent need for new indicators of progress, geared to the economy that actually exists. We are members of Redefining Progress, a new organization whose purpose is to stimulate broad public debate over the nature of economic progress and the best means of attaining it. Accordingly, we have developed a new indicator ourselves, to show both

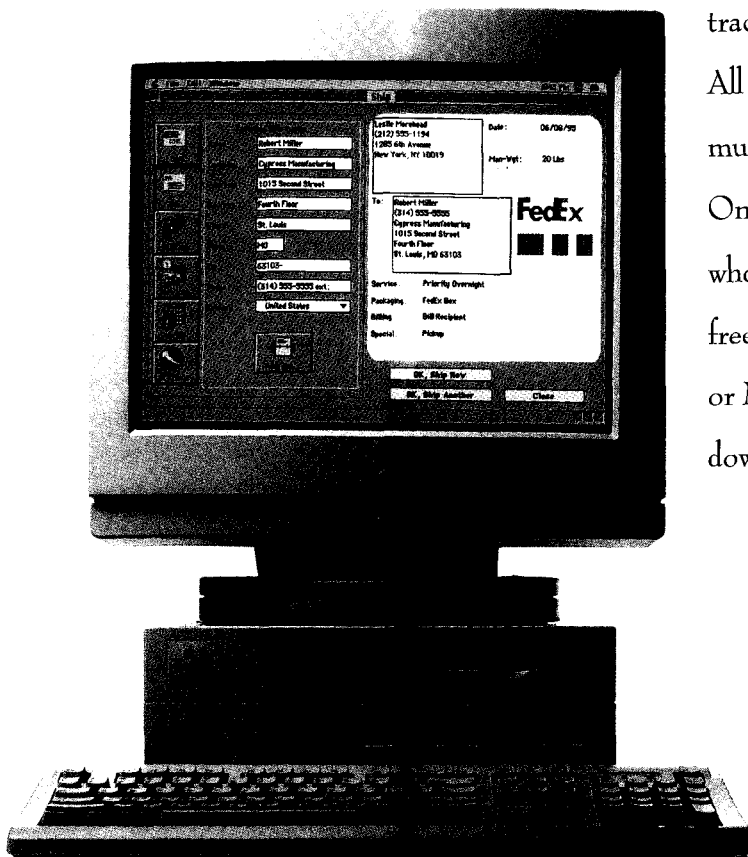
Now the hardest thing about shipping is mastering the complexities of the double click.



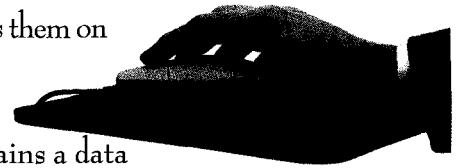
Introducing FedEx Ship™

the revolutionary new desk-
top shipping software from

FedEx. Now with FedEx Ship, you can handle
virtually any aspect of shipping a package with
just a few clicks of your mouse.



Using your modem, the software connects your
computer directly to FedEx. It creates shipping
labels and prints them on
your own laser



printer. Maintains a data
base of your customers. Schedules pickups,
tracks and confirms delivery of your packages.
All faster and easier than ever before. Without so
much as picking up the phone. FedEx Ship.

Once you get the double click down, it's a
whole new way of shipping packages. For a
free copy of FedEx Ship software for Windows™
or Macintosh®, just call 1-800-GO-FEDEX* or
download at <http://www.fedex.com>.

FedEx
Federal Express

Our Most Important Package Is Yours.®

JUST POINT, CLICK AND SHIP.

©1995 Federal Express Corporation. Windows is a trademark of Microsoft Corp. Macintosh is a registered trademark of Apple Computer, Inc. *TDD: 1-800-238-4461.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that it can be done and what such an indicator would look like. This new scorecard invites a thorough rethinking of economic policy and its underlying premises. It suggests strongly that it is not the voters who are out of touch with reality.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ECONOMIC (MIS)MEASUREMENT

THE GDP has been the touchstone of economic policy for so long that most Americans probably regard it as a kind of universal standard. (In 1991 the government switched from the old GNP to the GDP, for reasons we will discuss later.) Actually the GDP is just an artifact of history, a relic of another era. It grew out of the challenges of the Depression and the Second World War, when the nation faced economic realities very different from today's. Through history economic measurement has grown out of the beliefs and circumstances of the era. As Western economies went from agriculture to manufacturing to finance and services, modes of measurement generally evolved accordingly. But during this century, and especially since the war, the evolutionary process has slowed to a crawl. The market economy has continued to change radically. In particular it has penetrated deeper and deeper into the realms of family, community, and natural habitat that once seemed beyond its reach. But even as this change has accelerated, the way we measure economic health and progress has been frozen in place.

The first estimates of national accounts in the Western world were the work of one Thomas Petty, in England in 1665. Petty's scope was fairly broad; he was trying to ascertain the taxable capacity of the nation. In France, however, a narrower focus emerged. The prevailing economic theory was that of the Physiocrats, who maintained that agriculture was the true source of a nation's wealth. Not surprisingly, their economic measurement focused on agricultural production. There was a great diversity of viewpoint, however, even in France. In England, a more industrial country, Adam Smith articulated a broader theory of national wealth that included the whole swath of manufactures as well.

But one of many important points overlooked by his ardent followers is that Smith excluded what we today call the entertainment and service economies, including government and lawyers. Such functions might be useful or not, he said. But all are ultimately "unproductive of any value," because they don't give rise to a tangible product. That view was certainly debatable. But Smith was asking a crucial question—one that has pretty much disappeared from economic thought. Is there a difference between mere monetary transactions and a genuine addition to a nation's well-being?

By the end of the nineteenth century England's economic center of gravity had shifted significantly from manufacturing to trade and finance. In this new economy Smith's views on national wealth began to pinch. Alfred Marshall, who ar-

ticulated what is now called neoclassical economics, declared that utility, rather than tangibility, was the true standard of production and wealth. Lawyers' fees, commissions, all the paper shuffling of an abstracted commercial economy, were essentially no different from sacks of potatoes or carloads of iron. The economic significance of a thing lay not in its nature but simply in its market price.

This yoking of national accounting to the lowest common denominator of price was to have large implications. It meant that every item of commerce was assumed to add to the national well-being merely by the fact—and to the extent—that it was produced and bought. At the same time, it meant that only transactions involving money could count in the national reckoning. This left out two large realms: the functions of family and community on the one hand, and the natural habitat on the other. Both are crucial to economic well-being. But because the services they perform are outside the price system, they have been invisible in our national accounting.

Long ago this omission was understandable. In Adam Smith's day the portion of life called "the market" occupied a very small part of physical and social space. The habitat seemed to have an infinite supply of resources, and an infinite capacity to absorb such wastes as the industry of the day might dump. The social structure seemed so firmly anchored in history that there was little thought that a growing market could set it adrift.

During this century, however, those assumptions have become increasingly untenable. It is not accidental that both the habitat and the social structure have suffered severe erosion in recent decades; these are precisely the realms that eighteenth- and nineteenth-century assumptions precluded from the reckoning of national well-being—in capitalist and socialist economies alike. This erosion has been mainly invisible in terms of economic policy because our index of progress ignores it; as a result, the nation's policies have made it worse.

To understand how the national accounts became trapped in the assumptions of a bygone era, it is useful to study the era in which the current form of economic accounting was wrought.

In 1931 a group of government and private experts were summoned to a congressional hearing to answer basic questions about the economy. It turned out they couldn't: the most recent data were for 1929, and they were rudimentary at that. In 1932, the last year of the Hoover Administration, the Senate asked the Commerce Department to prepare comprehensive estimates of the national income. Soon after, the department set a young economist by the name of Simon Kuznets to the task of developing a uniform set of national accounts. These became the prototype for what we now call the GDP.

As the thirties wore on, a new kind of economic-policy thinking started to take hold among some New Dealers. In

their view the role of the federal government was not to coordinate industry or to prevent industrial concentrations, as the New Deal had initially done. Rather, the government should serve as a kind of financial carburetor to keep a rich mixture of spending power going into the engine, through deficits if necessary.

This theory is generally attributed to John Maynard Keynes, of course, but numerous New Dealers had earlier approximated it in an instinctive and practical way. Since Keynesian management worked through flows of money rather than through bureaucratized programs, the new national accounts were essential to it. The Nobel Prize-winner Robert Solow, of MIT, has called Kuznets's work the "anatomy" for Keynes's "physiology."

The two formally came together during the Second World War, and in the process the GNP became the primary scorecard for the nation's economic policy. The degree to which the GNP evolved as a war-planning tool is hard to exaggerate. Keynes himself played a central role in Britain's Treasury during both world wars. At the start of the second he co-authored

a famous paper called "The National Income and Expenditure of the United Kingdom, and How to Pay for the War," which provided much conceptual groundwork for the GDP of today.

In the United States the Manhattan Project got much more glory. But as a technical achievement the development of the GNP accounts was no less important. The accounts enabled the nation to locate unused capacity, and to exceed by far the production levels that conventional opinion thought possible. To their great surprise, American investigators learned after the war that Hitler had set much lower production targets, partly for lack of sophisticated national accounts.

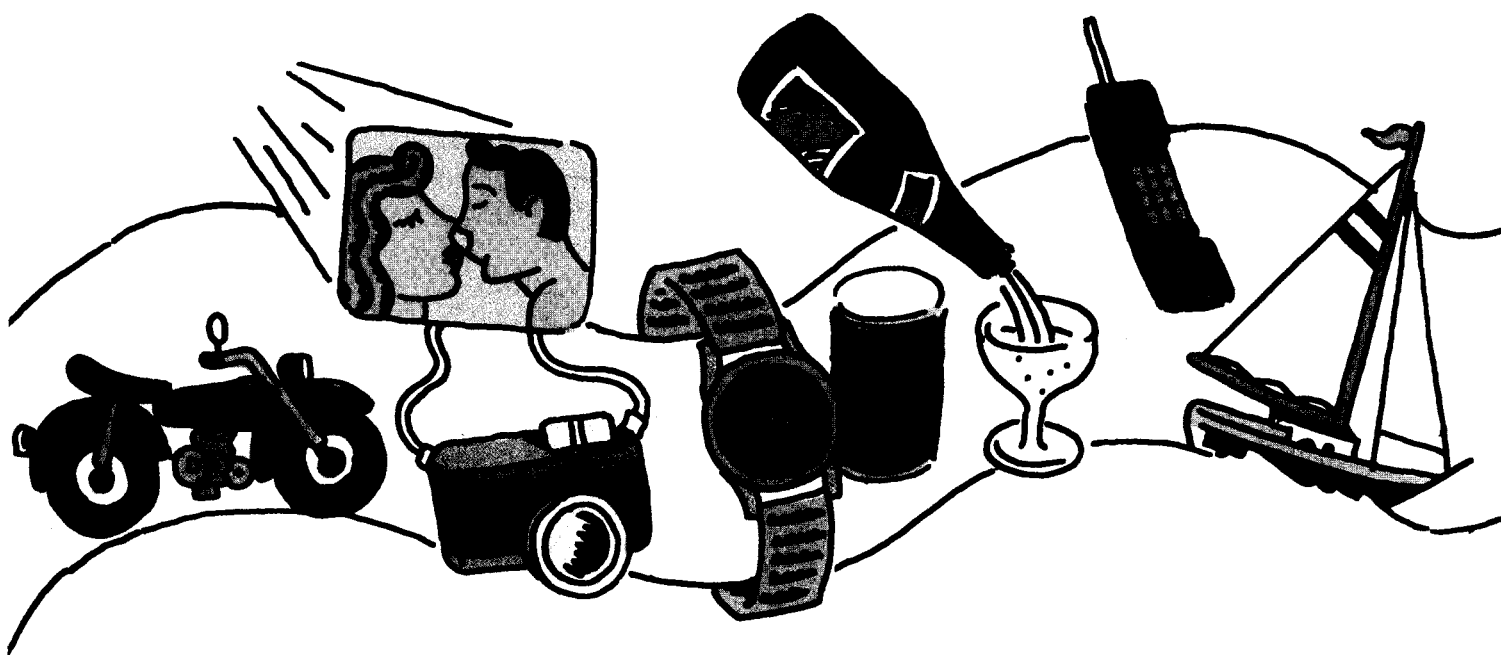
Having helped win the war, the Keynesians were giddy with confidence. The specter of the Depression still haunted the United States; but these economists thought they had found the keys to the economic kingdom. With proper fiscal management and detailed knowledge of the GNP, they could master the dreaded "business cycle" and ensure prosperity indefinitely. When John Kenneth Galbraith joined the staff of *Fortune* magazine, his first project was to prepare a blueprint for America's transition to a postwar economy. The article



was based on projections from the GNP accounts. "One good reason for expecting prosperity after the war is the fact that we can lay down its specifications," the article said. "For this we can thank a little-observed but spectacular improvement in the statistical measures of the current output of the U.S. plant."

The Employment Act of 1946 turned the GNP and the theory it embodied into official policy. It established a Council of Economic Advisers as "the high priests of economic management," as Allan J. Lichtman, a professor of history at the American University, has recently put it, and the GNP as

But the biggest change was in who "the people" now were. Because the Keynesian approach saw consumption as the drive train of prosperity, Washington collectively looked at the public in those terms as well. They were no longer primarily farmers, workers, businesspeople—that is, producers. Rather, they were *consumers*, whose spending was a solemn national duty for the purpose of warding off the return of the dreaded Depression. Our young men had marched off to war; now Americans were marching off to the malls that eventually covered the land.



their catechism. The production frenzy that had pulled the nation out of the Depression and through the war was now the model for the peace as well.

These developments set the course for economic policy and reportage for the next fifty years. The ironies have been many. If it is odd that liberal Democrats would turn the principles of a war economy into the permanent template for government, it is no less so that Republicans would latch fervently onto a measure of well-being that was basically a tool of central government planning.

There have been a number of consequences that few saw clearly at the time. One was that economists became the ultimate authorities on American public policy. Before the war, economists were rarely quoted in news stories except in some official capacity. Now their opinions were sought and cited as canonical truth. Moreover, as the party that nurtured these economists, the Democrats became adherents of technocratic top-down management that purported to act for the people, even if in ways beyond their ken.

In this atmosphere the GNP, the measure and means of policy, rapidly became an end of policy in itself. The nation's social cohesion and natural habitat, which the GNP excluded, were taken for granted. Each week the host of *General Electric Theater*, Ronald Reagan, declared to the nation that "progress is our most important product." Products were progress, and therefore the GNP was progress too.

THE GDP TODAY: HOW DOWN BECOMES UP

IF the chief of your local police department were to announce today that "activity" on the city streets had increased by 15 percent, people would not be impressed, reporters least of all. They would demand specifics. Exactly *what* increased? Tree planting or burglaries? Volunteerism or muggings? Car wrecks or neighborly acts of kindness?

The mere quantity of activity, taken alone, says virtually nothing about whether life on the streets is getting better or

worse. The economy is the same way. "Less" or "more" means very little unless you know *of what*. Yet somehow the GDP manages to induce a kind of collective stupor in which such basic questions rarely get asked.

By itself the GDP tells very little. Simply a measure of total output (the dollar value of finished goods and services), it assumes that everything produced is by definition "goods." It does not distinguish between costs and benefits, between productive and destructive activities, or between sustainable and unsustainable ones. The nation's central measure of

Department's similarly named regular economic report. His objective was to detail the social erosion that has continued even as the nation's economic indicators have gone up.

The strange fact that jumps out from Bennett's grim inventory of crime, divorce, mass-media addiction, and the rest is that much of it actually adds to the GDP. Growth can be social decline by another name. Divorce, for example, adds a small fortune in lawyers' bills, the need for second households, transportation and counseling for kids, and so on. Divorce lawyers alone take in probably several billion dollars a



well-being works like a calculating machine that adds but cannot subtract. It treats everything that happens in the market as a gain for humanity, while ignoring everything that happens outside the realm of monetized exchange, regardless of the importance to well-being.

By the curious standard of the GDP, the nation's economic hero is a terminal cancer patient who is going through a costly divorce. The happiest event is an earthquake or a hurricane. The most desirable habitat is a multibillion-dollar Superfund site. All these add to the GDP, because they cause money to change hands. It is as if a business kept a balance sheet by merely adding up all "transactions," without distinguishing between income and expenses, or between assets and liabilities.

The perversity of the GDP affects virtually all parts of society. In 1993 William J. Bennett, who had been the Secretary of Education in the Reagan Administration, produced a study of social decline. He called it "The Index of Leading Cultural Indicators," a deliberate counterpoint to the Commerce

year, and possibly a good deal more. Divorce also provides a major boost for the real-estate industry. "Unfortunately, divorce is a big part of our business. It means one [home] to sell and sometimes two to buy," a realtor in suburban Chicago told the *Chicago Tribune*. Similarly, crime has given rise to a burgeoning crime-prevention and security industry with revenues of more than \$65 billion a year. The car-locking device called The Club adds some \$100 million a year to the GDP all by itself, without counting knock-offs. Even a gruesome event like the Oklahoma City bombing becomes an economic uptick by the strange reckonings of the GDP. "Analysts expect the share prices [of firms making anti-crime equipment] to gain during the next several months," *The Wall Street Journal* reported a short time after the bombing, "as safety concerns translate into more contracts."

Bennett cited the chilling statistics that teenagers spend on average some three hours a day watching television, and about five minutes a day alone with their fathers. Yet when kids are talking with their parents, they aren't adding to the

GDP. In contrast, MTV helps turn them into ardent, GDP-enhancing consumers. Even those unwed teenage mothers are bringing new little consumers into the world (where they will quickly join the “kiddie market” and after that the “teen market,” which together influence more than \$200 billion in GDP). So while social conservatives like Bennett are rightly deploring the nation’s social decline, their free-marketeer counterparts are looking at the same phenomena through the lens of the GDP and breaking out the champagne.

Something similar happens with the natural habitat. The more the nation depletes its natural resources, the more the GDP increases. This violates basic accounting principles, in that it portrays the depletion of capital as current income. No businessperson would make such a fundamental error. When a small oil company drains an oil well in Texas, it gets a generous depletion allowance on its taxes, in recognition of the loss. Yet that very same drainage shows up as a gain to the nation in the GDP. When the United States fishes its cod

populations down to remnants, this appears on the national books as an economic boom—until the fisheries collapse. As the former World Bank economist Herman Daly puts it, the current national-accounting system treats the earth as a business in liquidation.

Add pollution to the balance sheet and we appear to be doing even better. In fact, pollution shows up twice as a gain: once when the chemical factory, say, produces it as a by-product, and again when the nation spends billions of dollars to clean up the toxic Superfund site that results. Furthermore, the extra costs that come as a consequence of that environmental depletion and degradation—such as medical bills arising from dirty air—also show up as growth in the GDP.

This kind of accounting feeds the notion that conserving resources and protecting the natural habitat must come at the expense of the economy, because the result can be a lower GDP. That is a lot like saying that a reserve for capital depreciation must come at the expense of the business. On the con-



trary, a capital reserve is essential to ensure the future of the business. To ignore that is to confuse mere borrowing from the future with actual profit. Resource conservation works the same way, but the perverse accounting of the GDP hides this basic fact.

No less important is the way the GDP ignores the contribution of the social realm—that is, the economic role of households and communities. This is where much of the nation's most important work gets done, from caring for children and older people to volunteer work in its many forms. It is the nation's social glue. Yet because no money changes hands in this realm, it is invisible to conventional economics. The GDP doesn't count it at all—which means that the more our families and communities decline and a monetized service sector takes their place, the more the GDP goes up and the economic pundits cheer.

Parenting becomes child care, visits on the porch become psychiatry and VCRs, the watchful eyes of neighbors become alarm systems and police officers, the kitchen table becomes McDonald's—up and down the line, the things people used to do for and with one another turn into things they have to buy. Day care adds more than \$4 billion to the GDP; VCRs and kindred entertainment gear add almost \$60 billion. Politicians generally see this decay through a well-worn ideological lens: conservatives root for the market, liberals for the government. But in fact these two “sectors” are, in this respect at least, merely different sides of the same coin: both government and the private market grow by cannibalizing the family and community realms that ultimately nurture and sustain us.

These are just the more obvious problems. There are others, no less severe. The GDP totally ignores the distribution of income, for example, so that enormous gains at the top—as were made during the 1980s—appear as new bounty for all. It makes no distinction between the person in the secure high-tech job and the “downsized” white-collar worker who has to work two jobs at lower pay. The GDP treats leisure time and time with family the way it treats air and water: as having no value at all. When the need for a second job cuts the time available for family or community, the GDP records this loss as an economic gain.

Then there's the question of addictive consumption. Free-market fundamentalists are inclined to attack critics of the GDP as “elitists.” People buy things because they want them, they say, and who knows better than the people themselves what adds to well-being? It makes a good one-liner. But is the truth really so simple? Some 40 percent of the nation's drinking exceeds the level of “moderation,” defined as two drinks a day. Credit-card abuse has become so pervasive that local chapters of Debtors Anonymous hold forty-five meetings a week in the San Francisco Bay area alone. Close to 50 percent of Americans consider themselves overweight. When one considers the \$32 billion diet industry, the GDP becomes truly bizarre. It counts the food that people

wish they didn't eat, and then the billions they spend to lose the added pounds that result. The coronary-bypass patient becomes almost a metaphor for the nation's measure of progress: shovel in the fat, pay the consequences, add the two together, and the economy grows some more.

So, too, the O. J. Simpson trial. When *The Wall Street Journal* added up the Simpson legal team (\$20,000 a day), network-news expenses, O. J. statuettes, and the rest, it got a total of about \$200 million in new GDP, for which politicians will be taking credit in 1996. “GDP OF O.J. TRIAL OUTFRONS THE TOTAL OF, SAY, GRENADA,” the *Journal's* headline writer proclaimed. One begins to understand why politicians prefer to talk about growth rather than what it actually consists of, and why Prozac alone adds more than \$1.2 billion to the GDP, as people try to feel a little better amid all this progress.

THE POLITICS OF PERMANENCE

SIMON Kuznets had deep reservations about the national accounts he helped to create. In his very first report to Congress, in 1934, he tried to warn the nation of the limitations of the new system. “The welfare of a nation,” the report concluded, can “scarcely be inferred from a measurement of national income as defined above.”

But the GNP proceeded to acquire totemic stature, and Kuznets's concerns grew deeper. He rejected the a priori conceptual schemes that govern most economic thought. As an economy grows, he said, the concept of what it includes must grow as well. Economists must seek to measure more and different things. By 1962 Kuznets was writing in *The New Republic* that the national accounting needed to be fundamentally rethought: “Distinctions must be kept in mind between quantity and quality of growth, between its costs and return, and between the short and the long run,” he wrote. “Goals for ‘more’ growth should specify more growth of *what* and *for what*” (emphasis added).

To most of us, that would seem to be only common sense. If the government is going to promote something, surely the voters should know what that something is. But in the view of most economists, Kuznets was proposing a pipe bomb in the basement. Once you start asking “what” as well as “how much”—that is, about quality instead of just quantity—the premise of the national accounts as an indicator of progress begins to disintegrate, and along with it much of the conventional economic reasoning on which those accounts are based.

Unsurprisingly, the profession did not seize eagerly upon Kuznets's views. Though he won a Nobel Prize in 1971, many economists dismissed him as a kind of glorified statistician. Most are aware of at least some of the basic shortcomings of the GDP. But rather than face those shortcomings squarely, they have either shrugged their shoulders or sought to minimize the implications for their underlying models. In his ubiquitous economics text Paul Samuelson and his co-au-

thor William Nordhaus devote a few pages to possible revisions to the GDP to reflect environmental and other concerns. But this is more in the spirit of a technical adjustment than a questioning of the underlying premise.

The effects of the GDP fixation can be seen perhaps most vividly in what are called “developing nations” (a term that is itself defined mainly in terms of GDP)—specifically in the policies of the World Bank, which is a kind of development czar for the nations of the South. Decades ago Kuznets tried to point out the absurdity of using such a measure to assess the economies of less-developed nations, where much production takes place in the household economy and is therefore beyond the ken of the GNP. A development strategy based on raising the GNP might undermine this household economy and therefore diminish the well-being of the nation’s people, while devastating the habitat to boot.

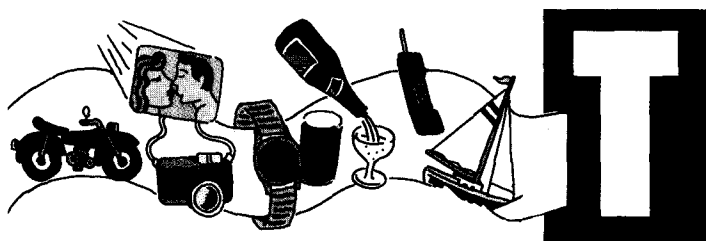
In 1989 Barber Conable, then the president of the World Bank, acknowledged the problem with respect to environmental issues. “Current calculations ignore the degradation of the natural-resource base and view the sales of nonrenewable resources entirely as income,” he wrote. “A better way must be found.” Yet on the floors beneath him the bank’s economists continued churning out loan strategies aimed at

the country’s real, sustainable growth rate was only about half the official rate. And that wasn’t counting the broader spectrum of environmental and social costs, which would have brought the growth rate down even more.

Here was another warning for those disposed to heed it. Yet the international development establishment did nothing of the sort. In fact, what is being measured has grown more partisan than ever. Specifically, in 1991 the GNP was turned into the GDP—a quiet change that had very large implications.

Under the old measure, the gross national product, the earnings of a multinational firm were attributed to the country where the firm was owned—and where the profits would eventually return. Under the gross domestic product, however, the profits are attributed to the country where the factory or mine is located, even though they won’t stay there. This accounting shift has turned many struggling nations into statistical boomtowns, while aiding the push for a global economy. Conveniently, it has hidden a basic fact: the nations of the North are walking off with the South’s resources, and calling it a gain for the South.

The more basic defects of the GDP have not gone unnoticed among the nations of the world. In France a parliamentary report has called for new indicators of progress; the



The perversity of the GDP affects virtually all parts of society. In 1993, for example, William J. Bennett, who had been the Secretary of Education in the Reagan Administration, produced a study of social decline. He called it “The Index of Leading Cultural Indicators.” The strange fact that jumps out from Bennett’s grim inventory of crime, divorce, mass-media addiction, and the rest is that much of it actually adds to the GDP.

boosting GDP. One recent World Bank publication reaffirmed it as the “main criterion for classifying economies.”

And a wrongheaded one. In a groundbreaking study of Indonesia in 1989, the World Resources Institute, of Washington, D.C., explored the implications for natural resources. Since the 1970s Indonesia had been a success story for the conventional development school, achieving an exceptional growth rate of seven percent a year. But such an amphetamine pace cannot be sustained forever. Indonesia is selling off precious nonrenewable mineral wealth. Clear-cutting its forests and exhausting its topsoil with intensive farming, it is in effect robbing the future to finance the current boom. After adding in these and other factors, the institute found that

Treasury of Australia has done so as well. Both the UN and the European Parliament have taken up the issue, and there are ripples even at the World Bank.

But in the United States change will not come easily. The quarterly release of the GDP figures has become a Wall Street ritual and metronome for the national media, setting the tempo and story line for economic reportage. For the media in particular, the GDP serves deep institutional cravings, combining the appearance of empirical certitude and expert authority with a ready-made story line. It also serves the industries that thrive on the kind of policies it reinforces; those inclined to deplete and pollute are especially pleased with an accounting system that portrays these acts as economic

Van Cliburn In Moscow ♦ Rachmaninov & Brahms. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 05748 C

Brahms & Tchaikovsky, Violin Concertos ♦ Jascha Heifetz. (RCA Living Stereo) 20592

Beethoven, Symphonies Nos. 5 & 3 "Eroica" ♦ John Eliot Gardiner, cond. (Archiv) 06963 C

Vladimir Horowitz: The Private Collection ♦ (RCA Victor Red Seal) 06189 C

Chant: The Benedictine Monks of Santo Domingo de Silos ♦ (Angel) 02957 C

Plácido Domingo: De mi alma latina (From My Latin Soul) ♦ (Angel) 06053 C

Kronos Quartet: Performs Philip Glass ♦ (Nonesuch) 08150 C

Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture ♦ Gothenburg Orch./Larvi. (DG) 00060

Grieg, Peer Gynt - Suites 1 & 2 ♦ S.F. Sym. Blomstedt (London) 00074

Beethoven, "Moonlight" Sonata ♦ Maurizio Pollini, piano. (DG) 00096

American Dreamer ♦ Thomas Hampson. Baritone. (Angel) 00285 C

Mozart, The Flute Quartets ♦ Starring James Galway (RCA) 00430 C

The Reiner Sound ♦ With the Chicago SO. (RCA Living Stereo) 00433

Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade ♦ N.Y. Phil. Temirkanov. (RCA) 00653 C

The Baltimore Consort: The Art Of The Bawdy Song ♦ Warning: Explicit lyrics! (Dorian) 00657

Emily Mitchell: Irish Harp Songs ♦ (RCA) 00812

Cecilia Bartoli: If You Love Me - Arie Antiche ♦ (London) 00862 C

Barber, Adagio For Strings ♦ Baltimore SO./Zimman. (Argo) 00864

Handel, Water Music (Complete) ♦ Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. (DG) 00865 C

Beethoven, "Razumovsky" String Quartets Nos. 2 & 3, Op. 59 ♦ Cleveland Quartet. (Telarc) 00977

Rodrigo, Concierto de Aranjuez ♦ Christopher Parkening, guitar. (EMI Classics) 01212

Arthur Fiedler: Classics For Children ♦ (RCA) 01278

Rachmaninov, Vespers ♦ Robert Shaw Festival Singers/Shaw. A Grammy® winner! (Telarc) 01303

P.D.Q. Bach, 1712 Overture & Other Musical Assaults ♦ Grammy® winner! (Telarc) 01306

Tchaikovsky, Suites from Swan Lake & The Sleeping Beauty ♦ Charles Mackerras conducts. (Telarc) 01309

Carol Rosenberger: Réverie ♦ Piano favorites. (Delos) 01322

Izhak Perlman - Live In Russia ♦ Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto, more. Mehta conducts. (EMI Classics) 01380

Bach, Violin Concertos ♦ Izhak Perlman & Pinchas Zukerman. (EMI Classics) 01384

Glass, "Low" Symphony ♦ The Brooklyn Phil. Dennis Russell Davies. (Point) 01398

Pops Roundup ♦ Boston Pops/Fiedler. (RCA Living Stereo) 01399

Pavarotti And Friends ♦ (London) 01451

Wagner, Overtures & Préludes ♦ The MET Opera Orchestra Levine. (DG) 01484

Meditations For A Quiet Dawn ♦ A compilation from the Nimbus catalog. (Nimbus) 01487

Schubert, "Trout" Quintet ♦ Hagen Quartet/Schiff. (Telarc) 01541

Stravinsky, The Firebird ♦ Chicago SO./Pierre Boulez. (DG) 01700 C

C.P.E. Bach, Vivaldi & Tartini, Cello Concertos ♦ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. (Teldec) 01707 C

Robin Bullock: Green Fields - Celtic Music for Cittern & Guitar ♦ (Dorian Discovery) 01709

Tartu, Te Deum ♦ Tallinn Chamber Orch./Tõnu Kaljuste. (B.M. New Series) 01751

Pärt, Passio ♦ Hilari Ensemble. (ECM New Series) 01757

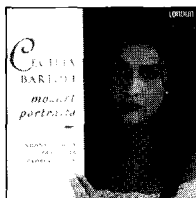
Audition the world's greatest orchestras with no strings.



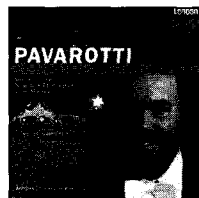
10 Classical CDs for the price of 1

NOTHING MORE TO BUY, EVER!

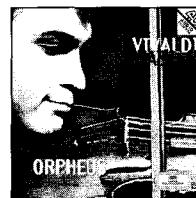
Selected titles also available on cassette.



Cecilia Bartoli: Mozart Portraits ♦ (London) 04923 C



Luciano Pavarotti: Pavarotti In Central Park ♦ (London) 08090 C



Vivaldi, The Four Seasons ♦ Gil Shaham/Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. (DG) 08093 C

Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 2 ♦ Starring Artur Schnabel. (RCA Victor "Basic 100") 02368 C

Chopin, Préludes, Op. 28 ♦ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (London) 02410 C

The King's Singers: Renaissance ♦ Music of Josquin des Prez. (RCA) 02460

The Piano/Sdtrk. ♦ (Virgin) 02462 C

Mozart, Requiem ♦ Sir Neville Marriner conducts. (Philips) 02571

Rachmaninov, The Complete Préludes ♦ Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (RCA Victor Gold Seal) 02716

Berlioz, Messe solennelle (World-premiere recording) ♦ John Eliot Gardiner conducts. (Philips) 02949

Pavarotti: My Heart's Delight ♦ As performed on PBS! (London) 02953

Bach, Famous Choruses from the Sacred Cantatas ♦ Nikolaus Harnoncourt & Gustav Leonhardt. (Teldec) 02966

Sensual Classics II ♦ (Teldec) 03038

Respighi, Church Windows ♦ Jesus Lopez-Cobos conducts. (Telarc) 03102

Beethoven, Piano Concerto No. 3 ♦ Van Cliburn, piano. (RCA) 03106

Chopin, Piano Sonatas Nos. 2 & 3 ♦ Starring Van Cliburn. (RCA) 03107

Mahler, Symphony No. 1 "Titan" ♦ Chicago SO/Klaus Tennstedt. (EMI Classics) 03109

Maria Callas: Puccini & Bellini Arias ♦ (EMI Classics) 03111

Izhak Perlman: My Favorite Kreisler ♦ (EMI Classics) 03112

Brahms, Symphony No. 4 ♦ Vienna Phil./Kleiber. (DG) 03114

Bartók, Concerto for Orchestra ♦ 4 Orchestral Pieces. CSO/Boulez. (DG) 03116

Beethoven, Piano Sonatas, Op. 10 Nos. 1-3 ♦ Richard Goode. (Nonesuch) 03122

Bach, The Complete Lute Suites ♦ Sharon Isbin. (Virgin Classics) 03145

Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 in D Minor, Op. 125 "Choral" ♦ Daniel Barenboim conducts. (Erato) 03194 C

Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on Greensleeves ♦ New Queen's Hall Orch./Wordsworth. (Argo) 03203

Hovhaness, Sym. No. 2 "Mysterious Mountain"; And God Created Great Whales ♦ Seattle/Schwarz. (Delos) 03207

Adams, The Chairman Dances ♦ CBSO/Rattle. (EMI Classics) 03211

Evgeny Kissin: Chopin At Carnegie Hall II ♦ (RCA Victor Red Seal) 03221

Kiri Te Kanawa: The Sorceress-A Handel Celebration ♦ (Philips) 04840

Prokofiev, Alexander Nevsky ♦ Yuri Temirkanov, conducts. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 04969

Handel, Messiah-Favorite Choruses & Arias ♦ Robert Shaw conducts. (Telarc) 05655 C

Ravel, Bolero ♦ Berlin Philharmonic/Pierre Boulez. (DG) 05680 C

Chopin, 14 Waltzes ♦ Maria João Pires. (Erato) 05703

Gershwin, Rhapsody In Blue ♦ Chicago SO/Levine plays & conducts. (DG) 04384 C

Beethoven, "Hammerklavier" Sonata ♦ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (London) 05751

Beethoven, Sym. No. 3 "Eroica"; Schubert, Sym. No. 8 "Unfinished" ♦ James Levine (DG) 05753 C

Brahms, The 21 Hungarian Dances ♦ Leipzig/Masur. (Philips) 05780

Berlioz, Symphonie fantastique ♦ Orchestre de Paris/Bychkov. (Philips) 05797

Rachmaninov, Symphony No. 2 ♦ St. Petersburg/Mariss Jansons. (EMI Classics) 05799

The Very Best of Erich Kunzel & The Cincinnati Pops ♦ (Telarc) 05917 C

Vivaldi, Cello Sonatas ♦ Ofra Harnoy. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 05918

Orff, Carmina Burana ♦ McNair. St. Louis/Slatkin. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 05954 C

Debussy, Twelve Études ♦ Maurizio Pollini, piano. (DG) 05959

Debussy & Ravel, String Quartets ♦ Tokyo String Quartet. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 05965

Fiedler and Friends ♦ Arthur Fiedler, cond. (RCA Victor Gold Seal) 06139

Vision: The Music of Hildegard von Bingen ♦ Electronic sounds to a 12th Century mystic. (Angel) 06215 C

Start Saving! Complete and Mail This Coupon Today.

Mail To: BMG Classical Music Service, P.O. Box 91103, Indianapolis, IN 46291-0025

☐ Please accept my membership in the BMG Classical Music Service, and send my 6 selections as indicated. Under the terms of this offer, I agree to buy just 1 selection at the regular Club price (\$14.98 to \$16.98 for CDs; \$8.98 to \$10.98 for cassettes) within a year. I will then receive 3 more choices FREE! That's 10 for the price of 1, with nothing more to buy, ever! I understand that a shipping and handling charge will be billed for each selection.

Rush me these: ☐ 6 FREE selections (indicate by number):

☐ I prefer cassettes. ♦ Designates 2-CD set (counts as two selections). ♦ ♦ Designates selection also available on cassette.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. (PLEASE PRINT) First Name Initial Last Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Signature Phone () Area Code

• We reserve the right to request additional information, reject any application, or cancel any membership. Limited to new members. Local taxes, if any, will be added. Offer available in continental USA and under special arrangement in Alaska and Hawaii. Offer not available in Puerto Rico, APO or FPO. Offer and product selection may vary in Canada.

Canadian residents mail reply to: BMG Music Service/Box 7010/Mississauga ON L5A 4J3



INSTANT 50%-OFF BONUS DISCOUNTS

You start out as a Preferred Member. From day one, every time you buy a CD or cassette at the regular Club price, you're entitled to buy another of equal or lesser value at half price.

CMS 905 GY EJLCX

HOW TO GET AMERICA'S BEST CLASSICAL MUSIC OFFER:

Free 10-Day Trial. First, choose any 6 CDs (or cassettes) from this ad. Enjoy them for 10 days. You may also examine the terms of membership, which accompany your introductory selections. If you're not completely satisfied, you may return your selections at our expense, with no further obligation.

The 6-1-3 Formula. The 6 CDs or cassettes are FREE if you choose to keep them. You simply agree to buy 1 selection within a year at the regular Club price (currently \$14.98 to \$16.98 for CDs; \$8.98 to \$10.98 for cassettes). You'll then receive your choice of 3 more free. A total of 10 for the price of 1. You pay only shipping and handling for each selection.

Club Mailings. About every three weeks, you'll receive *Encore*, the BMG Classical Music Service Guide, filled with hundreds of "best-choice" recordings, plus a Featured Selection.

• If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, simply return the Notification Card provided, by the date specified.

• We give you at least 10 days to return the card. If you should have less time and, as a result, receive an unwanted Featured Selection, you may return it at our expense.

• **No long-term commitment required.** After you pay for your regular-price selection, you may cancel your membership simply by writing to us. Or stay on and enjoy the many benefits of membership, such as the convenience of finding the classical music you want at great savings — up to 70% off!

If the reply coupon is missing, please write to: BMG Classical Music Service, P.O. Box 91103, Indianapolis, IN 46291-0025

Dog and horn are trademarks of General Electric Company, USA. The BMG logo is a trademark of BMG Music. Other trademarks used in the advertisement are the property of various trademark owners. BMG Music Service, 6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis IN 46219-1194 © 1995 BMG Direct



progress. This came to light clearly last year when the Clinton Administration proposed, sensibly, that resource depletion be subtracted from GDP (albeit only in a footnote) instead of added to it.

The idea had been kicking around the Commerce Department for years, and the Administration's actual proposal was modest in the extreme. Still, at a House Appropriations Committee hearing in April of 1994 two representatives from coal states pounced on the department staff. After a series of jabberwocky exchanges that illustrated why members of Congress usually leave technical issues to their staffs, Congressman Alan Mollohan, of West Virginia, finally got to the heart of the matter. If the national accounts were to include the depletion of coal reserves and the effects of air pollution (which would be added eventually), he said, "somebody is going to say. . . that the coal industry isn't contributing anything to the country." Better to keep depletion and pollution hidden under the accounting rug called "growth." The committee demanded an expensive outside review, effectively delaying the project. In the Republican Congress its fate is by no means assured.

A GENUINE PROGRESS INDICATOR

ECONOMISTS have couched their resistance to new indicators mainly in philosophical terms. A measure of national progress must be scientific and value-free, they say. Any attempt to assess how the economy actually affects people would involve too many assumptions and imputations, too many value judgments regarding what to include. Better to stay on the supposed terra firma of the GDP, which for all its faults has acquired an aura of hardheaded empirical science.

Aura notwithstanding, the current GDP is far from value-free. To leave social and environmental costs out of the economic reckoning does not avoid value judgments. On the contrary, it makes the enormous value judgment that such things as family breakdown and crime, the destruction of farmland and entire species, underemployment and the loss of free time, count for nothing in the economic balance. The fact is, the GDP already does put an arbitrary value on such factors—a big zero.

Conventional economic thinking follows a simple premise in this regard: As Paul Samuelson puts it in his textbook, "economics focuses on concepts that can actually be measured." If something is hard to count, in other words, then it doesn't count. Of course, there will never be a way to assign an exact dollar value to our family and community life, our oceans and open spaces. This doesn't mean they don't have value. It means only that we don't have a way to register their value in a form comparable to market prices. Given that, the challenge is simply to start to develop values that are *more reasonable than zero*; it is to stop ignoring totally

that which is crucial to the nation's economic and social health. An approximation of social and habitat costs would be less distorting and perverse than the GDP is now; a conservative estimate of, say, the costs of family breakdown and crime would produce a more accurate picture of economic progress than does ignoring such costs entirely.

We have a rough sketch of such a picture. On a limited budget, using data that the federal government and other institutions already collect, we have developed estimates for the kinds of factors that the economic establishment ignores. The result is a new index that gets much closer—not all the way, but closer—to the economy that people experience. We call it the "genuine progress indicator" (GPI), and it provides substance to the gap between the economy limned by the commentators and the one that has brought increasing apprehension and pain to so many others. It also begins to suggest the kinds of measurements that the federal government, with its enormous statistical resources, could construct.

The GPI includes more than twenty aspects of our economic lives which the GDP ignores. We based this list on available data and on common sense. A family does not count every dollar spent as a step forward. Rather, it tries to sort out the different kinds of expenditures—and that's basically what we did with the national accounts. We started with the same consumption data that the GDP is based on, but revised them in a number of ways. We adjusted for some factors (such as income distribution), added certain others (such as the value of housework and community work), and subtracted yet others (such as pollution costs and the like). The result is a balance sheet for the nation that starts to distinguish between the costs and benefits of "growth."

Here are some of the factors we included:

The household and volunteer economy. Much of the nation's most important work—and the work that affects our well-being most directly—gets done in family and community settings. Taking care of children and the elderly, cleaning and repairing, contributing to neighborhood groups—all of these are totally ignored in the GDP when no money changes hands. To overcome this problem, we included, among other things, the value of household work figured at the approximate rate a family would have to pay someone else to do it.

Crime. The GDP counts as progress the money people spend deterring crime and repairing the damage it causes. However, most people would probably count those costs as necessary defenses against social decline, and that's how the GPI counts them too. We included hospital bills and property losses arising from crime and the locks and electronic devices that people buy to prevent it.

Other defensive expenditures. Crime-related costs are just one kind of expenditure that seeks to repair past or present damage, as opposed to making people better off. We also incorporated the money spent on repairs after auto accidents and what households pay for water filters, air-purification



*She beats training the dog
to fetch the newspaper.*

*The Glenlivet Single Malt.
Once discovered, always treasured.*

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

1995 Imported by The Glenlivet Distilling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equipment, and the like to defend against the degradation of their physical environment.

The distribution of income. A rising tide of GDP doesn't necessarily lift all boats—not if the growth of income is mainly at the top. It was in the 1980s: the top one percent of households enjoyed a growth in income of more than 60 percent, while the bottom 40 percent of households saw their incomes drop. To take account of this uneven tide, we adjusted the GPI for the extent to which the whole population actually shared in any increase.

Resource depletion and degradation of the habitat. As the nation uses up oil and other minerals, this should appear as a cost on the national accounts, just as it does on the books of a private business; yet the GDP treats it as a gain. We reversed that in the GPI. Similarly, the pollution of our air and water represents the using up of nature's capacity to absorb humanity's waste. Therefore we included, among other things, the damage to human health, agriculture, and buildings from air and water pollution, along with such recreational losses as beaches fouled by sewage or medical debris.

Loss of leisure. If people have to work two jobs or longer hours just to stay even, then they aren't really staying even. They are falling behind, losing time to spend with their families, to further their education, or whatever. The GDP assumes that such time is worth nothing. We included it at an average wage rate.

To include such factors is to begin to construct a picture of the economy that most Americans experience. It clarifies greatly the "paradox" that permeated the reportage during last year's congressional campaigns. The GDP would tell us that life has gotten progressively better since the early 1950s—that young adults today are entering a better economic world than their parents did. GDP per American has more than doubled over that time. The GPI shows a very different picture: an upward curve from the early fifties until about 1970, but a gradual decline of roughly 45 percent since then. This strongly suggests that the costs of increased economic activity—at least the kind we are locked into now—have begun to outweigh the benefits, resulting in growth that is actually uneconomic.

Specifically, the GPI reveals that much of what we now call growth or GDP is really just one of three things in disguise: fixing blunders and social decay from the past, borrowing resources from the future, or shifting functions from the traditional realm of household and community to the realm of the monetized economy.

Many readers might think of additions to the list of factors that the GPI ought to include—thus corroborating both the underlying concept and the conservative nature of our calculations. We left out, for example, the phenomenon of addictive consumption, which is spending that consumers themselves say they wish they didn't do. We also left out the destruction of species, since there is not a satisfactory way to reckon such loss in economic terms.

The GPI has been several years in the making, and we will continue to refine it. But already it appears to have touched a nerve in the economics profession and beyond. More than 400 economists and a growing number of opinion leaders, including Robert Eisner, the former president of the American Economic Association, and Alvin Toffler, Newt Gingrich's favorite futurist, have endorsed it as an important step toward the new kinds of indicators that are urgently needed. Research institutes in Germany and the United Kingdom have sought to replicate it for their countries. Economic measurement is due for a radical change, and we hope that the GPI will speed up the process. But measurement is a means, not an end. The more important question is how an honest set of economic books would change the nation's economic debate and force our leaders out of their Potemkin village.

FROM SCORECARDS TO POLICIES

IMAGINE Peter Jennings on the network news tonight reciting the latest Commerce Department figures with his polished gravity. Instead of the GDP, however, he is reporting something more like the GPI. The nation's output increased, he says, but parents worked longer hours and so had less time with their kids. Consumer spending was "up sharply," but much of the difference went for increased medical costs and repairing the rubble left by hurricanes and floods. Utility receipts were up, but resources declined, meaning that part of today's prosperity was taken from our grandchildren. And so on down the line.

Reports of that kind would have a radical effect. They would break through the hermetic economy portrayed by economists and Wall Street analysts which dominates the news today—the abstractions that serve as a conceptual phalanx against reality. Suddenly reporters and politicians alike would have to confront the economy that people actually experience. There would be some genuine accountability in Washington, a better sense of cause and effect between what Congress does and what happens in our lives. New indicators would blast away the obfuscatory polemics of growth—and the devious politics that goes along with it. Politicians could no longer get away with glib assurances that the nation can grow its way out of family breakdown and environmental decay, inequity and debt, when in many cases the nation has been growing its way into them.

Such assurances have become a kind of political perpetual-motion machine. Newt Gingrich rhapsodizes about the entertainment economy and the 500 cable channels it will bring to the American living room. (When Gingrich and like-minded politicians extol "growth," entertainment is one of the things they are talking about; since 1991 it grew twice as fast as consumer spending generally.) But when these channels flood the family living room with sex and violence, and kids spend more time watching TV than they do with their parents or

their homework, he blames “McGovernik liberals” for the breakdown in traditional family values. At the same time, he’s only too happy to count the new tax revenues that arise from that family breakdown toward balancing the federal budget.

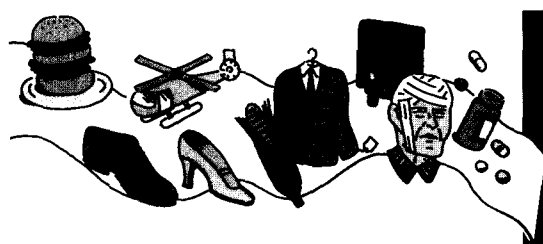
Honest accounting would blow the whistle on these political games. It would also bring a new clarity and rigor to any number of policy debates—those over trade agreements being a prime example. In the recent past these debates have been framed largely in terms of the GDP. The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade means “percentage points . . . of U.S. GDP growth,” exclaimed Bill Frenzel, a former congressman from Minnesota and a congressional representative to GATT negotiations. “It means trillions of dollars in increased world trade.” This kind of talk was typical. In fact the increase means very little—only that more things will pass back and forth between nations. Will families and communities suffer continuing disruption? Will the increased traffic back and forth simply burn up more energy, the price of which is kept artificially low by tax subsidies and the like? Will America lose a measure of control over decisions that affect the lives of its own citizens?

There were efforts to raise such issues in the trade debates. But the polemical playing field was tilted sharply

replace traditional Main Streets, the matrix of community activity is significantly undermined as well. Similarly, when mass media replace the storytelling of parents and grandparents, the GDP goes up while the role of families declines.

If factory jobs migrate to low-wage nations, it means cheaper products and more efficiency. But it also means severe family disruption, and the decline of the informal safety net of churches and union halls that once flourished in factory towns and helped families in need. The government obscures the impact of such policies by in effect keeping two sets of books—a visible one for the market and an invisible one for everything else. New indicators would bring the two together, and better policy just might result.

The effect would perhaps be especially direct on tax policy. The current tax system is deeply perverse, but not for the reasons that economists generally cite. Purveyors of conventional wisdom say that the tax system retards growth, by which they mean GDP. But this makes no distinction at all between muscle and bloat. They want capital-gains tax breaks, but for what? Pop art? Overseas investment funds? They urge taxes on consumption. But what kinds do they mean? Work shoes as well as Guccis? Recycled paper along with that made from ancient forests?



The more basic defects of the GDP have not gone unnoticed in other nations. In France a parliamentary report has called for new indicators of progress;

the Treasury of Australia has done so as well. But in the United States change will not come easily. The quarterly release of the GDP figures has become a Wall Street ritual. It sets the tempo and story line for economic reportage. The GDP serves deep institutional cravings.

against them by the GDP. The result was a perpetuation of free-trade dogma that is based on the economy of 200 years ago. Better accounting would not in itself dictate a different conclusion. But at least it would level the field, and include many factors that now get left out. It would, for example, reflect some of the numerous benefits of local production that don’t show up in the GDP—social stability, job security, energy savings, and the like. Free-trade dogma dismisses such thoughts as primitive and benighted.

Better indicators would also strengthen the role of family and community values in our policy debates. Rarely does anyone point out how the market itself can undermine family values in the name of growth. When regional shopping centers

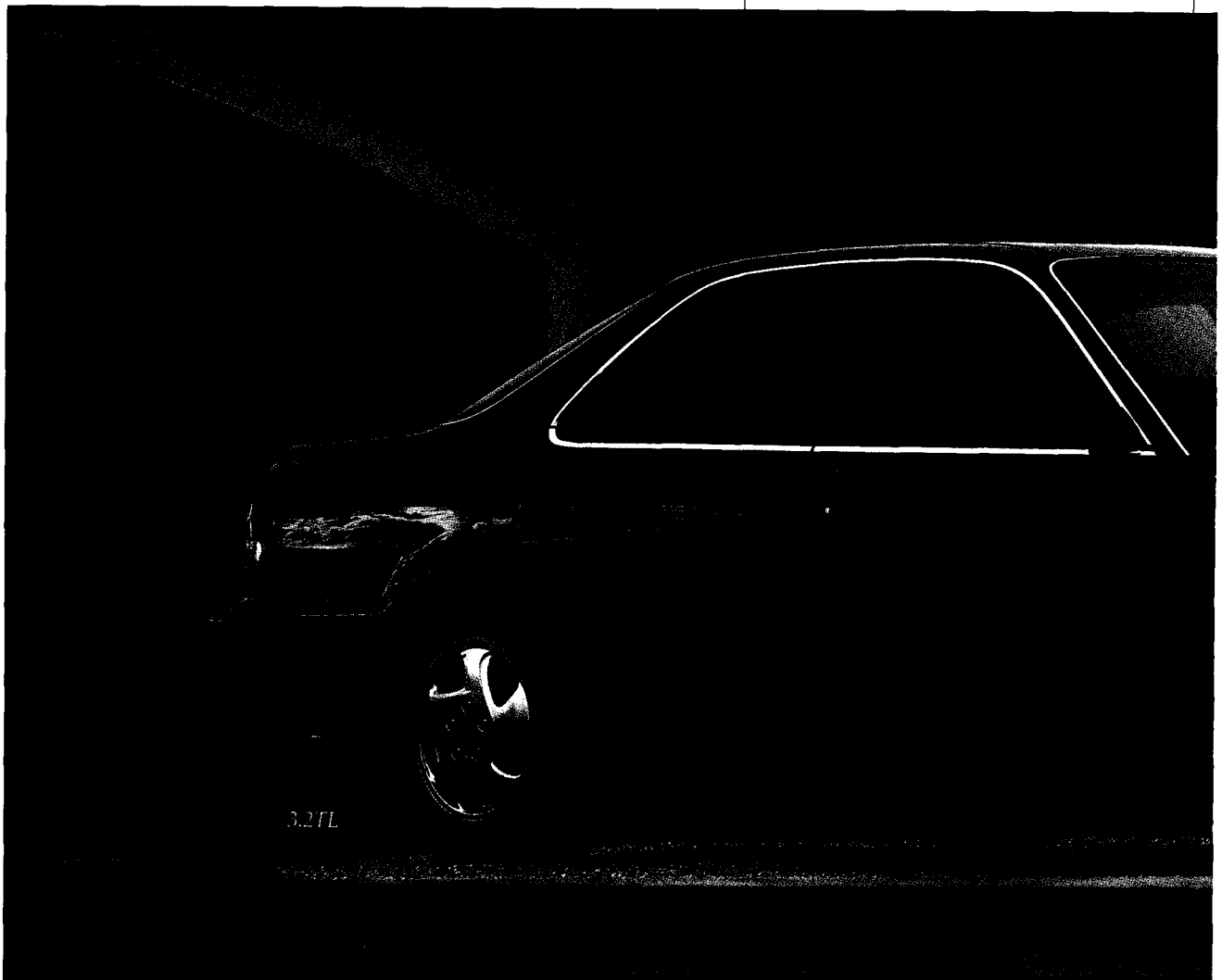
Meanwhile, the left argues for “progressive” taxes based entirely on income, as if income and the activities that produce it were inherently worthy of censure, regardless of what those activities are. Better accounting would define the issue along an entirely different spectrum.

For example, the current system taxes heavily that which should be encouraged—enterprise and human labor. Meanwhile, it taxes lightly or even subsidizes the use of the natural resources that humanity needs to husband and conserve. Employers pay a heavy fine, in the form of Social Security taxes, workers’ compensation, and the rest, when they hire somebody. But they get big write-offs when they help to drain the world’s natural resources. New accounting would

INTRODUCING THE ACURA TL SERIES.
A COLLECTION OF BRILLIANT
ENGINEERING SOLUTIONS SURROUNDED
BY A RICH LAYER OF LUXURY.

*T*HE NEW ACURA 3.2TL is an expression
of an unwavering commitment to satisfy
drivers' needs in the most sophisticated and
elegant way possible.

Its dynamic V-6 engine is coupled with

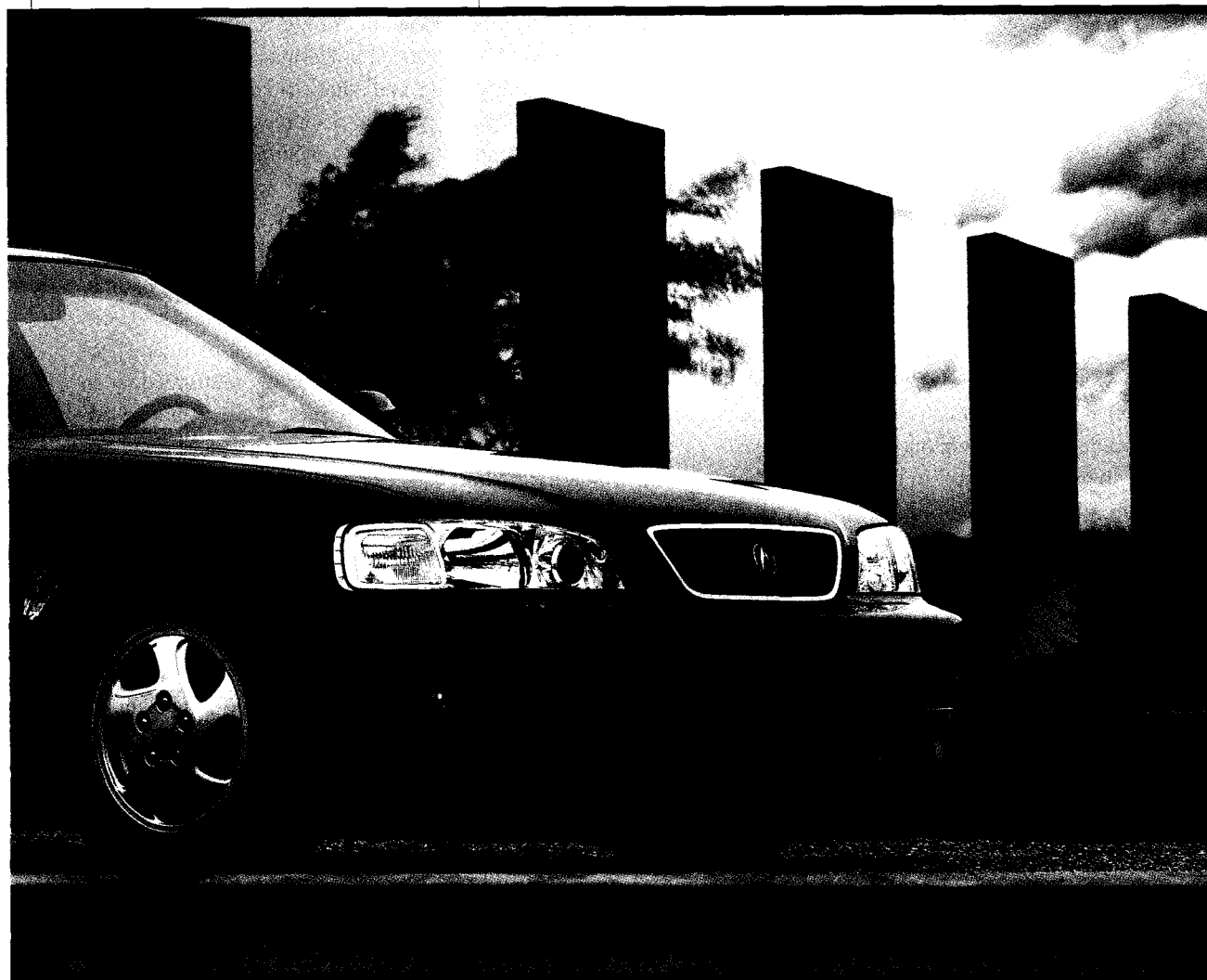


Call 1-800-TO-ACURA for the dealer nearest you.

the surefooted responsiveness of a four-wheel
double-wishbone suspension. Its interior is
spacious yet ingeniously ergonomic. And its
overall performance is so inspirational, it

justifies almost any excuse for an excursion.

Add to that a generous measure of soft, pliant leather, heated front seats,* and standard equipment like an Automatic Climate Control System and an in-dash CD player, and you have



*Available on 3.2TL Premium. †Available on 2.5TL Premium and 3.2TL Premium. ©1995 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and TL are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. Please buckle up.

an automobile of exceptional character.

The Acura TL Series. An extraordinary collection of engineering accomplishments.

Now all appearing under one moonroof.†



expose this perversity, and point toward a new tax system that defied the stereotyped categories of left and right.

To put it simply, the nation would cut—or if possible eliminate—taxes on work and enterprise and replace them with increased taxes on the use of natural resources. Such a system would diminish the need for environmental regulation, by building a semblance of environmental accounting right into the price system. Prices would include environmental and social costs. This approach would also be a spur to enterprise and employment. With reduced income taxes, the entire economy would become a kind of enterprise zone, and the nation's entrepreneurial energies would be deployed much more toward solving environmental and social problems than toward creating them. Moreover, by doing away with the corporate income tax, we could get rid of the whole loophole culture that corrupts the nation's politics and is a primary source of corporate subsidy and waste.

Closely related is the issue of cost-benefit analysis, which was one of the hot topics in Washington this year. Republicans argue, sensibly, that environmental and other regulations should bring benefits commensurate with the costs involved. But that just begs the crucial question: What goes into the accounting? If the GDP defines the framework, then cost-benefit analysis becomes a made-in-heaven deal for polluters and those who cause social disruption. If nothing counts other than what is conventionally counted, then tangible increases in production will win out over the less easily quantified—but no less real—harm to the natural and social spheres. To broaden the reckoning, however, could produce results quite the opposite of what the current advocates of cost-benefit analysis intend.

THE NEW POLITICS OF PROGRESS

It has become almost obligatory in a context such as this to invoke the concept of a "paradigm shift," to use Thomas Kuhn's much-cited formulation, laid out in *The Structure of Scientific Revolution*. But there is a side to this that is generally overlooked—namely, the central role of generational divides. Kuhn quotes the physicist Max Planck: "A new scientific truth does not triumph by convincing its opponents and making them see the light, but rather because its opponents eventually die."

One would wish for a more ceremonious process. But no field has grown more tightly shut than economics, whose basic orthodoxies have persisted for at least a hundred years. Unless history stops cold, these, too, will eventually yield, and the time is now propitious. The generation that developed the GDP, and for which the GDP distilled an entire world view, is now mainly retired. The students and disciples of that generation are well into their middle years, rumbling along on mental capital from long ago. For the generation that is replacing them, the defining traumas were not the Depression and the

Second World War but rather the material glut and environmental and social disintegration of which many in the old guard served as unwitting boosters and engineers.

To be sure, the old order does not lack acolytes. But for a growing number of economists, the conceptual tools and measurements of the neoclassical model—Keynesian twists included—are no longer adequate. These economists are demanding that their profession start to take account of the larger economy in which the market is grounded—the natural and social spheres, which they have in the past dismissed as the netherworlds of externality. In a survey in the 1980s of economists at fifty major universities two thirds acknowledged a sense of "lost moorings" in the profession.

In recent decades this kind of critique has been associated mainly with the ecological camp. Herman Daly, Hazel Henderson, Kenneth Boulding, and other writers have pointed out that in a world of finite physical resources the possibility of endless material expansion is not something we should count on. What is new today is that a similar argument is coming from certain quarters on the right: specifically that the pursuit of GDP has been undermining traditional values and social cohesion, much as it has been destroying the natural habitat.

Americans are conditioned to see ecology and social conservatism as occupying opposite ends of the political spectrum. But that is largely an optical illusion, reinforced by an antiquated national accounting system. The fact is that adherents at both ends deplore the way the pursuit of GDP can undermine the realm of their concern. Much as this pursuit turns ancient forests into lumber and beaches into sewers, so it turns families into nodes of consumption and the living room into a marketing free-fire zone. Both camps speak from the standpoint of *values* against the moral relativism and opportunism of the market. "If you read the New Testament or the Pope's encyclical, it's no cheers for socialism and one and a half or two for capitalism," William Bennett, who was Reagan's Secretary of Education, observes. "Socialism treats people as a cog in the machine of the state; capitalism tends to treat people as commodities."

This strain of conservatism, partly rooted in traditional Christian teachings, was largely dormant during the Cold War, when the greater enemy communism predominated. But with the fall of the Soviet bloc it has reawakened, and the result has been a widening gap on the right between social conservatives and libertarian free-marketeers. This gap was easily overlooked in the Republican triumph last November, but it may well become as important as the one between the Republicans and the Democrats they replaced.

It can be seen, for example, in the diverging views of that archetypal Republican era, the Reagan eighties. Martin Anderson, who was Reagan's domestic-policy adviser, gave the rapturous libertarian view in his book *Revolution* (1988). "It was the greatest economic expansion in history," Anderson wrote. "Wealth poured from the factories of the United States, and Americans got richer and richer."

Only one company on earth has this many ways to help you manage your risks.

- All forms of property/casualty insurance through brokers
- Life insurance domestically and overseas
- Claims management and cost containment services
- Global employee benefits
- Global pension management
- Loss control and engineering
- Premium financing
- Political risk coverage and trade financing
- Emergency evacuation and security services
- Economic and political assessment
- Local currency financing
- Consumer finance in many countries
- Direct equity investment funds in many countries
- Third party asset management
- Infrastructure finance in Asia and Central Asia
- Market making in all forms of interest rates, currency and equity risk management products
- Trading and market making in foreign exchange, base and precious metals, petroleum and natural gas
- Aircraft leasing for airlines
- Personal auto insurance through various distribution systems

With 75 years of international experience, only triple-A-rated AIG has the worldwide insurance and financial services capabilities to



help you manage all your balance sheet and other risks. And our list of ways to help you manage business risks continues to grow.

World leaders in insurance and financial services.

For more information, write to American International Group, Inc., Dept. A, 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270. Or fax 212.425.3499



But does richer mean better—even assuming that all Americans shared in this bounty, which they didn't? For libertarians, as for many Keynesian liberals, the question isn't relevant. For social conservatives, however, it is *the* question. Bennett does not disparage the economic achievements of the Reagan years. Nor does he dispute that more family income can mean better schooling, medical care, and the like. But recently he has been calling attention to the social decay that has continued despite (and often in the name of) economic growth. "Would you rather have kids raised by rich people with lousy values, or by good people who just don't have much money?" he asks. "A lot of us would say we want the values right."

What the right calls "family values" is one arena in which the latent conflict between market and nonmarket values is coming out into the open. In a long article in *The Washington Post* last November, Edward Luttwak, of the Center for Strategic and International Studies, a conservative think tank in Washington, D.C., pointed out that much family disruption today arises from the "creative destruction" of the market that free-market economists adore. The failure to acknowledge this, Luttwak wrote, is "the blatant contradiction at the very core of what has become mainstream Republican ideology."

In an interview Luttwak argued that people need stability more than they need much of the new stuff that makes the GDP go up. Yet economists talk about stability "in entirely negative terms," he said. Conservation becomes a dirty word. One would think that conservatives would be the first to point this out; stability, after all, is what families and communities are for. But the political right is muzzled on these issues, Luttwak said, by the economic interests of its major funders. "Any conservative who wishes to conserve will not be funded."

This split has a distinct similarity to the tension that arose in the Democratic Party in the seventies between environmentalists and the growth-boosting Keynesian mainstream. It could betoken the beginning of a new politics in which the popular currents represented by social conservatives and environmentalists increasingly find common cause. Some writers have made the connection already. For example, Fred Charles Iklé, who was an undersecretary of defense in the Reagan Administration, wrote an article for the *National Review* in which he criticized the "growth utopians" of the right. "Citizens who fear for our vanishing patrimony in nature," Iklé wrote, "drink from a wellspring of emotions that nourishes the most enduring conservative convictions." (He also tweaked the magazine's right-wing readers by pointing out that economic growth almost invariably leads to bigger government.)

Just a few years ago a confluence of the environmental and social-conservative impulses would have seemed unlikely. But the political seas are changing rapidly. The coalition that came together to oppose NAFTA and GATT—environmentalists and anti-corporate populists like Ralph Nader on the one hand, and social conservatives like Pat Buchanan

on the other—seemed an oddity to most pundits. But something similar happened when the Walt Disney Company proposed a new theme park near the Civil War battlefield in Manassas, Virginia. Buchanan and numerous other tradition-minded conservatives joined environmentalists in blasting the proposal. In his syndicated newspaper column Buchanan demanded, "Conservatives who worship at the altar of an endlessly rising GNP should tell us: What is it they any longer wish to conserve?"

The two camps have converged in opposing the so-called "takings" bills, which would require the taxpayers to compensate property owners for restrictions on the use of their property. The Reverend Donald E. Wildemon, the president of the American Family Association, in Tupelo, Mississippi, has called such a proposal in his state the "porn owners' relief measure," because it could restrict the ability of local governments to control such things as topless bars. Environmentalists of course worry about the implications for the protection of wetlands, open space, and the like. The two camps agree that "growth" is not an end in itself but must serve larger values that are not economic in the usual sense.

We may be witnessing the opening battles in a new kind of politics that will raise basic questions about growth—questions that defy the conventional left-right divide. Where the old politics was largely concerned with the role of government—with the relation between public and private sectors—the emerging one will be more concerned with such issues as central versus local, market culture versus family and community culture, material accretion versus quality and values. The new politics will not be anti-growth, because to be categorically against growth is as nonsensical as to be categorically for it. Rather, it will begin with Luttwak's sane observation that when your goal is simply to increase GDP, then "what you increase isn't necessarily good." It will insist that growth—and economics generally—must be a means to an end, and not an end in itself.

This is not to suggest that such a new alliance is around the corner. But although the differences between the social-conservative and environmentalist camps are still large, they are probably etched more sharply among leaders in Washington than in the nation as a whole. These groups are converging on one crucial issue—namely, the ends of economic life. In their different ways they are expressing the feeling, widespread among the public, that the pronouncements from economic experts are fundamentally out of sync with the experience of their own lives; that economics must be about more than just the production and consumption of stuff; and that we need larger goals and better ways to measure our achievements as a nation.

Of course, this instinct could play out in many ways. But at least one thing is clear: boosting the GDP is no longer a sufficient aim for a great nation, nor one that America can continue to endure. ☞

Drambuie Liqueur, 40% Alc. Vol., Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1994



Made with fine-aged Scotch, delicate herbs and a touch of heather honey.
The Attraction of Drambuie.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stalin's Chuckle

by IAN FRAZIER

Seldom did anyone see Stalin laugh.

When he did, it was more like a chuckle, as though to himself.

—G. Zhukov, Marshall of the Soviet Union: Reminiscences and Reflections

*Irwin C. Brown,
TV and Radio Entertainers' Retirement Home*

Stalin's dacha, his summer place or whatever—now, that was a hard room. I worked it just the one time when I was on my world tour in the fifties. No stage or nothin', only a little, like, conference table with a lectern. I pushed the lectern aside, didn't need that for my act. They offered me some herring, but herring dries up my pipes. I just started right in. They was all sittin' there, right in the front row. Matter of fact, it was the only row, these big high-backed chairs: Beria, Khrushchev, Poskrebyshev, Litvinov, Molotov. Stalin sat on the aisle. Kept his hat on. I thought I saw the moustache go up when I did my "Go get yourself your *own* white man!" It just sort of went up, oh, 'bout a quarter inch. That room was quiet, man. I could see Beria holdin' it in, face turnin' purple. And Molotov was makin' these little chokin' sounds, kinda snortin' out the nose every once in a while. But if Joe don't laugh, don't *nobody* laugh.

Freddie Drake, Friars Club

I worked ten days at the old Flamingo in Las Vegas and then flew straight to Moscow. A. N. Poskrebyshev, the personal secretary, booked me. They put me up in a God-awful hotel, hot and cold running soot. At eleven at night some guy called for me and took me to the private apartment in the Kremlin where Stalin stayed when he couldn't get home. A lot of guys were sitting around with cigars and wine. It was a smoker, basically. I took one look and told myself, "Freddie, tonight you work blue." I used material so adult it would have gotten me kicked off American TV for life. Stalin was tanked but he didn't show it. I did the Shorty's joke, I did "Run, Harold, Run!", I did "Death or Chi-Chi"—nothing. I ended with my killer, really hit the punch line hard:

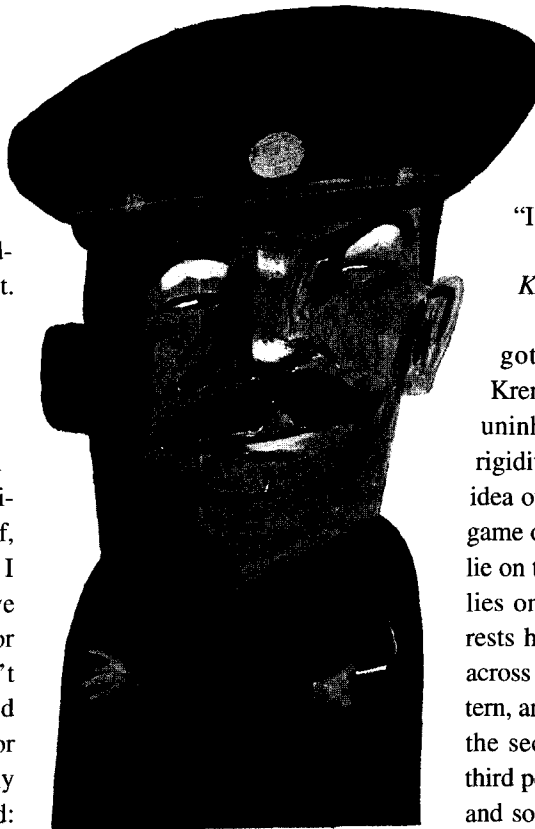
"So the plumber says, 'I can save your wife, Mr. Schenstein—but I'm afraid it's too late for the rabbi!'" Stalin wanted to laugh, I know that. He did laugh, sort of, in that there was possibly a slightly redder color in his face. He gave off a strong feeling as if he might have been laughing. But did he *laugh* laugh? Not per se, no.

A. N. Poskrebyshev, Palace of Party Members, Moscow

I remember he used to play Allan Sherman's "Hello Mud-dah, Hello Fadduh!" over and over again on the phonograph. This story-song of the young boy's letter home from summer camp made him helpless with laughing. Sometimes his moustache would rise perhaps half a centimeter. As his personal secretary, I had the job of replacing the needle at the beginning of each recording after it had reached the end. He especially liked the song "God Rest You, Gary Mandelbaum," and sometimes you would think he was almost humming along. Many other so-called novelty songs from America had a similarly strong effect on him. He often spoke of his desire to meet the man who wrote the song "I'm My Own Grandpaw."

Kayla T., Los Angeles

As a humor therapist, I immediately got a sense that all these men at the Kremlin were very stiff and rigid, and that uninhibited laughter might break up the rigidity—as it so often does. So I had the idea of getting everybody on the floor for a game of Ha. Now, in Ha what you do is you lie on the floor on your back, and somebody lies on his back perpendicular to you and rests his head on your stomach, and so on across the floor in sort of a herringbone pattern, and then the first person says "Ha," and the second person says "Ha, ha," and the third person is supposed to say "Ha, ha, ha," and so on. And the way your head bobs up



and down on the other person's stomach when he says "Ha," it generally has everybody laughing hysterically by the time you get to three "Ha"s. I laid them out carefully—Mr. Molotov, Mr. Beria, Mr. Malenkov, and the others, with Mr. Stalin at the end. I told them all to relax and take deep breaths. Then Mr. Molotov said "Ha." Mr. Beria, suppressing giggles, continued with "Ha, ha." Mr. Malenkov strained to control his dignity as he added his "Ha, ha, ha." Mr. Khrushchev's attempt at "Ha, ha, ha, ha" became an uncontrollable fit of belly laughs, which violently bounced Mr. Mikoyan's head, causing him to laugh until he wept, which in turn set off Mr. Yagoda. In a minute the whole line was howling with nonstop laughter—all except Mr. Stalin. His head bounced and bounced on his neighbor's stomach, but his expression didn't change. He stood, excused himself, and walked over to the men's room. He closed the door and slid the bolt. Gradually his colleagues on the floor began to calm down, and one by one they sat up. Soon we all fell completely silent. From the men's room we heard a faint sound. I am of the belief that what we heard was Mr. Stalin chuckling as though to himself.

A. N. Poskrebyshev

Booking comedy acts added greatly to my secretarial responsibilities, and I often neglected it in favor of more-regular tasks. Comrade Stalin noticed this, imprisoned my wife, Bronislava, and then asked me to obtain at all costs a performance by a Mexican comedian. Through our embassy in Mexico City, I got in touch with ex-Comrade Trotsky, who was living there at the time. As it happened, Trotsky knew the Mexican comedy circuit well and had even contributed a few gags to some of its leading members. So in a manner of speaking certain comedians owed Trotsky a favor, and here was a perfect opportunity to make use of it. I was delighted with all these developments, and did not conceal my pleasure from Comrade Stalin. At the mention of Comrade Trotsky's name, however, Comrade Stalin grew agitated and began to chuckle, as though to himself. Still chuckling, he insisted that I telephone immediately to Comrade Beria at his flat and summon him. When Beria arrived, Stalin rushed to the door, answered it, chuckled again, and screamed at Beria for his slowness. Chuckling very loudly as though to himself, he pushed Beria before him into the inner office and slammed the door. Soon after this he told me he would prefer to be entertained only by comedians from cold countries. "A Finn, for example, is always funny," he advised.

Though others may disagree, I have always maintained that Comrade Stalin knew funny. Hidden among his many attributes was a sure comedic sense. "You must never forget," he exhorted me, "a comic is one who says things *funny*, while a comedian is one who says funny *things*. Both of these phases, however, must be passed through on the way to the third and final phase: good stand-up. When we as a society attain really good stand-up, every evening will be open mike and

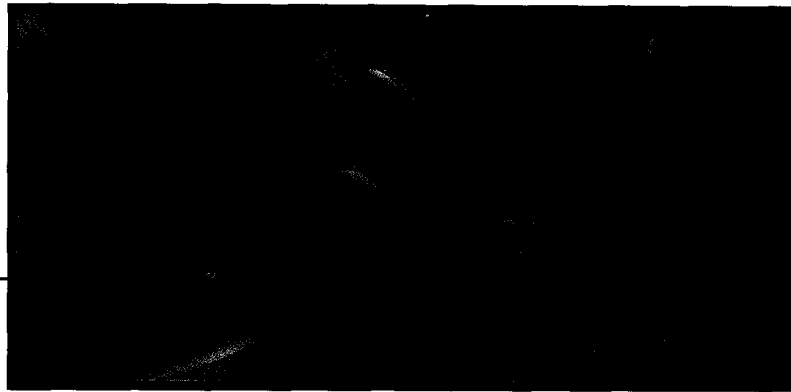
the state as we know it will wither away. For jokes, we will require new ones appropriate to our modern times, and on modern themes—airplane food, for example, that syphilitic abomination! Or how about the vapid and syphilitic listings of television programs published in the newspapers? Such a form, if used in proper satiric style, could be most effective. A master of stand-up should possess a full repertoire of funny voices—Negro, sports announcer, and robot, to name only a few. Draw your comedy from daily life if you wish to reach the true audience: the people. Enough of the syphilitic vaudevillians' noise! The modern comedian will instead find his subjects at airports, in the behavior of overbearing shop clerks, and in the differences between one's own city and Los Angeles. Let us develop a scientific system for the production of trenchant comedy riffs, using as our models the best comedians of the past. Let our youngsters who wish to perform stand-up devote hours, years, to the watching of films of these masters. The true comic is the revolutionary, sticking



swords in the stuffed shirts of the bourgeoisie. Let the comedy revolution never end, let it fill entire television channels, let it grow until everything is thoroughly funny!"

Eventually Comrade Stalin began to question my own sense of humor, and I was dismissed from his service. My wife, Bronislava, remained in prison until she was shot, I believe. Toward the end, the splendid theories of comedy Comrade Stalin had developed were under attack. Saddened as I was by his treatment of my wife and me, I did not lose faith in the soundness of these theories. Properly applied, they could have provided uproarious material on an international scale for years to come. The noise resembling a chuckle that we delighted to hear from Comrade Stalin's lips could have spread to every land. But, unfortunately for the cause of world humor, such a result was not to be. ☞

IT'S AS FINELY TUNED UNDER THE ROOF



In designing the Galant LS, we strived to create a car that excelled in every respect. It offers more interior room than Accord EX or Altima GLE.* And with an available Luxury Package, there's plush leather trim, an 8-speaker

INTRODUCING THE LUXURIOUS

Mitsubishi/Infinity® audio system, plus meaningful luxuries like a power driver's seat you can adjust four ways, and a

NEW GALANT LS.

security system with remote keyless entry. There's also an exclusive feature called Mitsubishi HomeLink™, which lets you operate security gates, garage doors, even house lights, all as you pull up your driveway.† Powering the Galant

is a confident 141-horsepower**engine, with a very smooth automatic transmission. Anti-lock brakes are available,

and dual air bags are standard. And, the Galant S starts at \$14,421, while the Galant LS with Luxury Package is

\$23,273.†† Probably why *Road & Track* said, "It's without question, a lot of car for the money."****To which you'll surely

add, "A lot of *finely tuned* car for the money." For the Mitsubishi Motors Dealer nearest you, call 1-800-55MITSU.



A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a silver sedan, viewed from a high angle, set against a dark background. The car is positioned diagonally, with its front end towards the bottom left. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the car's sleek lines, the sunroof, and the front headlight. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a night scene or a studio setting.

Mitsubishi HomeLink System is exclusive to Galant in midsize sedan segment. House lights operable with voice for CA emissions vehicles. **Mitsubishi HomeLink™ available on LS model only. Prices exclude taxes, title, & charges. ***Road & Track 1995 Car Buyer's Guide.

buyers

Ever After

by JOHN BARTH

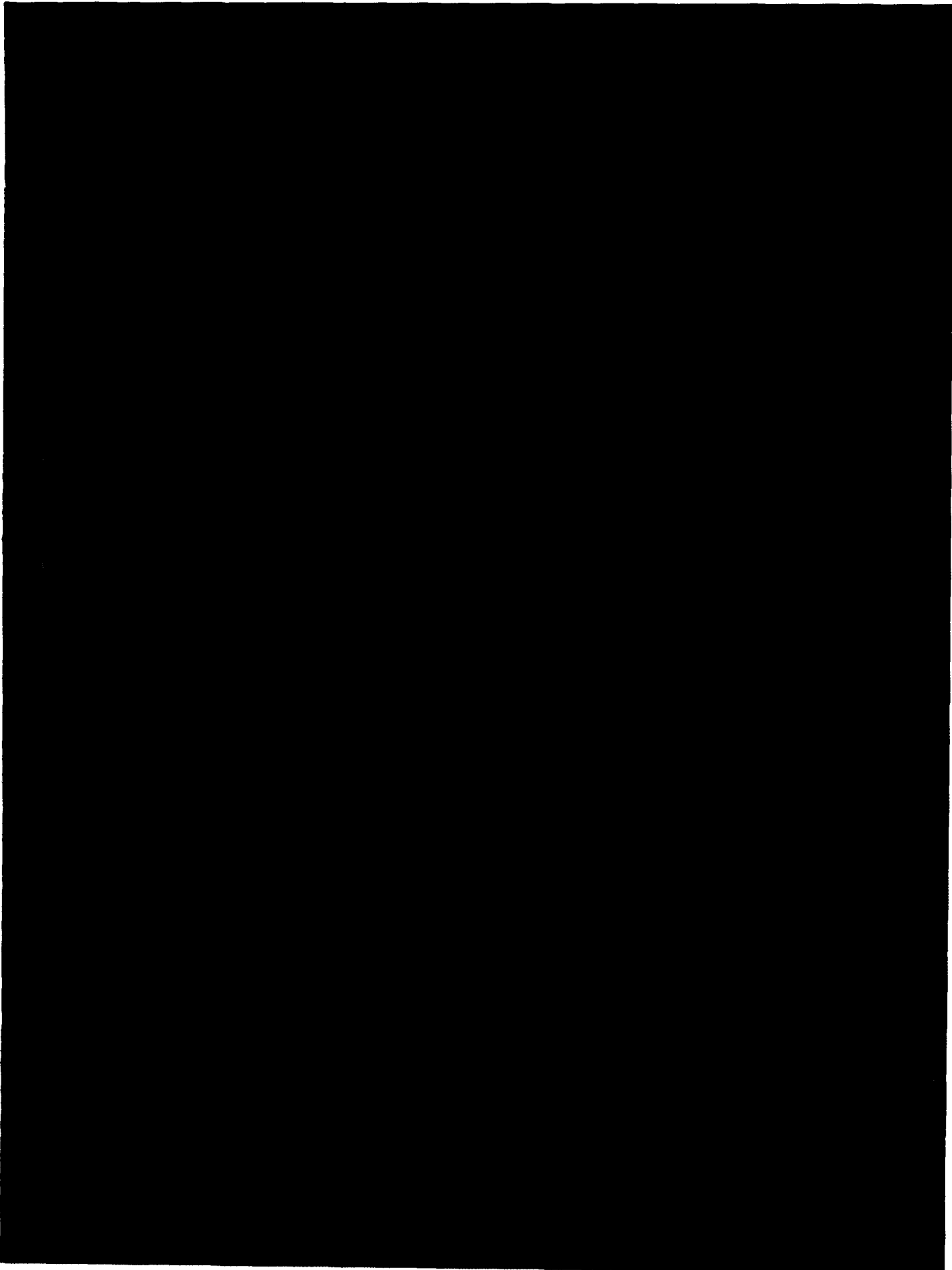
1.

ABOUT human happiness in general and happy marriage in particular, not nearly enough has been written, in Frank Pollard's opinion, of a celebratory character. If *he* were a writer—of novels or of stories, say, such as this one—he would address that deficit, beginning perhaps with a dramatized rebuttal of Tolstoy's famous remark that all happy families are alike. Our Frank, however, is only a retired prep-school American-history teacher (whose wife, a successful painter, would hotly object to that self-deprecating "only"), a happy consumer of art and ideas, and for four gratifying decades their ardent transmitter to the boys of Highland Academy, though never, alas, among their producers.

Frank's experience is that happy *couples*, anyhow, like him and Joan, are alike in few respects beyond their taking much more satisfaction than dissatisfaction in themselves, each other, their jobs and projects, their children if any, their friends and colleagues, their life together—in short, beyond their being happy. They may be as different otherwise as apples and aardvarks: gregarious or asocial, profligate or frugal, educated or ignorant, high-energy or low-, Democrat or Republican. His mind is on this subject just now because, among other reasons, he and Joan are stretched out in side-by-side lounge chairs on the night-dark deck of their rented summer cottage at Fenwick Island, Delaware, sipping wine and stargazing, and Frank, for one, has just been vouchsafed an almost overwhelming soul-flood of peace, of grace—of something, anyhow, in that spiritual category.

The time here is deep August, an hour or so before midnight. The seashore air is muggy; dew stands in drops and

Granted that its cruelties and
injustices are measureless,
life contains at least occasional
justice, too, however imperfect
and sometimes accidental



puddles on everything outdoors; the Pollards have spread beach towels on their chairs and removed all clothing except underpants, to let their skin breathe. A small white citronella candle in net-covered glass flickers light off Frank's lean chest and Joan's ampler, well-bosomed torso. Together with a spray repellent, it's doing a reasonable job of misleading the mosquitoes so abundant after dark on the bay side of this coastal barrier island, especially in calm air. Low in the west out over that shallow bay hangs a first-quarter moon, on which Joan is trying to focus the family binoculars before training them on brilliant Vega, overhead. The day has been hazy-steamy, subtropical, but earlier this evening a thundershower rolled over Delmarva and out to sea; now the sky is clear enough for them to look forward to an annual ritual: toasting with champagne their first meteor of tonight's Perseid shower (and the end, virtually, of one more pleasant summer's work and play) before turning in for a good-night embrace under their bedroom paddle fan, and a peaceful sleep. In years past they stayed up on these occasions till the small hours, when in ideal conditions the meteor count might exceed one a minute, all apparently radiating from the constellation Perseus, over in the northeast; nowadays they're content with a single sighting, provided it be shared.

Meanwhile, as is also their end-of-evening custom, they're asking each other to recall the highlight of each's day. Frank happens to be the one who this time puts the question; Joan, as she often does, counters by asking "So far?"—for she maintains, sincerely, that her favorite part of any day is the ending of it in her husband's arms, before they roll apart into sleep.

"So far."

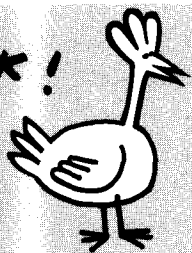
She has to choose between "Now"—that is, their waiting to retire to that sleepy embrace—and "Waking up this morning and holding each other till we got out of bed." She gives each of those responses roughly as often as the other, at least as a preliminary reply before proceeding to some particular feature of the day. The woman quite means what she says, too—and this couple, mind, have been together for thirty years, since Joan was twenty-seven and Frank thirty-five.

"After that," she adds (having opted in the first instance for "Now"), "my favorite thing so far was getting that damned *lavender* right this morning" in a watercolor she's doing of puddled dew in the forenoon shade of that same deck: one of a summer series that she calls variously her Puddlepaints, her Waterworks, her H₂O-Squareds—watercolors of *water* in sundry forms, moods, lights. If her track record holds, the dozen-odd items will fetch \$500 to \$1,200 each at her fall show in Philadelphia; she would have painted the same number, however, of the same subjects, with the same concentration, if she knew in advance that not one would ever be exhibited, let alone sold. Getting right that wash of lavender light was her A.M. project, and by dint of talent, training, luck, repeated trial, and much experience,

she got it to her satisfaction: a small triumph that none besides the artist (and now her mate) will likely recognize.

"Yours?" she asks in turn, still twisting the eyepieces of those binoculars and flexing their angular separation—and Frank Pollard, who as always takes the question seriously, realizes that he can't choose a favorite moment or event, for the reason that this entire day has been ideal, not in its extraordinariness but, on the contrary, in its serenely perfect typicality, enhanced by contrast with the day before. The couple woke at first light this morning, as usual, to the sound of crows and mockingbirds in the black pines round about and crickets in the dew-soaked grass. Naked and sheetless under the slow-moving overhead fan (the Pollards share a distaste for air-conditioning, among a thousand other shared likes and dislikes), they made lazy love, to both parties' satisfaction, and then breakfasted on the deck: fresh-squeezed orange juice, cinnamon-pecan buns from an Ocean City bakery, coffee from Hawaii's Kona Coast. Frank then read poetry on the toilet, as is his habit—in this instance, Yeats's "Sailing to Byzantium," an old favorite. After stretching exercises à deux and a wake-up dip in the tranquil, mist-mantled ocean, he read the morning newspaper down on their barbecue patio, out of Joan's way, while she turned to her easel and its challenge du jour. Before the air stoked up, he took a ten-mile bike ride along the flat ocean road into the state-park dunes and back; then he read a handsomely illustrated essay on logarithmic spirals, a pet subject of his, in the magazine *Sciences*, to which the Pollards subscribe as much for its art as for its articles. After that he composed on their laptop computer a witty, perfectly routine end-of-summer newsletter to Joan's grown son by her short-lived first marriage and to his grown daughter by his rather longer-lived ditto: a pair who F & J can't help wishing were married to each other (no consanguinity, after all) instead of to their actual spouses, hers an arrogant, womanizing lawyer, his a good-for-nothing layabout, in their parents' opinion. In that letter he declared, in passing, his intention to devote his next life to the history of science rather than to that of Colonial America. Of yesterday's pathology report—rather, of Frank's doctor's report of that report, together with his projections and recommendations therefrom—the letter made no mention, although some soon-to-follow letter must. Too fine a day, too late in the season, to becloud with the likes of that; he wished his Paula in Minneapolis and Joan's Harold in Atlanta a day as fine, a season, a life. Lunch, presently, in a still-shaded corner of the deck: Joan's cold zucchini soup with Frank's garlic croutons and iced coffee, over which they sorted out the day's mail, compared notes on their respective mornings, and planned their afternoon. To the beach then, the pair of them, for some hours of swimming in the breakers, walking the strand, and reading in umbrella-shaded sand chairs, after which, back at the cottage, Frank did a bit of bookkeeping and Joan some preliminary packing for their return to the city two days hence. By car down to the market

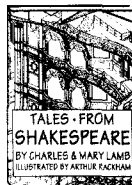
BUCK! BUCK!
BUCK! BUCK!



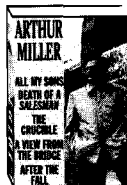
4 Books. 4 Bucks.
And absolutely, positively
no commitment!



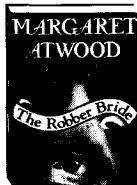
77-1599. This Pulitzer Prize-winning novel chronicles a family on the verge of sanity.
QPB: \$10



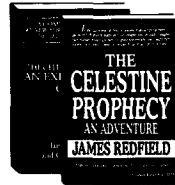
73-8642. A retelling of Shakespeare's best-known plays.
QPB Special Edition
QPB: \$13.95



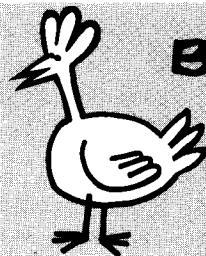
83-8905. Five best-known works of one of the greatest living playwrights.
QPB Special Edition
QPB: \$14.95



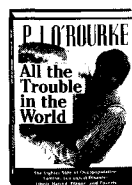
***47-2842.** A fantastical female villain who plunges the lives of three college friends.
Hardcover: \$24
QPB: \$14.95



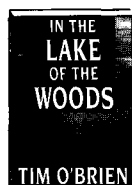
73-8698. The best seller about an ancient manuscript with 9 insights into the meaning of life and a guide with exercises for personal growth. (2 vols.)
QPB: \$17.95



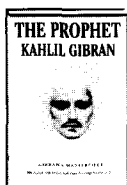
BOOK! BOOK!
BOOK! BOOK!



***63-8344.** The "fashionable worries" are tackled in this book of political humor.
Hardcover: \$22
QPB: \$14.95



***93-8154.** A novel about self-deception and a mysterious disappearance.
Hardcover: \$21.95
QPB: \$13.95



23-8701. The classic spiritual treatise and timeless best seller.
QPB: \$10.95



53-8230. These cartoons trace the boulder-strewn road of love, and offer straightforward advice.
QPB: \$9



***33-8341.** The stunning portrayal of a crack dealer's struggle for redemption.
Hardcover: \$21.95
QPB: \$12.95



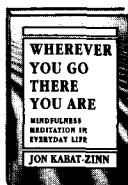
***43-8799.** This new translation by poet Pinsky includes the original Italian verse.
Hardcover: \$35
QPB: \$17.95



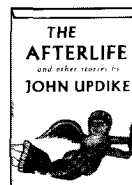
93-8781. Collected articles about the business and art of writing from *Poets & Writers*.
QPB Special Edition
QPB: \$11.95



43-8719. Recasts the Tarot deck in light of the values of ancient Goddess cultures.
QPB: 11.95



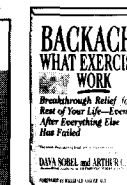
37-1491. This best seller makes Buddhist philosophy and meditation practices accessible.
QPB: \$8.95



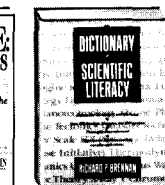
***47-1909**
Hardcover: \$24
QPB: \$13.95



***17-2614**
Hardcover: \$40
QPB: \$18.95



***63-8055**
Hardcover: \$21.95
QPB: \$13.95



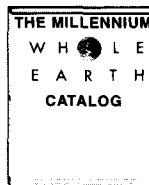
***32-1138**
Hardcover: \$22.95
QPB: \$12.95



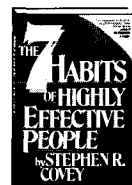
13-8604
QPB: \$8.95



***13-8098**
Hardcover: \$22.95
QPB: \$13.95



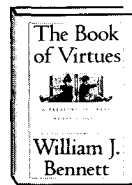
63-8207
QPB: \$24.95



11-0692
QPB: \$7.95



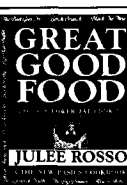
63-8770
QPB: \$12.95



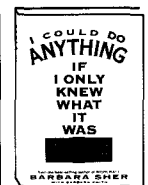
***17-1780**
Hardcover: \$30
QPB: \$11.95



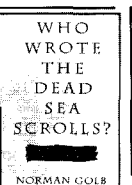
***12-2299**
Hardcover: \$16.95
QPB: \$8.95



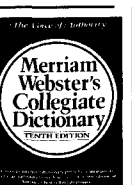
57-2441
QPB: \$15.95



***43-8141**
Hardcover: \$19.95
QPB: \$14.95



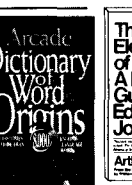
***27-1388**
Hardcover: \$25
QPB: \$14.95



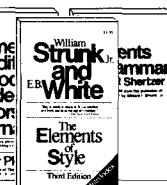
***47-2809**
Hardcover: \$21.95
QPB: \$14.95



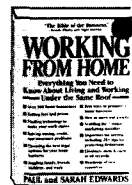
***73-8152**
Hardcover: \$21.95
QPB: \$12.95



***81-2698**
Hardcover: \$29.95
QPB: \$15.95



12-1722
(3 vols.)
QPB: \$10.95



63-8022
QPB: \$12.95



97-2381
(3-in-1 vol.)
QPB: \$14.95



82-2201
QPB: \$10.95

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover edition now available.

HOW QPB MEMBERSHIP WORKS

Each *QPB Review* lists our latest books, at up to 60% off hardcover prices. You'll get it free 17 times a year (about every 3 weeks). If you want the Main Selection, do nothing; it will be sent automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date given. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Return Privilege: If our *Review* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, just send it back and owe nothing.

Cancellations: You can cancel at any time, just by notifying us. We may cancel your membership if you choose not to buy a book in any six-month period.

O.K. Send me 4 books for \$4. No Commitment.

Quality Paperback Book Club® Camp Hill, PA 17012-0001. Send me the 4 softcover choices I've listed below and enroll me in QPB. Bill me only \$1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months.

Indicate by number your 4 choices:

1	2	3	4
---	---	---	---

Add to your immediate savings: Take a 5th book for only \$2.99

(plus shipping and handling). You'll still have no obligation to buy any additional books.

QB008-10-0

#021

Name (Please print clearly.)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Do you have a telephone? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you ever bought anything by mail in the past? ☐ Yes ☐ No

How have you paid for your mail-order purchases? (Check all that apply.)

☐ CASH ☐ CREDIT CARD ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER

GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

You may examine your introductory books for 10 days, free. If you are not satisfied, for any reason whatsoever, simply return the books and you will be under no further obligation.

To help us serve you, please tell us what you like to read.

	Strongly Dislike	Somewhat Dislike	No Opinion	Somewhat Like	Strongly Like
A. Fiction	1	2	3	4	5
B. Biography	1	2	3	4	5
C. Philosophy/Religion	1	2	3	4	5
D. History	1	2	3	4	5
E. Humor	1	2	3	4	5
F. Reference	1	2	3	4	5
G. How-to	1	2	3	4	5
H. Children's	1	2	3	4	5
I. Business/Finance	1	2	3	4	5
J. Cooking/Crafts	1	2	3	4	5
K. Behavior	1	2	3	4	5
L. Science/Technology	1	2	3	4	5
M. Art/Photography	1	2	3	4	5

All orders subject to approval. Prices and offer may differ in Canada.
©1995 Quality Paperback Book Club.

for their final light provisioning, and then frozen fresh-peach daiquiris with crudités and hummus back on deck at happy hour. The evening headlines on TV; barbecued lamb patties with acorn squash and jug rosé for dinner as the sun set behind the pines; a short bike ride together around the twilit neighborhood. A shower bath while nature considerably thundershowered Fenwick Island and cleared the air; a cheery phone call from the daughter just written to (it never fails), in which again Frank spoke only of such agreeable matters as the grandchildren's camp adventures, the anticipated Perseids, and their usual mixed feelings about exchanging the summer rhythms that they so enjoy for the busier urban-autumn routine that, historically at least, they have also much enjoyed. And now back on their excellent deck to sip Codorníu blanc de blancs brut, watch for meteors, and review their day, in order—vainly, for Frank Pollard—to choose a favorite moment from it.

"Grocery shopping with you," he declares, as he not infrequently does when stuck. In their younger years, especially back when they began keeping house together but were not yet married, he found it erotically rousing to stroll supermarket aisles with his new lover, selecting with her the foods they would prepare and enjoy together, along with such homely necessities as light bulbs and laundry detergent; returning home with their purchases in those days, they would sometimes pause to make love on couch or carpet between fridging the perishables and stashing the rest. He still finds it more pleasure than chore to steer the cart and check off items from their list while Joan plans and improvises menus down the line; today, for example, as she stretched for a top-shelf jar of sun-dried tomatoes in oil, he could not resist a surreptitious pat on her pleasant behind. *There*, he now provisionally supposes, was his single favorite moment of the day—so far.

It is upon that recognition (while Joan rescues those binocular eyepieces and declares, "I can't do lenses. Lenses hate me") that Frank Pollard experiences the aforementioned soul-flood—of quiet joy, whatever. Come what may, they've had thirty blessed years together, by no means hassle-free but profoundly loving, profoundly satisfying: in a word, *happy*. That adjective gives him focus troubles of his own: happy tears blur bright Vega, the setting moon, the citronella candle on the low table between the lounge chairs, with its sweating ice bucket of champagne and tray of acrylic flutes. Indifferent to this and every other emotion, in his pancreas, meanwhile, the robust tumor cells proceed with their inexorable division, redivision, and unhurried metastases: settlers, colonizers, unstoppable possessors and dispossessors of their new world.

2.

THIRTY feet southwest of and ten below the Pollards' chairs, on a leaf of ground ivy under one of the black pines near the deck of their rented beach cottage, a solitary dog tick, *Dermacentor variabilis*, unaware of doing

so, bides its time, unwittingly carrying in its body great numbers of the microorganism *Rickettsia rickettsii*, the bacterium responsible for Rocky Mountain spotted fever in human beings and some other mammals. As uncognizant of their patient host as are Frank Pollard's pancreatic-cancer cells of theirs, the microorganisms placidly metabolize, in effect "standing by." Of the moon, the stars and planets, Earth's impending convergence with cometary debris, the Pollards' Fenwick Island deck and its occupants, not to mention their concerns, the *D. variabilis* is oblivious, though not quite of the sandy soil, the dew, the muggy air, the leaf on which it rests, the black-pine needles round about, and the dark-denimed leg now inching through those needles, now kneeling on the ground-ivy patch. The tick moves unhurriedly onto that dew-wet, serendipitous trouser leg and, presently, toward the warm animal tissue sensed thereunder and the blood meal that is its program's goal. Its thousands of unknowing passenger rickettsiae sense not even this, nor will they even when their vessel moors upon human skin, runs out its figurative gangway through the epithelium, and, in the course of unloading its blood cargo, unwittingly discharges them from one world to another, their unwittingly promised land.

3.

MICROSCOPES and telescopes," Joan Pollard believes that it was Goethe who remarked, "distort the natural focus of our eyes." In fifth-grade science class it was invariably she who had the most trouble resolving paramacia under the school's old chrome-and-Bakelite monocular microscope. Now she sees twin lunar quarters magnified over yonder, neither of them clearly, and can't locate Vega at all. Moreover, when she lowers the binoculars in order to see where to re-aim them, a midge or eyelash falls into her left eye, and the firmament swims.

"I give up," she declares, and, taking advantage of the fortuitous cover, lets flow a discreet measure of the tears never recently far away. A child of acrimonious divorce and herself early divorced, an overpermissive, B-minus mother by her own assessment, more committed finally to her painting than to parenting, she neither expected nor particularly hankered for remarriage, and never seriously imagined that hers would be the extraordinary fortune (three decades later she still inwardly shakes her head at it) of loving a man *profoundly*, despite his inevitable shortcomings; of being by him loved reciprocally despite hers; and of feeling their bond grow and deepen over the by-no-means-carefree years instead of abrading into resentment or callusing into indifference. Thirty years! The equivalent of twice that in most couples' lives, actually, thanks to the nature of his profession and hers: even before Frank's retirement from Highland Academy, in a typical week they spent more hours in each other's proximity than any "normal" working couple spends in a fortnight. And except during their never-fre-

quent and ever-rarer quarrels, she has gone to bed nightly feeling blessed in their connection, and has morningly awakened ditto. As has he.

"Something in her eye?" her husband asks now, accepting from her the failed binoculars; they often playfully address each other in third-person pronouns.

"Yep." Joan clears her throat and knuckles her eyeball. "Freaking time."

Frank focuses, with more success. "She's got time in her eye?"

"Also up her nose and in her face generally, but not out her kazoo. Where'd it all go, hon?"

Steering away from that question, "The thing is," Frank declares, "Goethe *liked* microscopes and telescopes. His remark's not a complaint; it's a reminder."

"Well, mine's a complaint," Joan decides. "And while I'm at it, T. S. Eliot's wrong: it's *great* to measure out your life in coffee spoons. What sucks is running out of coffee."

Levelly but sympathetically her husband observes, "She's distressed. Ah, so," he says then to Vega. "*There* you are, old girl."

"She is," his wife acknowledges. She pours herself and him another splash of champagne. "Let's spot us a meteor and pack it in. No: Let's stay out here forever."

"Easy on that eye, okay?" For she's knuckling it again. "Think of all those happy families of mites that colonize human eyelash follicles. You're making *Apocalypse Now* in there. The end of the world."

"Hell with 'em," Joan says. "What'd they ever do for me?" Soft-focused by her tears, the plastic glass of Catalanian champagne refracts the candlelight in a way that interests her painter's (right) eye. "Anyhow, Goethe was right. And it *is* the end of the world."

"Joanie?"

"Sorry sorry sorry." Bare forearms on bare thigh-tops, she slumps sidesaddle on her lounge chair, turning her wine flute in the light. "I'm not going to be good at this, Frank. I'm going to fail you."

"So fail me." He pats her knee. "After all these years, you're entitled."

She looks away, skyward. "Was that a meteor?"

Frank considers. "Lightning bug."

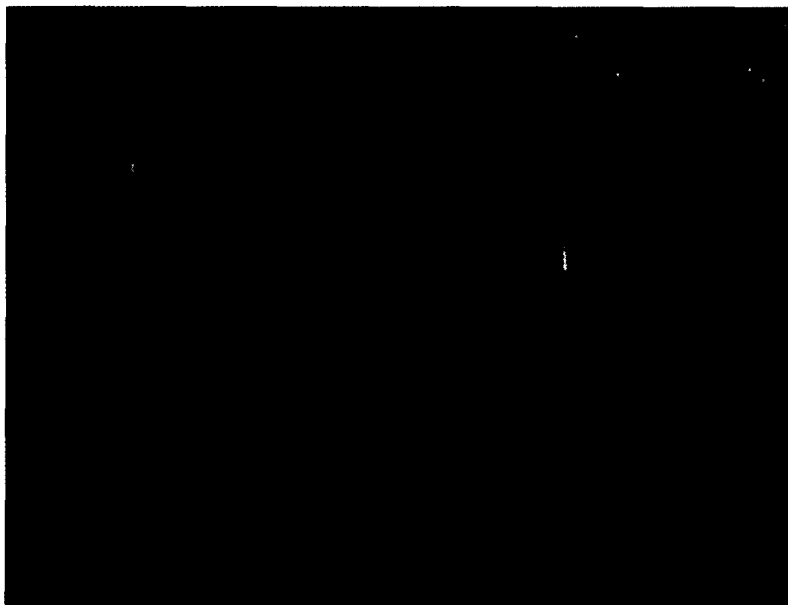
4.

IN 1992, when Comet Swift-Tuttle last transited the inner solar system, the Pollards happened to be touring Spain. They watched for "their" Perseid shower from the old city walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, in the province of Salamanca, where they were stopping at the Parador Nacional. Although they found the old city delightful—as much for its informal community park along the Rio Agueda, where the whole town seemed to gather at a hot afternoon's end to stroll and swim and socialize under the trees, as for its medieval walls and buildings—and although the night was satisfactorily dark out over the plain and the dry air brilliantly clear, they were disappointed by the apparent fizzle of the promised once-in-a-lifetime supershower. There hung the clustered constellations of the myth—Perseus, Andromeda, Cepheus, Cassiopeia—but by midnight they'd seen only one meteor together and one each separately. Since they planned an early start in the morning for their drive up into the Gredos Mountains, where they hoped to hike in the high forests, they bade the Gorgon-slayer *buenas noches* and turned in. From this happy Spanish driving tour Frank dates the intermittent onset of what he took to be a mild but increasingly persistent gastroenteric discomfort: something in the food or water, he presumed, although both were excellent, and Joan felt nothing similar, and neither of the Pollards has been prone, historically, to more than the occasional transitory

episode of nausea, diarrhea, or fever in their frequent travels and ardent culinary adventures. For as long as possible thereafter he ignored the symptom.

In 1862, the time of Swift-Tuttle's next-previous transit, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was already thirty years in his grave alongside that of his friend Schiller in the ducal crypt at Weimar, and no person currently alive on earth had yet been born. In 1737,

the time of the transit thought to have been next prior to that, neither Goethe nor Schiller had yet been born; by Swift-Tuttle's next predicted transit, in 2126, all persons alive on earth in August of 1994, the time of both the action and the writing of this story, will be dead. Mark Twain declared in 1910, correctly, that he had come in with Halley's Comet and would go out with it; among earth's animate creatures, however, only



trees might span such intervals as Comet Swift-Tuttle's orbital period—including, in special instances, *Pinus thunbergii*, the Japanese black pine, among still-young specimens of which hunkers the dark-clad interloper in the Pollards' yard, unconscious of the dog tick engorging on his right ankle, just above the black sock-top.

5.

FIVE days into his annual vacation week at Ocean City, Maryland, his cash reserves a touch low and his mood a touch resentful of the fair but too-cool weather, Samuel Buffett, the Duct-Tape Rapist—so called by the media for his *modus operandi* in suburban Wilmington and Newark, Delaware, the venue of his serial assaults—is scouting Operation Nine, as he thinks of it, despite the pos-

sibility that its atypical location will narrow slightly the police search for him. How many hundred other Wilmingtonians, after all, are spending mid-August at the nearby Delaware and Maryland beach resorts? And everyone knows of the copycat phenomenon associated with unusual crimes. Thirty-two and single, the dependable and knowledgeable if sometimes short-fused assistant manager of a Radio Shack retail outlet in a shopping mall outside the state's major city, Sam has over the past two years taken up rape-robbery as an exciting and dangerous hobby. In the sexual attacks themselves he takes considerable though secondary pleasure: they are the bonus payoff for what he really enjoys—reconnoitering, planning, and stalking; penetration of the premises; subduing and binding the frightened victim altogether in his power. The associated robbery is almost perfunctory, a third-

REGIONAL AIRPORT

Tuscaloosa, Alabama

The terminal has twenty molded-plastic seats, and a mural that peddles the whole magical system: flight lines—urgent as the ochre and charcoal marks of Lascaux—crisscrossing the country over which levitation will happen: a cat's cradle from sea to sea.

Outside, the air is clear but for a hawk, a chicken hawk, making lazy circles in the sky: "We know we belong to the land, and the land we . . ." As our flight lifts, the ploughing commences for corn and okra, that crop of crone fingers pointing.

From this bird's-eye on high, I see, we all see, how the land recedes into shapes: first the big agricultural patchwork, then commemorative stamps, then a weightless idea above the clouds. Wings fly in the cabin. Men and women wear jackets with wings.

Soon I drink from a wingèd cup, eat with a wingèd fork and spoon, call a woman with wings on her breast, press a wingèd napkin to my mouth. Aloft along a line rising, a home run going going, out of the Black Warrior watershed.

In that harrowed place, a red acre meets a stair that bears a body on its slight descent. There is a stand of olives trundled as slips from dry Demopolis (below Eutaw), and beds of our mothers' established vinca spreading their constant tangle,

defeating erosion, dark and flowering by season. There scuppernongs last bloomed and splayed an obscure aristocracy in the sun: a woman long dead was a child in their shade and she the soft-armed ruler of memory. Driven . . . Abandoned . . . Misplaced . . . Whatever

balm of belief comes for the long leave-taking—in the moraine where this flight has settled, when tremors roll from the blue surrounding hills into the city's good glacial bowl, my assumed rooms tremble, otherwise accented, on their axis.

—EMILY HIESTAND

ABSOLUT ELEMENTS

the Environment

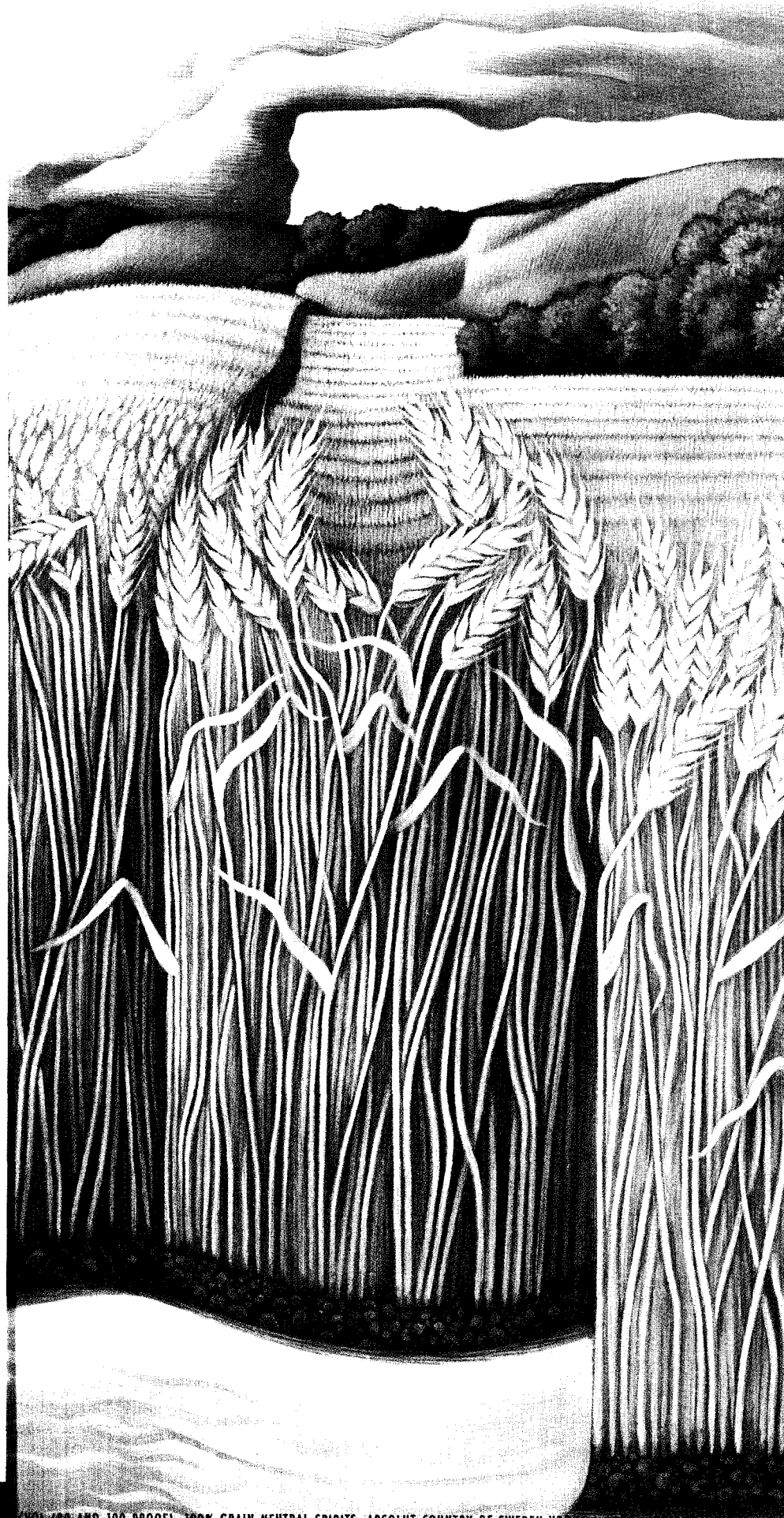
Last in a four-part series

There is a place in southern Sweden—among the rich wheat fields of the Småland region, where people have been making vodka for centuries—where, at distilleries near the small town of Åhus, the elements of the Swedish environment and the Swedish past combine to form a true product of the Swedish culture: Absolut Vodka.

As much as any tradition or distillation process determines the quality of a premium vodka, so Sweden's physical environment determines the quality of the ingredients going into Absolut Vodka. Sweden's environment—one of the cleanest environments in Europe—affects the soil, the wheat, and the ground water.

Today, using wheat harvested from nearby fields and water from their own well, the distilleries at Åhus, a town of barely 10,000 people, produce every ounce of Absolut Vodka consumed throughout the world. At these distilleries the makers of Absolut maintain complete control over every aspect of production—for every bottle, every day.

Absolut Vodka is the product of both a culture and an environment. The entire process of creating Absolut has been designed to retain the fine character of the essential elements from which it originates. This method embodies not only the centuries-old local tradition of making vodka but also the best of modern technology and the richness and character of the country of Sweden.



VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF), 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1990 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order reward for his audacity, meant as much to deflect suspicion from a well-employed middle-class white man with thinning brown hair and double-bridged eyeglasses as to augment his finances. He takes only cash, and has invested the \$1,953 gross from his operations thus far (\$1,320 of it from a single windfall, his seventh) in a one-year certificate of deposit at the bank branch in "his" mall. At that certificate's first expiry date, reminded of his falsetto commands to his "targets," with an inward smile he "rolled it over."

Ordinarily Sam Buffett selects as those targets attractive young women who either live alone or have been observed by him to be alone in their domiciles at the appropriate strike time. It was the extra challenge and quirky variety, as Sam sees it, of the middle-aged couple in Operation Seven—the only one that he remembers with less than entire pleasure—that prompted him to "go for it," and although he had at one point to inflict more pain than is his rule to pacify the tape-trussed, freckle-pated husband while he sodomized the tape-

trussed, freckle-butt wife on all fours in the couple's club basement, the unexpectedly large take helped compensate for his annoyance and the increased risk. In contrast, Operation Eight—on a girl he knows cordially as a teller in his bank and once came close to asking for a date—went so easily, enjoyably, and perfectly per plan that he stretched it out for nearly four hours, permitting the frightened but courageous Ms. Claudia Tully to natter earnestly on, between spells of tears and his assorted violations of her, about the psychology of rape (on which subject she seemed knowledgeable indeed) and various resources that he might "access" confidentially for help with his "problem." Thirty-seven dollars and twenty-nine cents that operation yielded, which sum he looks forward to depositing with Claudia herself as soon as he can disguise it by combination with whatever the take from Operation Nine.

To that end he brought along with him to Ocean City his kit: a loaded .22-caliber target pistol, its bore too small and its size too large for this purpose, really, but a relatively innocent-seeming piece to own, and meant only to intimidate, not to kill; the requisite ski mask, an itchy nuisance in hot weather; a small sheath knife; latex gloves and condoms (Sam fears AIDS); and the trademark roll of two-inch duct tape, with

which he blindfolds, binds at wrists and ankles, and intermittently gags his victims—all these items (except the belted sheath knife) tucked into a black Lands' End fanny pack in order to leave his hands free. It would not have surprised Sam Buffett to return to Wilmington and his job never having taken the kit out of his suitcase; nor does it surprise him to find himself daily more "up" for using it. The only child of a choleric father severely disabled in the Korean War and dead of a heart attack before the boy's thirteenth birthday and a scattered, indulgent mother who in her widowhood gave herself over to alcohol and chocolate, Sam grew up tidy, timid,

taciturn, a touch irascible and officious: a fussy, asexual bachelor, so his neighbors and workmates indifferently suppose, who still lives in his now-obese mother's house and responsibly maintains her and it, his only known hobbies ham radio and, more recently, networking on his personal computer.

The man's methodicalness extends to his covert "operations," in which he has come to take an almost professional

pride. Although the first three or four of them were "learning experiences" in which he developed his procedures and techniques, he has never botched one or even made a serious blunder. On the couple of occasions when something unforeseeable has jeopardized the operation (Number Three's young apartment neighbors rapping on her door and singsonging merrily, "Come *on*, Do-reen; we-know-you're-in . . . there!"), his resourcefulness has proved equal to the challenge (gun barrel at her nape and tape gag removed, at his whispered instruction Doreen singsang back, "No-I'm-*not*, guys; try-me-tomorrow-*mor*-ning!"). Except in the regrettable instance of Number Seven's hysterical husband, whom it still distresses Sam to remember swatting angrily with the .22, he has never "hurt" his victims—beyond the trauma of seizure, mortal threat, and bondage followed by forced fellatio, rape both vaginal and anal when he can manage it, and incidental robbery. Particularly since attending Claudia Tully's spiel during Operation Eight, he has read with interest articles in *Psychology Today* about sexual predators "like himself," nodding yes or no to sundry items in the profile and ultimately shrugging his shoulders. On infrequent past occasions he has experienced unforced sex—agreeable enough,



but by his lights not comparable to the excitement of the forced variety. To the feminist assertion that rape has to do with power, not with sex, Sam Buffett replies, "Bullshit"; to the psychologists' assertion, however, that it has to do *at least as much* with power as with sex, he readily nods assent.

Does Sam hate or anyhow resent women? He doesn't think so, but grants the possibility. If he had been sexually more successful in the normal way, would he feel impelled to rape? Probably not, but who knows, and anyhow he wasn't, so so what? He doesn't feel *impelled*, by the way, merely inclined, and inclined to pursue that occasional inclination. Is he a sadist? Well: No question but he enjoys the forcing and threatening—except in the case of old Seven's husband, and so he supposes he *does* have it in for women, sort of. So sue him! On the other hand, he would take no pleasure at all in carrying out his intimidative threats to shoot, knife, or mutilate his victims or in subjecting them to sexual violations beyond those aforespecified. In fact, he's not certain what he'll do if and when one vigorously resists him: perhaps shoot, knife, or mutilate; more likely retreat. Except when "out hunting," he justly regards himself as an ordinary, peaceable fellow, politically conservative but environmentally concerned, with no taste for pornography or the violence so ubiquitous in American movies and on network television.

Does Sam think about sooner or later getting caught, convicted, and jailed, or does he imagine raping an infinite series of women with impunity? Neither: He takes considerable pleasure in the recollection of his past operations but is not given to long-term projections. He has never regarded any next operation as his last; he takes them, so to speak, one at a time, as circumstances warrant. If asked whether he has ever reflected that it's only a matter of time until he's *doing* time, he would shrug, annoyed. He understands, more or less, that the risk factor in his serial operations has a cumulative aspect; his woozy mother is fond of declaring, apropos of nothing in particular, "The pitcher that goes always to the well eventually gets broken," but he does not imagine himself as going *always* to the well, only for some indefinite number of times yet.

It is Sam Buffett's practice to maintain a casual lookout for appropriate operational targets even when he's not actively in the hunting mode; indeed, casual observation of a likely target is what typically prompts the hunt, not vice versa. Standing at Claudia Tully's bank window to deposit his take from Operation Seven, he happened to overhear her remark to the teller beside her that she'd be housesitting through the month of March in her parents' place on Shawbridge Road, and that she looked forward to rattling around all by herself in that big old house while they toured Greece and Italy. Mm-hm, thought the Duct-Tape Rapist, and he did a bit of subsequent reconnoitering, and bided his time till the appointed month. Strolling the Fenwick Island beach at afternoon's end yesterday (the first real beach day of the week), he casually followed an attractive young mother and

her two small children across the ocean highway and back to their cottage and observed that she seemed to be its only adult occupant. An after-dark reconnaissance and more-extensive surveillance today confirmed that observation, suggested an operational plan, and piqued his interest: he has never "done" a woman with sleeping children, and imagines that he'd be able to keep her quiet and compliant. But that same unobtrusive scouting turned up the middle-aged couple next door to her, an easier mark approachwise and very likely more cash-productive, but problematical as to management, and what the hell, there's an ATM up the road in Bethany Beach if he runs short, so why risk it?

Why? Because that unpleasantness in Operation Seven still rankles him; for a moment he was clearly out of control, almost panicky, might actually have shot the guy. If he were running that operation again . . .

So Supermom (thus he has come to think of the woman on the beach, admiring the tough-gentle way she manages the kids, roughhousing with them in the surf one minute, soothing their distresses or adjudicating their differences the next, and always talking to them *straight*, not in a put-on mommy voice) is unquestionably his target of choice: a succulent number, and he wouldn't be so indecisive if her sun deck had a ground-level corner like her neighbors', for easy access. Prepping for Operation Nine after a dinner of not-bad fajitas in an Ocean City Mex place, he pretty much decided to go for it once the sun was well down and Supermom's children were presumably asleep. It is only that bad aftertaste from Seven that has led him, while he's giving the kids time to crank up the old Zs, to re-review the piece-of-cake approach next door, in the course of which he's been enjoying the extended shot of Mrs.'s bare boobs, not bad at all for her age, and her pantied butt, ditto, in the flickering light of their patio candle. Her skinny husband looks to be no great threat, though trim and fit-appearing for an old gent. The right way to have played it—the right way to *play* it, if the guy goes macho or gets his balls in an uproar like Mr. Seven . . .

Sam believes that he knows, now, the right way to play it, and although Supermom is hands down the sweeter score, he's tempted to clear his record, so to speak, by doing this couple without losing his cool or using more force than necessary. Now that Boobs has given up on the binoculars (seven-by-fifty "night glasses," Sam has observed, such as boaters use, quite able to resolve his crouching figure in the dim light if they're aimed his way), he edges closer through the cover of pines toward where the grade slopes up beside the deck, thinking that perhaps their conversation, if he can make it out, will tip the scales one way or the other. From his kit he fishes forth and dons the latex gloves and itchy ski mask.

Granted that its cruelties and injustices are measureless, life contains at least occasional justice, too, however imperfect and sometimes accidental. Samuel Buffett's impending spotted fever, though severe, will do him less damage, alas, than he has doubtless done to any one of the targets of his



With Connolly leather, burl walnut, fold-out picnic trays for passengers and the thrill of 245 hp for the driver, there's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As you languidly extend your legs

in the new Jaguar Vanden Plas,

luxuriating in its expanded interior space,

an inevitable thought comes to mind:

“This car should have an ottoman.”



operations past and to come. It will, however, be of a virulence sufficient to inflict upon him pneumonitis, uremia, and an extended general debilitation that will significantly increase the misery of his prison time after the resourceful victim of Operation Ten, a full year hence—another Claudia Tully, but with a literal vengeance—skillfully traps him into telephoning her two weeks after her rape for confidential therapy-referral, and holds him on the line long enough for the Wilmington police to trace the call, reach the shopping-mall phone booth, and make the arrest. Ill and incarcerated, he will come to know something of his victims' pain and degradation, if never quite their terror. To Hell, or one of its numerous terrestrial approximations, with him.

6.

TIME time time," Joan Pollard says now, and her husband guardedly replies, "Yes, well." The binoculars flat on the serving tray between them, they're both lying back now in their side-by-side lounge chairs, lightly holding hands across that space while waiting for their good-night Perseid meteor, and Frank's not sure whether what his wife has on her mind just now is bedtime, or their return to the city and what awaits them there, or (as the grim sigh in her tone suggests) both of the above plus evanescence and ephemerality in general, and in particular the brevity of even such an extended happy connection as theirs. He himself, now that he has retrieved the word "ephemerality," sidetracks to a less voltaged association, as is his sometimes annoying habit.

"I've always liked the word 'ephemerides,'" he declares to her. "In the astronomical tables: upcoming celestial events and such. Ephemerides."

"Sounds like a minor Greek hero" to Joan, who is used to these deflections: "Epimenides, Ephemerides."

"The sons of Time?" Frank wonders. "Or 'children of the day,' maybe?"

"Of a day, like goddamn mayflies, and then good night. Who was it that ate their own children, anyhow?"

"Old Kronos?"

"It figures."

"The true hero of every feast," Frank remembers having seen Time somewhere called.

"The uninvited guest," in Joan's opinion, "who scarfs the canapés and guzzles the bubbly when nobody's looking, till before you know it the party's over."

"But he's the life of the party that he's also the death of, right? He's the fizz in the Codorníu—of which this is the end, by the way: *fin du vin*. Here's to Papa Time."

"Hell with that mother."

Frank turns his head herward. "Thirty years, her husband reminds his dearest friend: three-zero and counting."

"Freaking eye-blink." But she raises her flute to his.

"Yes. Well."

They sip.

"What was that?"

"Raccoon," Frank supposes. At moments lately it has almost seemed to him that he can not only feel but *hear* the tumor growing; yet he looks forward with all the more pleasure to embracing his sorrowing friend before dropping off into sweet sleep. Together now, at the same instant, they see a meteor directly overhead, streaking southwestward as though through the constellations. Sighs Frank, "There she blows. B-plus?"

"B-minus tops," in Joan's grade book. She's trying to remember whether that Unitarian proto-hippie who married them in San Francisco in 1964 said "As long as you both shall live" or "Till death do you part." "Maybe C-plus. Maybe we didn't even see the little sucker, so we can't go in yet."

"We saw it," her husband says gently.

7.

BEGINNINGS are exciting; middles are gratifying; but endings, boy oh boy.

So here's our universe, reader, whatever its curvature. Somewhere or other in it is our galactic supercluster, almost unimaginably vast—ah, yes, here it is—from which a mighty close-up resolves our particular local cluster, and another just as mighty discovers our very own Milky Way galaxy, bless its unfathomable black hole of a heart: one more bright sand grain on the dark beach of abyssal space. Zooming right in on it, we may just possibly find our dear solar system and its cozy inner belt of planets, including miscellaneous cometary debris. Sure enough, here's old Earth, complete with atmosphere—into which latter a fist-size lump of Comet Swift-Tuttle plunges, from our perspective, at 11:14 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time on August 13, 1994, said plunge or anyhow collision effecting its prompt incineration in a meteoric streak over the eastern seaboard of North America, including the Atlantic coast of Delaware and Maryland's portion of Chesapeake Bay, where yours truly winds up a short story titled "Ever After" and having to do, on the human level, with Joan and Frank Pollard, among others. Here now, some while later, are the printed pages of that story, its several paragraphs, sentences, phrases. Look you now: See at its end the words "ever after," their several letters, the *r* of "after" and the full stop after. Closer, closer, obliging reader: the millions of atoms of printer's-ink carbon composing that full stop; the furious motion of subatomic particles in any one of those virtually immortal atoms, all but oblivious of time, raging on like so many separate universes since ours exploded into being: now here, now there, now briefly in this dot of ink until it crumble, fade, disperse; now on past the episode of human life on Earth to whatever comparably ephemeral next and next and next and on and on, neither happily nor un-, ever after. ☞

Sand, cat-hairs, dust and dust-mites... Nothing gets by the 8-lb. ORECK XL!

The favorite vacuum of over 50,000 hotels and more than 1 million professional and private users. Now you can use this powerful vacuum to clean your home better than ever before.

Exclusive Filter System assures hypo-allergenic cleaning with Germastat. Ideal for those who suffer from dust-related or allergic discomforts. There's virtually no after dust. Its unique top-fill action carries the litter up through the handle and deposits it on the inside top of the bag. Yesterday's dirt can't seep out. And the metal-tube top-fill performance works without hoses to crack, leak or break... ever.

The lightest full-size vacuum available. It weighs just 8 pounds. So stairs are a snap. It's super-powerful, with amazing cleaning power: the fast, double helical brushes revolve at an incredible 6,500 times a minute.

ORECK's Helping Hand® handle orthopedically designed on the principles of ergonomics is available. To put it simply: no need to squeeze your hand or bend your wrist. A godsend for people with grip or wrist problems.

Exclusive New Microsweep® gets bare floors super clean, without any hoses, attachments or adjustments.

A full 10-year Guarantee against breakage or burnout of the housing PLUS a full 3-year Warranty on the extended life motor.

We'll let you try the ORECK XL in your home for 15 days. If you don't love it, you don't keep it.



Super Compact Canister

The 4-lb. dynamo you've seen on TV. The motor's so powerful it lifts a 16-lb. bowling ball! Hand-holdable and comfortable. Cleans under refrigerators... car seats... books... ceilings... even typewriter, computer and piano keys. With 8 accessories. Yours FREE when you purchase an ORECK XL upright. Offer limited, so act now.

**For a free brochure call toll-free
1-800-989-4200 Ext. 87109**

Or mail coupon today. No salesperson will visit.

ORECK CORPORATION
100 Plantation Road, New Orleans, LA 70123

87109

☐ **Yes!** I want to learn how the ORECK XL Hotel Vacuum can help me clean my home faster, easier and more effectively. Please send me your FREE information kit, without cost or obligation.

I understand I will receive absolutely FREE a Super Compact Canister, with the purchase of the ORECK XL Hotel Vacuum.

☐ Also include details of ORECK's Extended Payment Plan with No Interest or Finance Charge.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone(_____) _____
area code (optional)

Doin' the Chameleon

by WILLIAM ZINSSER

*After a lifetime of virtuosic imitation of dozens of pianists,
Dick Hyman is coming into his own*

FOR almost fifty years it has been common knowledge in the entertainment business that the person to call for whatever kind of music you need is the pianist-arranger-composer-organist Dick Hyman. Computerized in Hyman's brain, instantly transferable to his fingers, is every popular piano and organ style that has ever been played in America, historically correct to the year when it was in vogue. He can also replicate, note for note, the style of all the American giants of jazz piano in this century, from the intricate rags of Eubie Blake and the galloping stride of James P. Johnson to the jagged bebop of Bud Powell and the introspective lyricism of Bill Evans.

One result of this technical and scholarly breadth is that Hyman gets hired by such metabolic opposites as George Bush and Woody Allen. Bush could approve a Hyman engagement at the White House secure in the knowledge that if he felt a sudden yen for the society-band piano tinklings that he and Barbara danced to during his senior year at Yale, Hyman could oblige at a snap of the presidential fingers. Allen hired him no less confidently to provide the music that gave *Radio Days*, *Broadway Danny Rose*, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, and *Zelig* so much of their period authenticity and charm. The story of Leonard Zelig, who keeps turning up in different guises at historical moments, found its perfect musical servant in Hyman, whose peppy Jazz Age score included a foxtrot called "Doin' the Chameleon."

The chameleon is what Hyman has been doin' for his entire career, which began in 1948. As a studio pianist and organist, he has made at least a thousand recordings. Some names he has recorded under besides his own are Ricky Alan, Peter Bennett, David Harkness, Richard Wayne, the Organ Masters, The Living Pianos, Rod Gregory & His So-

ciety Orchestra, and Stanley Sokol and the Polkateers. He has toured Europe with Benny Goodman, been the musical director of Arthur Godfrey's television show, orchestrated the Broadway musical *Sugar Babies*, played the piano on the soundtracks of *The Godfather*, *The Wiz*, and *The Night They Raided Minsky's*, composed the score for *Moonstruck*, arranged ballroom and nightclub sequences in *Billy Bathgate*, and served as the musical director of *Scott Joplin, King of Ragtime*—conducting, arranging, and playing the piano, meticulously fitting Joplin's music to the fingers of the actor Billy Dee Williams on the screen.

He has written arrangements for the Boston Pops and for singers as diverse as Jessye Norman and Perry Como. He has composed ballet scores for Twyla Tharp and for the Cleveland Ballet. He has published ten books of essays, musical compositions, and arrangements (*Dick Hyman's Professional Chord Changes and Substitutions for 100 Tunes Every Musician Should Know*). He has organized countless jazz programs of scholarly interest, employing the best musicians and backing them impeccably at the piano; he is a seven-time winner of the Most Valuable Player Award of the New York chapter of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. He has been involved in the reconstruction of legendary American concerts, including the 1928 Carnegie Hall program presented by W. C. Handy's Orchestra and Jubilee Singers. For that event Hyman impersonated James P. Johnson playing "Yamekraw" on the piano and Thomas "Fats" Waller playing Handy's "St. Louis Blues" on the organ, and wrote all the period orchestrations.

Much of this I've long been aware of; the name Dick Hyman has been part of my consciousness forever. Zelig-like, he is everywhere and nowhere. Sometimes I would catch sight of him on television, giving an interview, so at least I knew what he looked like: a slender man with a thin face and serious eyes behind large metal-rimmed glasses, bald on



George Gershwin



Scott Joplin



Dick Hyman



James P. Johnson



Woody Allen

top but slightly long-haired in back—the only evidence of an artistic temperament. His manner was professorial, revealing little. I was still left with the question Who is Dick Hyman?

A few years ago I decided to find out. I began by attending concerts at New York's 92nd Street Y, Hyman's home base, where he often performs, particularly at a two-week jazz festival that he runs there every July. One thing I soon noticed was that his programs were always sold out. They also had an element of fun: Hyman organized them around some theme that amused him, often a historical link between American popular music and American popular culture, and he obviously enjoyed presenting his findings to the audiences at the Y, who just as obviously appreciated all the work he had put into the evening. In the role of host and resident star he began to lose his diffidence. The veils of anonymity were dropping off.

But what I mainly noticed was that he was an amazing pianist. His technique was prodigious, but his touch was wonderfully light. His harmonies were rich, his improvisations fleet and graceful. Best of all, he kept getting better. His solos became the high point of every program for me, no matter how many other illustrious jazzmen he had recruited. I learned that I was not alone in watching over the emergence of Zelig from his cocoon; today he is increasingly booked as a soloist. At sixty-eight Dick Hyman is in imminent danger of coming into his own.

TO observe the specimen in its purest form, I recently accompanied Hyman to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where he was giving a lecture-recital at Wilkes University called "The History of Jazz Piano From Ragtime to the Avant-garde." The audience was more town than gown, old jazz fans materializing out of the night. Hyman, pedagogically perched on the piano bench, explained that all the pianists whose style he was about to demonstrate had been his models. He began his evening's journey in 1863, by playing Louis Gottschalk's "Pasquinade," an engaging piece in which Gottschalk combined a ragtime beat with Latin and African rhythms he had heard played by black musicians in New Orleans.

Proceeding to Scott Joplin's turn-of-the-century "Maple

Leaf Rag," Hyman explained that Joplin took its form from military marches and the dance music of the day: polkas, quadrilles, and waltzes. "But what was attractive about Joplin was his syncopation—setting one rhythm off against another." Hyman demonstrated by playing a steady military beat with his left hand ("You can't overemphasize the influence of those marches on ragtime") and then adding the playful rhythms on top, which were mostly Spanish or Portuguese in origin.

Next came Eubie Blake's "Charleston Rag," which Blake claimed he wrote in 1899, when he was only sixteen. It's a complex piece, the left hand voyaging forth in an early suggestion of boogie-woogie, the right hand moving at arpeggio speed and forcing the fingers into positions I had never seen a pianist use before. "Eubie once asked me if I played it in the key of G-flat," Hyman said, "and I assured him that I did. The piece has one effect that can only be achieved by sliding back and forth between the black keys and the white keys on both the thumb and the fifth finger, and it wouldn't work in any other key."

Hyman moved on to "novelty," a catchall category for the flashy pieces, among them "Ragging the Scale," that were a national craze in the 1920s and early 1930s. "Their trickiness was what appealed to the ear and to the pianist," Hyman told the audience, "be-

cause they fit the hands in funny ways and required you to do funny things to make them work. Zez Confrey was the master. He liked to use several rhythms at once; he *really* syncopated when he composed 'Coaxing the Piano' and 'Nickel in the Slot.' Not only are your two hands playing in different rhythms; in the right hand your thumb and first finger are playing in a different rhythm from the other three fingers." Hyman demonstrated this feat of motor coordination—an antic, likable sound. He then played "Kitten on the Keys" as Confrey used to play it.

The huge sales of novelty sheet music in the 1920s presumed that there were people at home who could play very well, Hyman said. "The piano-playing skill of the American public was remarkable. If people could play Confrey's 'Dizzy Fingers,' which was the staple for amateur hours on the radio—how fast can you play 'Dizzy Fingers'?—they could



CONFLICT IN THE BALKANS

*This may not
literally repeat itself,
but much of what
concerned us yesterday
continues to influence
the course of world
events today.*

FLASHBACKS are articles
from past issues that
have been lent new
relevance by current
events, or by the
current cultural or
political climate.

*The previously
published Atlantic
articles excerpted on
this page appear
in their entirety in
THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY ONLINE.*

To find these and related
articles featured in
The Atlantic Monthly's
electronic edition, call
America Online at 1-800-
225-5618—or use the
attached response card—
and receive ten free hours to
explore the service.

THE BALKAN CRISIS/January, 1913

by Roland G. Usher

The portrait of the region at the time of the Balkan Wars of 1912–1913 reveals not only the roots of the present conflict but also how the Balkans have been perceived by the West.

Poverty-stricken (until lately), individually and collectively, isolated (until lately) from the world and from each other by the difficulties of communication, they became inevitably narrow, bigoted, fiercely partisan, unprogressive, certainly in no way fitted to influence the affairs of Europe.

Yet, as certainly, since the days of imperial Rome, no European state has been more often the subject of anxious inquiry; for those mountain valleys are the keys of Europe. . . . The racial antipathy of the Occidental for the Oriental, the fierce religious hatred of the Christian for the Mohammedan, are motives actuating the Balkan peoples to a degree inconceivable in America. . . . This war is a gigantic blood feud, a racial struggle, a crusade.

THE BUILDING OF THE ROADS/December, 1962 by Tomislav Badovinac

The author was in charge of 49,000 youths who were at work building the Yugoslav highway "Brotherhood and Unity" from April to November of 1961.

Assembled from all over the country, from all the republics, boys and girls come to know one another better, to understand one another, as they are brought together by joint efforts and problems to joint victories, joys, and recreation. . . . [A] high degree of camaraderie is developed as an integral part of the brotherhood and unity of our youth, and thus of our peoples.

Our country is a multinational state. As Cedo Samardzic, a member of the youth brigade from Pristina, wrote: "Our brigade is formed of youths from thirty villages. Earlier we had never known one another. The fact that members of the brigade were of the Albanian national minority or were Serbs or Montenegrins was no obstacle to their getting to know one another quickly and becoming good friends. . . ."

EUROPE'S THIRD WORLD/July, 1989

by Robert D. Kaplan

Writing just months prior to the fall of the Berlin Wall, the Atlantic correspondent Robert Kaplan saw the specter of a Balkan war looming as the Communist system collapsed.

Ethnic divisions that date back to the breakup of the Hapsburg Empire not only threaten relations between Hungary and Romania but also threaten to tear up another Balkan state, Yugoslavia, from within. . . . The miracle of a cohesive Yugoslavia under Tito was due in no small measure to repression. Purges were harsh and frequent. . . . With Tito's death, in 1980, a gradual process of liberalization ensued in Yugoslavia. . . . At the same time, the very process of liberalization has resulted in a resurgence of the Serbian nationalism that Tito had managed to contain. . . .

In the 1970s and 1980s the world witnessed the limits of superpower influence in places like Vietnam and Afghanistan. In the 1990s those limits may well become visible in a Third World region within Europe itself. The Balkans could shape the end of the century, just as they did the beginning.

play almost anything.” Hyman ran off sixteen amateur-hour-winning bars. “The young George Gershwin was an essential part of this whole school,” he went on, demonstrating some progressions in Gershwin’s *Rhapsody in Blue* and Concerto in F that echoed devices that Confrey used, especially in a Grieg-like piece called “Three Little Oddities.”

Next came stride piano. “Unlike ragtime, where the left hand was compressed into a span of an octave and a half and the harmonies were relatively simple,” Hyman said, “in stride the distance covered by the left hand was greater, and what it played was often a separate melody. The harmony would also change more frequently, using four-note chords instead of three.” Hyman struck up a stride bass with tremendous momentum. “Back in the twenties that left hand could supply the rhythm section for a whole room of dancing people. The right hand was in a swinging triple meter, with all kinds of tricky figures.”

He demonstrated the style of four masters of stride, starting with James P. Johnson’s “Carolina Shout,” which was “the earliest stride we’ve got on any kind of reproduction—a

1918 piano roll.” It was an exuberant piece, and as Hyman settled into it, I felt that he *was* James P. Johnson. Next he became Johnson’s student, Fats Waller, first observing—and then illustrating with Waller’s “Handful of Keys”—that as a pianist Waller had “a wonderful light dexterity.” Hyman’s feathery touch in the upper octaves was anchored by a contrapuntal stride in the bass. This was followed by a lightening-fast piece called “Finger Buster,” by Willie “The Lion” Smith, which somehow left Hyman’s fingers unbusted.

“Finally, Art Tatum took all this as a scaffold,” Hyman continued, not even slightly winded, “and erected a great edifice of technical virtuosity, with fantastic runs and techniques that were beyond anyone’s grasp at that time; they were out of the grand-piano literature. But it wasn’t only the flashiness that was overwhelming; it was his harmonic conception—Tatum’s harmonies were so gorgeously chromatic. Still, despite all that ingenuity, when he gets into it, he’s playing stride piano.” He played Tatum’s dazzling arrangement of Vincent Youmans’s “Tea for Two.”

The next category was “orchestral piano,” which included pianists like Jelly Roll Morton, Earl Hines, and Teddy Wil-

AS FROM A QUIVER OF ARROWS

What do we do with the body, do we
burn it, do we set it in dirt or in
stone, do we wrap it in balm, honey,
oil, and then gauze and tip it onto
and trust it to a raft and to water?

What will happen to the memory of his
body, if one of us doesn’t hurry now
and write it down fast? Will it be
salt or late light that it melts like?
Floss, rubber gloves, a chewed cap

to a pen elsewhere—how are we to
regard his effects, do we throw them
or use them away, do we say they are
relics and so treat them like relics?
Does his soiled linen count? If so,

would we be wrong, then, to wash it?
There are no instructions whether it
should go to where are those with no
linen, or whether by night we should
memorially wear it ourselves, by day

reflect upon it folded, shelved, empty.
Here, on the floor behind his bed, is
a bent photo—why? Were the two of
them lovers? Does it mean, where we
found it, that he forgot it or lost it

or intended a safekeeping? Should we
attempt to make contact? What if this
other man too is dead? Or alive, but
doesn’t want to remember, is human?
Is it okay to be human, and fall away

from oblation and memory, if we forget,
and can’t sometimes help it and sometimes
it is all that we want? How long, in
dawns or new cocks, does that take?
What if it is rest and nothing else that

we want? Is it a findable thing, small?
In what hole is it hidden? Is it, maybe,
a country? Will a guide be required who
will say to us how? Do we fly? Do we
swim? What will I do now, with my hands?

—CARL PHILLIPS

SULKA
MADE IN SCOTLAND

SULKA
MADE IN SCOTLAND

CELEBRATING 100 YEARS

SULKA
MADE IN SCOTLAND

SULKA
MADE IN SCOTLAND

SULKA
MADE IN SCOTLAND

SULKA
MADE IN SCOTLAND

S

LONDON

U

NEW YORK

L

PARIS

K

SAN FRANCISCO

A

CHICAGO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son, who didn't think only in terms of the piano; they were also inspired by other instruments. "In Morton's 'The Pearls' you can hear a tuba, a clarinet, and a piccolo," Hyman pointed out, proceeding to play the piece in Morton's orchestral style. "Later Earl Hines did the piano equivalent of what Louis Armstrong does on a trumpet," Hyman went on, turning into Hines playing "Monday Date" à la Armstrong—which brought him to Teddy Wilson. "I've always thought Teddy was playing clarinet. He was a disciple of Hines, but calmer, less frantic, even Mozartean. He played with very little dynamic range, but his playing expressed his gentle personality." Hyman slipped into that personality and played "I've Got the World on a String" with respectful delicacy. "To me, Teddy's things have the charm of monochrome; they're line drawings, uncluttered."

A quick dip into blues and boogie-woogie carried Hyman to intermission, after which came "Swing and the Rhythm Section." Until now, he said, the piano had been self-sufficient. "Then came swing, which changed everything. Suddenly it was felt that the piano was best accompanied by a rhythm section—that was what made things swing. Count Basie set the standard; his piano was a masterpiece of minimalism." Hyman played "One O'Clock Jump," Basie-style, with so few notes in his right hand that it sounded thin until he added a rhythm section with his left hand, asking us to imagine that we were hearing what Basie was hearing: Jo Jones's drums, Freddie Green's guitar, and Walter Page's bass. "That development would revolutionize music. It gave birth to the big-band style of the thirties and forties, except for the 'sweet bands' of Guy Lombardo and Hal Kemp, who were obstinate; they wouldn't swing, no matter what." Hyman then played some Duke Ellington to show how the Duke, who started as a stride pianist, "came to use the whole orchestra as his instrument."

Moving on to bebop, Hyman explained that "Bud Powell played in the patterns of Charlie Parker, exploring the new hip chords in single-note lines." He played "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" as Powell played it, his right hand stabbing at the keys, and then showed how Oscar Peterson, George Shearing, and Thelonious Monk incorporated the bebop vocabulary, each in his own fashion. Carrying his seminar to the present, Hyman played in the styles of Erroll Garner, Dave Brubeck, Bill Evans, Keith Jarrett, Herbie Hancock, and Chick Corea, concluding with a piece in the propulsive style of McCoy Tyner—a pyrotechnical finish that brought the audience to its feet.

The whole journey had lasted two hours and appeared to have taken nothing out of Hyman. After the concert he was as cool as a banker home from the bank. I asked him where I could catch up with him next. He said that in the weeks ahead he would be giving an organ recital and also accompanying a Harold Lloyd silent film at the Paramount Theatre in Seattle; performing at the Gilmore International Keyboard Festival, in Kalamazoo; recording a CD called *The Age of Swing*; and

taking a Mediterranean cruise, on which Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal would be dancing to his score *Ivory Strides*.

My impression was of a methodical man: only someone highly disciplined could have brought off a career so varied and productive. Even his playing style is efficient: Hyman sits at the piano as still and as straight as Vladimir Horowitz, conserving energy for his racing hands. The one imperfection that might be found in his playing is that it is too perfect. It lacks the emotional coloring of a Bill Evans; it is not particularly personal. I wondered whether in serving so many masters Hyman had neglected to serve himself. We made a date for me to visit him when he next came to roost at his home in Venice, Florida, where he and his wife of forty-seven years, Julia Hyman, lifelong New Yorkers, recently settled. There, in a studio with two Baldwin grand pianos and a museum's worth of old records and tapes, all neatly catalogued, he looked back over his life.

DICK Hyman was born in 1927 in New York and grew up in suburban Mount Vernon. He was adept at the piano at an early age and also played the clarinet, imbibing much of his musical education from the early 78-rpm jazz records that his older brother Arthur reverently brought home. He began playing gigs during his high school years, and when he went on to college at Columbia, he composed a varsity-show score. One day he heard of a jazz-piano contest that was being sponsored by radio station WOV; the winner would get twelve free lessons from Teddy Wilson, and the runner-up would get twelve from Mary Lou Williams, both of whom were to be among the judges. Turning up at the studio on the night of the contest, which was broadcast live, Hyman played Irving Berlin's "Always" and finished first. "My mother had tuned in our Zenith radio for the big moment," Hyman said, "and when I got home, she asked me what it was I had played. When I told her, she expressed astonishment. Melody was not a big thing with me in those days."

In his lessons from Teddy Wilson, Hyman said, "I learned the Wilsonian runs that would be borrowed by a generation of jazz pianists, some of which Wilson had learned from Art Tatum, and the chord substitutions that jazz players were then applying to standard songs." He also studied with his mother's brother, the classical pianist Anton Rovinsky. "He was my most important teacher," Hyman said. "I learned touch from him and a certain amount of repertoire, especially Beethoven. On my own I pursued Chopin. I loved his ability to take a melody and embellish it in different arbitrary ways, which is exactly what we do in jazz. Chopin would have been a terrific jazz pianist. His waltzes are in my improvising to this day."

Graduating from college in 1948, Hyman got a job at Wells Music Bar, in Harlem, and he seems never to have missed a day's work since. "One night," he said, "my whole family came up to hear me. They marveled that I could be making that much money doing that kind of thing in Har-

General Motors.

"We've got three trucks and
300 bison, and we've never
had a single traffic jam."



People and nature can live in harmony, according to John Sawhill, President of The Nature Conservancy. For instance, bison at the Conservancy's Tallgrass Prairie Preserve in Oklahoma share miles of pristine grassland with tourists and scientists. To protect and preserve the land, The Nature Conservancy gets corporations, landowners and private citizens to work together to help. The goal: safeguarding the environment without destroying jobs or businesses. That's a goal General Motors shares. So we're supplying funds, talent and even the GMC Trucks used to maintain Tallgrass. John says, "The Conservancy gets results you can walk around on." And the results are truly spectacular.

lem”—\$115 a week. Later that year he did a stint at Café Society, and when Birdland opened, he became the house pianist. He played with the society bandleaders Lester Lanin and Emil Coleman, performing at parties and weddings. “Club-date players are admirable—they can satisfy any dance requirement,” Hyman said. “I learned a million songs from them. It was continuous playing from nine to two. In the first hour you’re playing this ditsy Carmen Cavallaro music and you think, ‘Isn’t this fun?’ In the second hour the fun begins to pall, the third hour is like a dance marathon, and by the fourth hour you don’t give a damn.”

In 1951 Hyman reversed the clock and became a daytime staff pianist and organist with radio station WMCA, and the following year went to NBC, where one of his duties was to show up for a program that started at 7:05 A.M. “We were on call eight hours a day, five days a week. I became known as the guy who would try to play anything that was needed. Usually it came out right. When they discovered that I could also play the organ and was willing to play the organ—most

guys didn’t like the sound or the feel of it—I was in great demand, especially for quiz shows and for the soap opera *Front Page Farrell*.”

Far from wanting to forget what others might consider the indignities of his radio and television and freelance years, Hyman remembers them with great affection. He has tapes of everything he ever did, and he played me a succession of snippets, most of them from freelance jobs, which he fondly identified as they came along.

“This was under my Hawaiian nom de plume—the Sons of Paradise. I played a Lowrey organ that had a glide pedal so that I could sound like a Hawaiian guitar.”

“This was a television show called *The Canine Hall of Fame*. I played a keyboard that we fixed up to reproduce tuned dog barks.”

“This was David McDowell and His Society Orchestra. I made a lot of stuff like that. The record business in those days was such that you could have a lot of fun. You could be anybody. David McDowell’s style was also how I played on club dates for Lester Lanin. It was the accepted all-purpose style.”

“This was an exercise record from the nonaerobic era, before people like Jane Fonda demanded more energy from you. Today it’s hard to imagine such a genteel tempo on an exercise record.”

“This was Stanley Sokol and the Polkateers, on one of many albums I made for the Reader’s Digest. We recorded one whole week of polkas. After the Polish polkas we switched to German polkas, and I became Max Munschausen and the Polka Barons, with vocals by the Pretzel Benders. I played the organ, conducted, and wrote all the arrangements.”

“This was an album called *Sixty Songs That Say I Love You*. I made nine albums of sixty songs each, all in this Car-

men Cavallaro style, one chorus of each, for M-G-M, under my own name. It would be nice to say that I did most of my fooling around under another name, but I have to confess: I sinned under my own name as well. People still bring these things up to me for my autograph. They don’t know the difference.”

“This was Dick Hyman and the Pepper Sisters doing a piece I wrote called ‘Ya Ya,’ which got to be an Italian hit. Everybody wanted to get a hit—by any means. For years we’d go from one recording session to another, all day and even all night long, and it was wonderful.”

“This was my big hit of 1956—one of the first commercial recordings of ‘Mack the Knife,’ which made the top ten on the



Why We Need A Smaller U.S. Population

And How We Can Achieve It

We need a smaller population in order to halt the destruction of our environment, and to create an economy that will be **sustainable** over the very long term.

We are trying to address our steadily worsening environmental problems without coming to grips with their root cause -- overpopulation.

If present immigration and fertility rates continue, our population, now over 264 million, will pass 400 million by the year 2050 -- and still be growing rapidly!

All efforts to save our environment will ultimately be futile unless we not only halt U.S. population growth, but reverse it, so that our population can eventually be stabilized at a **sustainable** level -- far lower than it is today.

The Optimum U.S. Population Size

The central issue is surely this: **At what size should we seek to stabilize U.S. population?** Unless we know in what direction we should be headed, how can we possibly devise sensible policies to get us there?

The size at which our population is eventually stabilized is supremely important because of the effect of sheer numbers of people on such vitally important national goals as a healthy environment, and a sustainable economy.

We believe these goals can best be achieved with a U.S. population in the range of 125 to 150 million, or about its size in the 1940s. This optimum size could be reached in about three to four generations if we do two things now that are well within our grasp.

How To Get There

1. **Impose restrictions on immigration** that would halt illegal immigration, and cap legal immigration at not over 100,000 per year, including all relatives, refugees and asylees. That alone would sharply slow our growth.

2. **Lower our fertility rate** (the average number of children per woman) from the present 2.0 to around 1.5 and maintain it at that level for several decades. We believe that non-coercive financial incentives will be necessary in order to reach that goal.

If almost all women had no more than two children, our fertility rate would drop to around 1.5, because many women remain childless by choice, or choose to have not more than one child. **We promote the ideal of the two-child maximum family as the social norm, because that is the key to lowering our fertility.**

Incentives to Lower Fertility

NPG proposes these incentives to motivate parents to have no more than two children:

- Eliminate the present Federal income tax exemption for dependent children born after a specified date.
- Give a Federal income tax credit **only** to those parents who have not more than two children. Those with three or more would lose the credit entirely.
- Give an annual cash grant to low income parents who pay little or no income tax, and who have no more than two children. Those with three or more children would lose the cash grant entirely.

Two Vastly Different Paths Lie Before Us

With the reductions in immigration and fertility we advocate, our nation could start **now** on the path toward a sustainable, and prosperous, population of 125 to 150 million.

Without such a program, we are almost certain to continue our mindless, headlong rush down our current path. That path is leading us straight toward catastrophic population levels that can only devastate our environment, and produce universal poverty in a crowded, polluted nation.

To learn more about NPG's recommendations for programs designed to halt, and eventually to reverse, U.S. and world population growth, write today for our **FREE BROCHURE**.

NPG is a national nonprofit membership organization founded in 1972. **We are the only organization that calls for a smaller U.S. and world population, and recommends specific, realistic measures to achieve those goals.**

Negative Population Growth, Inc.

P.O. Box 1206, 210 The Plaza, Suite 7C, Teaneck, NJ 07666

charts. That's me whistling. I became an AFTRA member as a whistler; the scale was higher than it was for piano players."

"This was honky-tonk piano. In the fifties there was a sudden vogue for honky-tonk, launched by a German record by a man called Crazy Otto. We all jumped on the bandwagon and played this Gay Nineties stuff. Every studio had one piano that was deliberately kept out of tune, with thumbtacks stuck into the hammers to make it sound even more antique. Whatever name a record company wanted to give me was okay with me; some of them were Knuckles O'Toole and Slugger Ryan and Puddinhead Smith. Those tongue-in-cheek albums introduced many people to what they think is real ragtime. I've since made a lot of ragtime records that *are* authentic, including the complete piano works of Scott Joplin. But people still come up to me with tears in their eyes and say, 'I first heard ragtime when you were Knuckles O'Toole.'"

"This was a record I made for the Hartz Mountain people—accompanying canaries on the organ with Strauss waltzes to train other canaries to sing."

One by-product of all those hours at a studio organ was that Hyman became a student of the instrument, and today he gives concerts on the great pipe organs that survive from the golden age of America's movie palaces. "Pipe organs differ profoundly in their psychology from electronic ones," Hyman writes in his book *Dick Hyman: Piano Pro*.

They seem to want to play a different sort of music. . . . When I prepare for the occasional concerts I now play on the pipes, I have the distinct impression that the organ is teaching me what it wants to do. . . . The tonal colors of a pipe organ are its great glory. I love the rustling string sounds and the spatial character of the various solo elements, which are separate and not electronically compressed into the confines of an audio speaker. Above all, I'm stimulated by being able to orchestrate on the spot.

Orchestration is another skill that Hyman learned "just by being there" as a pianist in a studio ensemble. "I might be playing with anything from André Kostelanetz to a rhythm-and-blues band. If you're a pianist who extemporizes, you end up as the arranger, and being the arranger leads to being the conductor. I got to be a television conductor because I had learned how to deal with directors and floor managers and singers and every kind of act. NBC's executives always pushed me to the next responsible level, even though I didn't have the experience. I guess they thought I could cope with it."

"Dick is musically fearless," Julia Hyman told me. "He never said 'I can't do that' or 'I won't do that.' He figured you should know it all. He went from show to show and he loved every minute. He played the organ on *Beat the Clock* and he thought *that* was fun. He relished the dreck. He was lucky to have been young when television was young and

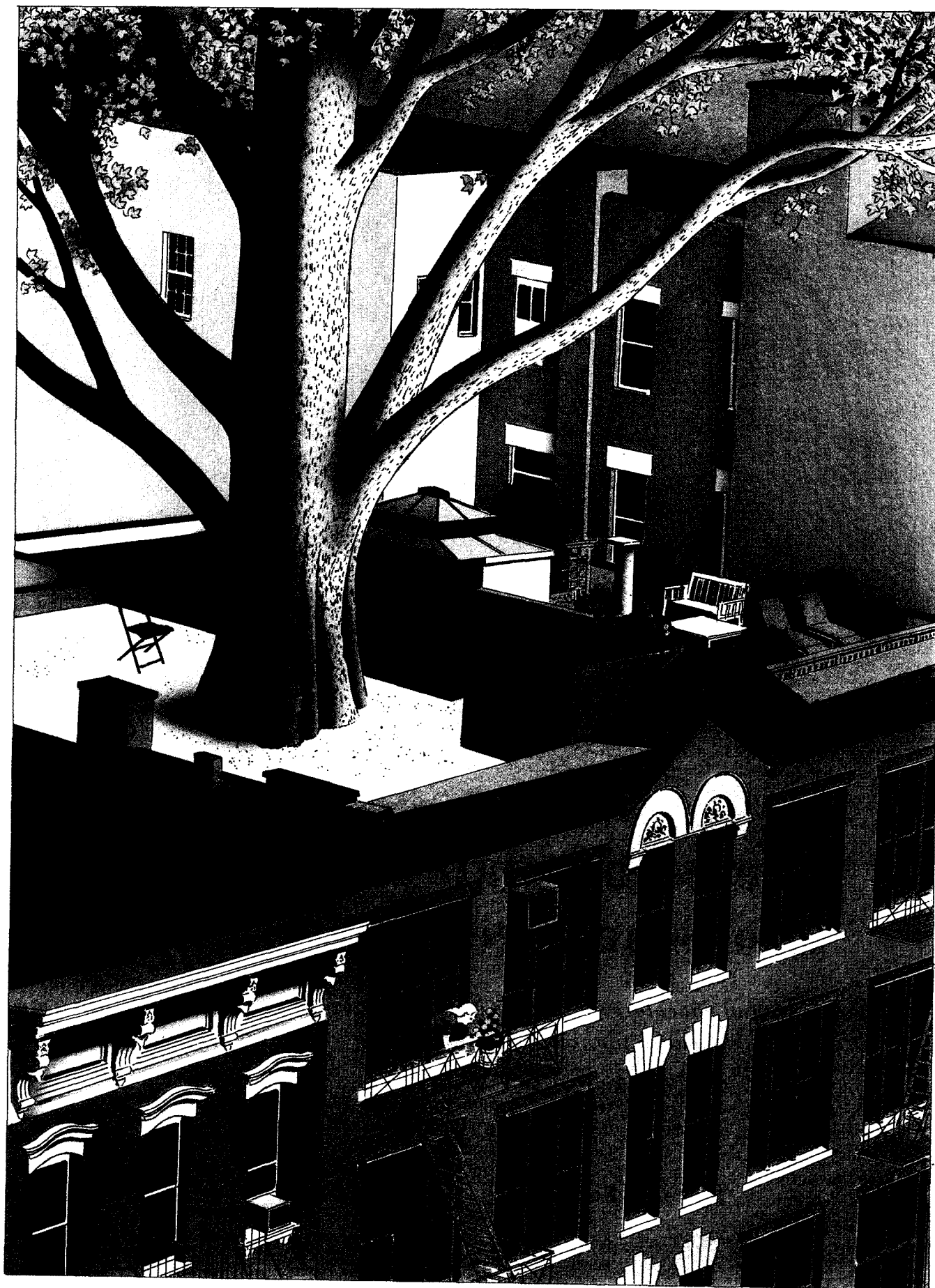
needed so much live music. He learned by having people throw new things at him."

THE two days I spent with Dick Hyman confirmed his wife's portrait of a workaholic totally in love with his work. His personality is businesslike. He thrives on detail, making his own concert and recording and travel arrangements, staying in touch with a vast network of musicians by phone and fax and mail. The citizenship of music is his natural element. When he and I dropped in on some Sarasota jazz spots, he listened as generously to the amateurs as he did to the old pros, finding something good to say about them all. "I continue to do jazz parties—weekends of loosely organized jamming—because it puts me in touch with other players," he said, "just as all my organizing of concerts is a means to an end. It enables me to present my ideas in the company of people I enjoy playing with."

"But I think I play at my best as a soloist. You become aware that the clock is ticking and that you can't do everything forever. You have to pull back and do what you do best. For me, my best is playing the piano and, I hope, composing. The composing comes out of the playing, but of course it reflects everything I've ever played and heard and continue to hear. One of my priorities now is to complete several unfinished compositions and get some of my existing concert works into the repertory, such as my Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Ragtime Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, Sonata for Violin and Piano, and Sextet for Piano, Clarinet, and Strings."

"As for the piano, I'm doing more and more playing in classical venues for nonjazz audiences—people who aren't all that knowledgeable about jazz but who enjoy my kind of piano. I no longer make a big deal about the fact that I can play in various styles. What I can do most effectively is to improvise on American songs by composers like Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, and Irving Berlin, calling on all the strands from my past. It's frankly virtuosic presentation. I enjoy being on stage now. When I was younger, I was comparatively withdrawn. I preferred playing in a recording studio to doing it in front of people, and when I did perform, people got annoyed because I didn't smile. I've learned to smile; I've become more outgoing. I'm also playing better than ever before, and my playing is more emotional. You reach a point where you don't have to display everything that's in your command. People know you can play fast. There are other values to be pursued: feeling, swinging, directness, harmonic exploration."

A chameleon's skin, however, is not easily shed. I knew that one of the Hymans' three children, Judy Hyman, is also a musician, and I asked Hyman about her career. He said that she is an old-time country-music violinist. "Well," I said, "at least that's one style you don't play." Hyman bridled. "I *love* that music," he said. "Judy and I play together as often as we can." ❀





Where Chocolate Grows on Trees

To understand chocolate you must understand the cacao plantation

LATE last spring I visited several cacao plantations in Venezuela, a country that I had always heard produces the world's finest cacao beans, and found that I knew

just half the story of fine chocolate. The half I knew involves the production of chocolate—what happens at the

factory, which is often halfway around the world from the source of cacao beans. On a visit to Lindt, for example, in Zurich, I had watched chocolates being made and learned how small variations in the levels of sugar and cocoa butter, the natural fat in cacao beans, can make big differences in flavor. I assumed

that these were the decisions that required the most expertise.

The half I didn't know had to do with the production of the cacao bean itself—what kind it is, where it grows, how it is tended and picked, and how carefully it is processed to bring out its flavors before it is roasted and ground. ("Cacao" refers to the plant; "cocoa" refers to the powder that results from processing and to the beverage made with it.)

All these things, I learned, make crucial differences in flavor too, and require plenty of expertise. Great chocolate can come only from great cacao. The variety and country of origin of cacao beans are just as important to the flavor of finished chocolate as those of coffee beans are to brewed coffee.

I should have suspected that cacao would be similar to coffee, since the two plants grow in similar subtropical cli-

by Corby Kummer

mates and require similar care. But it's not in the interest of most chocolate manufacturers to advertise the origin of their beans: like most large-scale coffee processors, they buy the cheapest beans they can find and use dark roasts—which substitute generic toasty flavors for the subtle ones that often appear only in moderate roasts—and various flavorings to cover up mediocrity. "Flavor" cacao beans, as premium beans are known in the chocolate trade, usually play a tiny role in a manufacturer's formula, just as the higher-quality arabica coffee beans do in a mass-market coffee blend.

As was true of coffee in this country twenty-five years ago, chocolate is ready for a public revolt against the characterless goods that fill supermarket and even gourmet-shop shelves. In Venezuela, I tasted chocolate to compare to estate-grown coffees—chocolate with flavors more interesting and varied than I had ever before tasted.

THE company that arranged my expedition, Chocolates El Rey, has for decades processed cacao beans for its own use and to sell to big manufacturers in South America and Europe; until recently its own chocolate was sold exclusively in Venezuela. Only with the opening last year of a new \$12 million factory did the company set its sights on making chocolate that would attract the attention of the world's leading makers of truffles and bonbons (filled chocolates, or "pralines," as they are called in Europe) and of pastry chefs in the best restaurants. This meant competing with the French company Valrhona, currently considered the world's leading producer of fine chocolate (the name comes from the Rhone valley where its factory is situated); Callebaut, a Belgian company, also has its adherents.

On arrival in Caracas, I was taken immediately by private plane (the preferred and seemingly only means of transport among members of Venezuela's oligarchy) to a farm that sells much of its production to El Rey. The other members of my group—several distinguished American pastry chefs and the writer Flo Braker—were already wandering the grounds.

A grove of cacao trees at harvest time is a strange sight. On any given tree are hundreds of small white waxy flowers (disappointingly, they have little dis-

cernible scent) and, at the same time, cacao pods in various stages of development. Cacao pods look something like elongated acorn squashes; they start out green and when mature can be a cyan yellow or any of various reds ranging from magenta to vermilion. Squashes grow on vines, and when they grow big and heavy, they lie flat on the ground, which seems natural. Cacao pods grow right out of the tree's trunk and branches, which doesn't seem natural at all. Delicate flowers and mini-pods no bigger than a thumbnail, their ridges clearly discernible, are attached to thick branches just inches from full-grown pods that can be as big as casaba melons.

The beans, or seeds, are the shape of overgrown corn kernels or fat guitar picks. The interior of the fruit, with its shiny lobes of beans suspended in a custardlike white pulp, looks like part of a brain. Cultivated cacao pods must be cut from the trees with a machete and then cut open by hand. Farmers often cut off the pods a few days before they are fully ripe, to keep one step ahead of the animals and birds that have an unerring sense of when perfect ripeness is reached.

Our group sucked on the pulp as we toured the grove, and some of us disobeyed the advice of our host, Wilfried Merle, not to eat the beans. (They're not poisonous; he just didn't want us to have upset stomachs.) Fresh beans don't have much taste. The alkalines and theobromine and small amounts of caffeine, which give flavor and psychoactive effects to finished chocolate, are mildly bitter before the beans are processed.

Merle, a man with a long white beard who left his native Germany in the 1960s to work in Venezuela in the Peace Corps and stayed to become a farmer, explained that cacao trees aid the ecosystem of any region and especially of central Venezuela, where in this century single crops have replaced many cacao plantations. Because young cacao trees need the protection of shade trees, such as banana or plantain trees, more than one kind of crop is planted on a plot, enriching soil and retarding erosion.

Growers interested in quality leave the fresh beans to ferment for about five or six days, often in wooden crates the size of a footlocker. During fermentation the sugar in the pulp, like the sugar in wine grapes, turns to alcohol. Then the alcohol

My Usual Game

Adventures in Golf by David Owen

Author of *The Walls Around Us*

From *The New Yorker* writer and renowned Golf-Dependent Personality — marvelously witty essays on the sport that would be an obsession.

"The Dave Barry of golf."

— *New Orleans Times-Picayune*



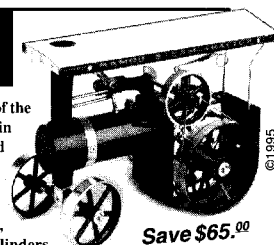
A hole-in-one gift!

VILLARD BOOKS
A Division of Random House, Inc.

Illustration: © Detail of a poster courtesy of La Vie Du Rat - SNGF

STEAM TRACTOR

A Working Replica of the type used years ago in Lumber Camps and Threshing Runs. Comes complete with Brass Boilers, Copper Steam Pipes, Steel Fire Box, Cylinders, Pistons and Whistle that actually blows. Burns solid fuel (included). Fill the boiler with water - Raise Steam - Off she goes. Runs 1/3 mile, self-propelled. Develops 3000rpm, 10"x7"x5", weight 5 lbs. Made in England. In production for over 50 years. Regular \$200.00, Sale \$135.00 + \$5.00 shipping. Send checks/money orders to: **Comes Assembled**
DutchGuard, Dept. A10
P.O. Box 411687
Kansas City, MO 64141
MC/Visa
Order Toll Free
1-800-821-5157



©1995

RAVEN MAPS & IMAGES

Beautiful Wall Maps
U.S., World, States, and Others

Free Catalog (800) 237-0798
Box 850, Medford, OR 97501



Half Moon
Golf Tennis & Beach Club

Montego Bay, Jamaica

See your travel agent or call
800-626-0592 • 809-953-2211

Member ERI/Heinz E. W. Simonitsch, Dir.

Recorded Books™

"Unabridged on Audiocassette"

New! Beach Music

by Pat Conroy

Not a word is missing!

Over 1,400 titles to choose from—histories, mysteries, sci-fi, classics and more! Ask about our easy rentals by mail. Call now for a free brochure:



1-(800)-638-1304

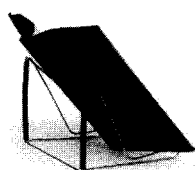
270 Skipjack Road • Prince Frederick, MD 20678

brigger®
is for those who love comfort, solid oak and beautiful fabrics. We ship our rockers, chairs, love-seats, sofas, and side tables free with UPS.

Write or call for brochure and direct ordering information. toll free 1-800-451-7247

klein design, inc.
99 sadler street, gloucester, ma 01930

E-Z READER BOOKHOLDER



Read in Comfort
Read Longer without
Tension or Fatigue
Better For Your Back
and Eyes
Folds and Stores
Conveniently

Patented Design Adjusts for Computer Manuals, Paperbacks and Hardcover Texts

\$7.95 Each or 2 for \$13.95

+ \$2.00 S&H per Order; CA Res. Add 8.25% Tax

Send Check or Money Order to: Diamondback Design

23391 Mulholland Dr., #473, Woodland Hills, CA 91364

GET MORE MOVIES! MORE SPORTS! FOR YOUR MONEY!

RCA 18" Satellite Dish & Big Screen TV's
Payments as low as \$20/mo.
BUY DIRECT & SAVE!

Over 175 Channels of Exciting Programs!

Call for More Information & Color Catalog! 1-800-553-5443

LONDON FLATS

Finest Standard

THE LONDON CONNECTION

Phone: 801-393-9120 Fax: 801-393-3024

ferments into lactic and acetic acids; the cell walls of the bean break down and chocolate flavors begin to develop. Some farmers don't bother to ferment the beans, since partial fermentation will take place later anyway, when the beans are left to dry. But the best flavors develop only with full fermentation, and lesser-quality beans especially will give a bitter aftertaste if not properly fermented.

The beans must be dried so that they won't mold during storage. At Merle's farm the drying takes place on big wooden patios in the sun; we watched workers rake the beans around for even exposure. Unlike fermented and dried coffee beans, which are green and rubbery and taste nothing like coffee, fermented and dried cacao beans are already a mahogany brown and have plenty of chocolate flavor.

At least the ones we kept eating off the patios did. Venezuelan beans are largely criollo and trinitario, the species with the most flavor. Almost all the production of these two species comes from Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, and a few Caribbean islands. The bulk of world production is of the hardier forastero bean, which is low in flavor and lacking all subtlety; most of the cacao crop of Africa and Brazil is forastero. The chocolate in almost every candy bar is made from either forastero beans alone or forastero plus a tiny percentage of flavor beans—criollo or, much more likely, trinitario, which is a cross between criollo and forastero. Named for Trinidad, trinitario dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Spaniards were planting cacao in much of South and Central America.

Dried cacao beans are said to be too bitter to eat, and unpleasantly gritty: they must be roasted, ground, and mixed for days with additional cocoa butter to make the miracle of chocolate as we know it. In fact I much prefer crunching on cacao nibs, as hulled pieces of dried (and usually roasted) cacao beans are called. Their flavor is marvelously deep and powerful, although, granted, the texture is nowhere near as smooth as chocolate's. The first time I tasted cacao nibs, which a big chocolate importer had brought as a kind of curiosity to a tasting in Washington, D.C., I begged for a jarful to take home, thinking they would be great in chocolate-chip cookies. I wound up finishing the nibs before I could even get to mixing a dough.

AFTER a few more private-plane trips over the savannahs and mountains of central Venezuela, our group spent a long day at El Rey's big and impressive new plant, on the outskirts of Barquisimeto, the country's third largest city and a place far pleasanter than Caracas. Even for nonfanatics, being around open vats of churning liquid chocolate is intoxicating. We were guided by Jorge Redmond Schlageter, a scion of a landowning family whose holdings include El Rey; he is in his mid-forties and was educated in America. Redmond has made it his goal to produce the world's best chocolate, and at farms in several parts of the country he is experimenting with various cross-breeds to obtain the best flavor.

Redmond led us through a tasting of more than a dozen kinds of chocolate—a tiring session lasting nearly three hours which was the centerpiece of the trip. The differences were entirely in the kind of bean or beans and in the roast; the proportions of sugar and cocoa butter were constant.

Although it's hard to taste more than a few wines and keep them straight, each chocolate was distinct. Small variations in roasting temperature were more important than any of us would have guessed. Too high a temperature will mean lost delicacy and a blatant, unvarying chocolate flavor. Everyone, including Redmond, was surprised to find that the chocolate made of porcelana, the criollo variety considered to be the finest of all, tasted chalky and astringent. We preferred the several samples made from trinitario beans, which, even if the beans do contain genetic material from the dreaded forastero species, were at once nuanced and hearty. The president of El Rey's U.S. operation, Rand Turner, was relieved to hear that one of our favorites was a chocolate made from carenero, a criollo bean; this is the flagship of the current El Rey line. (The company is introducing another line this year, and plans to come out with still more, employing both single beans and blends.)

The group's very favorite chocolate was made from a variety of carenero developed by Silvino Reyes, the son of Humberto and Lilian Reyes, agronomists who specialize in cacao botany and who gave us an absorbing lecture on the natural history of cacao. The care that Silvino's farm took at every step, from planting to

picking to processing, was apparent in the chocolate's high and low flavor notes.

For me the greatest discovery was how much flavor cocoa butter can have. Cocoa butter is the world's most expensive edible natural fat, largely because of its melting point of 95°F, which means that it remains solid at room temperature (up to 90°F) but melts in your mouth—and in your hands, if you don't act quickly. Makers of fine chocolate use only cocoa butter—not vegetable fats, which are cheaper—to blend with ground nibs. They add as much as necessary to achieve the silkiest texture possible, and take care not to skimp on churning time.

Cocoa butter is spoken of in near-reverent terms for its incomparable “mouth-feel.” But in order that manufacturers will achieve consistent results, it is almost always deodorized, leaving just a slight vanilla-like sweet scent and little more flavor than Crisco has—as anyone who has tasted white chocolate can attest. White chocolate at its best is plain cocoa butter mixed with sugar and powdered milk and flavorings; at its (very common) worst it contains little or no cocoa butter, and artificial flavorings. Good or bad, it's usually unredeemably boring.

El Rey doesn't deodorize its cocoa butter. At La Praline, a bonbon shop in Caracas run by Ludo and Lisette Gillis, who find Venezuela more exciting than their native Belgium, I tasted white chocolate based on El Rey cocoa butter which was so good I would gladly build recipes around it (unfortunately, it is not exported). Milk chocolate, which I usually ignore for its bland sweetness, also has an unexpectedly rich flavor when the cocoa butter has all its flavor. It's like stereo sound when you've been used to mono.

You can't taste bonbons as extraordinary as those at La Praline unless you travel to Caracas, but you can try the lines El Rey is producing by calling 800-357-3999. You can compare El Rey's 100 percent Venezuelan cacao content with the fine chocolates made by Valrhona (718-842-8700), which include beans from many countries, or Callebaut (800-396-2872). And into this rarefied company you should introduce a plain old chocolate bar. You'll most likely be surprised by how immediately apparent the differences are between fine and ordinary chocolate. But you might want to start with fewer than a dozen kinds at a sitting. ☼

*No passionate
and musically engaged as to leave a listener awestruck ... San Francisco Examiner*

What you notice first about Chee-Yun's playing is

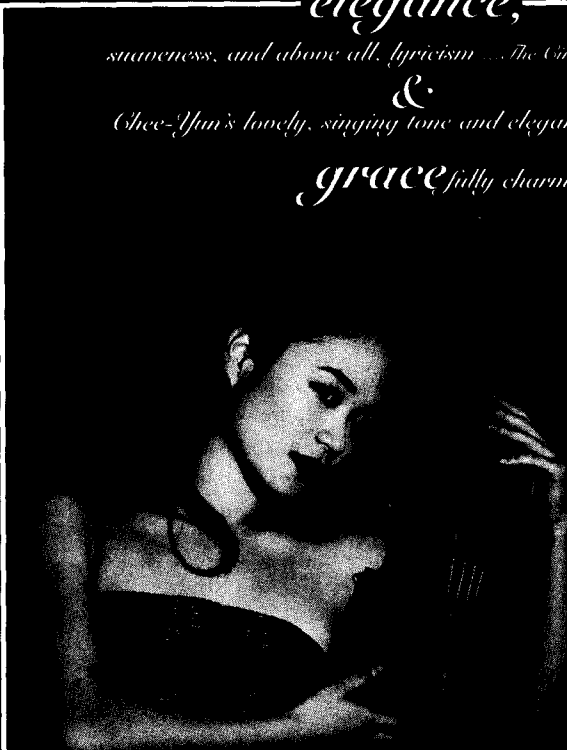
elegance,

swiftness, and above all, lyricism ... The Cincinnati Enquirer

&

Chee-Yun's lovely, singing tone and elegant phrasing is

gracefully charming ... Classical Observer



CHEE YUN

utterly magical. Gramophone




AVAILABLE AT

ALLEGRO
America's Independent Distribution

DENON

CLASSICAL MUSIC MONTH

9CONUS

SHOP THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY STORE WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR HOME.

Enjoy the convenience of shopping in The Atlantic Monthly Store on America Online. You'll find books by favorite Atlantic authors Jack Beatty, C. Michael Curtis, James Fallows, Robert Kaplan, Garrison Keillor, and others, at 25% off the cover price. Other products include Atlantic Monthly mugs and T-shirts, the Puzzler Book, and both the current issue and back issues of *The Atlantic Monthly*. If you do not have a subscription to America Online and would like information on the items in the store, please fax your request to The Atlantic Store at (617) 536-6605.

For information on how to visit
The Atlantic Monthly Online, please see page 12.

A Chicago of a Novel

In The Adventures of Augie March, Saul Bellow retired the cup

by Martin Amis

THE *Adventures of Augie March* is the Great American Novel. Search no further. All the trails went cold forty-two years ago. The quest did what quests very rarely do: it ended.

But what was that quest anyway—itsself so essentially American? No literary masterpiece or federal epic is mentioned in the Constitution as one of the privileges

and treats guaranteed to the populace, along with things like liberty and life and the right to bear computerized MAC-10s. Still, it is easy enough to imagine how such an aspiration might have developed. As its culture was evolving, and as cultural self-consciousness dawned, America found itself to be a youthful, vast, and various land, peopled by non-Americans.

So how *about* this place? Was it a continental holding camp for Greeks, Jews, Brits, Italians, Scandinavians, and Lithuanians, together with the remaining Amerindians from Ice Age Mongolia? Or was it a nation, with an identity—with a soul? Who could begin to give the answers? Amid such diversity, who could crystallize the American experience?



Like most quests, the quest for the Great American Novel seemed destined to be endless. In general you won't find that mythical beast, that Holy Grail, that earthly Eden—though you have to keep looking. As with the pursuit of happiness, the pursuit is the thing; you are never going to catch up. It was very American to *insist* on having a Great American Novel, thus rounding off all the other benefits Americans enjoy. Nobody has ever worried about the Great French Novel or the Great Russian Novel (though it is entirely intelligible that there should be some cautious talk about the Great Australian Novel). Trying to find the Great American Novel, rolling up your sleeves and trying to *write* it: this was *American*. And so it would go on, forever, just as literature never progresses or improves but simply evolves and provides the model. The Great American Novel was a chimera; this mythical beast was a pig with

wings. Miraculously, however, and uncovenantedly, Saul Bellow brought the animal home. Bellow sorted it. He dedicated the book to his father and published it in 1953 and then settled down to write *Seize the Day*.

Literary criticism, as normally practiced, will tend to get in the way of a novel like *Augie March*. Shaped (loosely) as an odyssey, and well stocked with (un-systematic) erudition, with invocations and incantations, the book is very vulnerable to the kind of glossarial jigsaw solver who must find *form*: pattern, decor, lamination, color scheme. But that isn't how the novel works on you. Books are partly about life and partly about other books. Some books are largely about other books, and spawn yet other books. *Augie March* is all about life: it brings you up against the dead end of life. Bellow's third novel, following the somewhat straitened performances of *Dangling Man* and

The Victim, is above all *free*—without inhibition. An epic about the so-called ordinary, it is a marvel of remorseless spontaneity. As a critic, therefore, you feel no urge to interpose yourself. Your job is to work your way round to the bits you want to quote. You are a guide in a gallery where the signs say SILENCE, PLEASE; you are shepherding your group from spectacle to spectacle—awed, humbled, and trying, as far as possible, to keep your mouth shut.

A BRIEF outline: *The Adventures of Augie March* is about the formation of an identity, of a soul—that of a fatherless and penniless boy growing up in and around Depression-era Chicago. Augie's mother is "simple-minded," and so is his younger brother, Georgie, who "was born an idiot." Simon, his older brother, is hardheaded; and Simon is all Augie's got. The domestic configuration is established early on, with typical pathos and truthfulness.

Never but at such times, by necessity, was my father mentioned. I claimed to remember him; Simon denied that I did, and Simon was right. I liked to imagine it.

"He wore a uniform," I said. "Sure I remember. He was a soldier."

"Like hell he was. You don't know anything about it."

"Maybe a sailor."

"Like hell. He drove a truck for Hall Brothers laundry on Marshfield, that's what he did."

His mother sewed buttonholes at a coat factory in a Wells Street loft, and his father was a laundry driver; and Augie is simply "the by-blow of a traveling man."

What comes across in these early pages—the novel's first act—is the depth of the human divide between the hard and the soft. The home, with its closed circle, tries to be soft. The outside world is all hard—isn't it? (It certainly *looks* hard.) Georgie is soft. He puts "his underlip forward" in search of a kiss, "chaste, lum-moxy, caressing, gentle and diligent." Given his chicken gizzard at noon, he "blew at the ridgy thing more to cherish than to cool it." Later Georgie sits at the kitchen table "with one foot stepping on the other" while his grim future is grimly discussed. This leads to the famously unbearable scene in which Augie accompanies his brother to the institution.



AUDIO BOOKS



- Rentals by mail
- All Unabridged
- Huge Selection
- 100% Guarantee

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. A • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:
1-800-729-2665

VILLAS, FARMHOUSES, CASTLES,
& APARTMENTS TO RENT IN ITALY

Specializing in Umbria and Tuscany



For 125-page illustrated catalog
of 200 rental properties, send \$5 to

VACANZE IN ITALIA

22 Railroad St., Great Barrington, MA 02130
Telephone (413) 528-6610

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL • SRI LANKA • TAIWAN

Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas

1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing
over 120 varieties of
garden-fresh, loose tea

P.O. BOX 159-C • UPTON, MA 01568

TAN AT HOME!



SunQuest
WOLFF
TANNING BEDS
Buy Direct and Save Up To 50%
New and Used Units
Call for a FREE Color Catalog!
1-800-462-9197

•Home and Commercial•

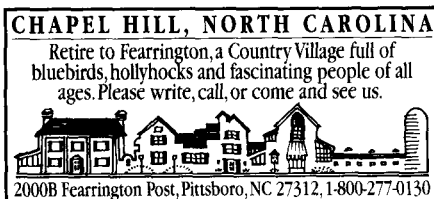
Three Million Pieces
China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles
Obsolete, Inactive & Active.
Buy Or Sell.

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept. TA

1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of
bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all
ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.



2000B Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

We were about an hour getting to the Home—wired windows, dog-proof cyclone fence, asphalt yard, great gloom. . . . We were allowed to go up to the dormitory with him, where other kids stood around under the radiator high on the wall and watched us. Mama took off George's coat and the manly hat, and in his shirt of large buttons, with whitish head and big white, chill fingers—it was troubling they were so man-sized—he kept by me beside the bed while I again showed him the simple little stunt of the satchel lock. But I failed to distract him from the terror of the place and of boys like himself around—he had never met such before. And now he realized that we would leave him and he began to do with his soul, that is, to let out his moan, worse for us than tears, though many grades below the pitch of weeping. Then Mama slumped down and gave in utterly. It was when she had the bristles of his special head between her hands and was kissing him that she began to cry. When I started after a while to draw her away he tried to follow. I cried also. I took him back to the bed and said, "Sit here." So he sat and moaned. We went down to the car stop and stood waiting by the black, humming pole for the trolley to come back from city limits.

Mama, too, simple, abandoned, a fool for love, is soft. As with Georgie, when Augie evokes his mother he accords her the beauty and mystery of a child. Family disruptions (of which there are many) frighten her: "she was upright in her posture and like waiting for the grief to come to a stop; as if this stop would be called by a conductor." But her distress is also adult, intimidating, unreachable. In the days after the decision is made to commit Georgie, Mama

made no fuss or noise nor was seen weeping, but in an extreme and terrible way seemed to be watching out the kitchen window, until you came close and saw the tear-strengthened color of her green eyes and of her pink face, her gap-toothed mouth. . . . she lay herself dumbly on the outcome of forces, without any work of mind. . . .

In Augie's childhood world, with its

hesitancy and its peeled senses, it is as if everybody is too delicate to be touched. Too soft, or too hard—like Simon. Simon is Augie's parallel self: the road not traveled. All Simon ever does is set himself the task of becoming a high-grade American barbarian; but on the page he becomes a figure of Shakespearean solidity, rendered with Dickensian force. And there is a kind of supercharged logic here. To the younger brother, the older brother fills the sky, and will assume these unholy dimensions. Simon sweats and fumes over the novel.

Even when he is absent, he is always there.

Parentless and penniless: the basic human material. Penniless, Augie needs employment. If the novels of another great Chicagoan, Theodore Dreiser, sometimes feel like a long succession of job interviews, then *Augie March* often resembles a surrealist catalogue of apprenticeships. During the course of the novel Augie becomes (in order) a hand-bill distributor, a paper boy, a dime-store packer, a news vendor, a Christmas extra in a toy department, a flower deliverer, a butler, a shoe salesman, a saddle-shop floorwalker, a hawker of rubberized paint, a dog washer, a book swiper, a coal-yard helper, a housing surveyor, a union organizer, an animal trainer, a gambler, a literary researcher, a salesman of business machines, a sailor, and a middleman for a war profiteer. As late as a third of the way into the novel Augie is still poring over magazines in search of "vocational hints."

"All the influences were waiting for me. I was born, and there they were to form me. . . ." Malleable and protean, "easily appealed to," busy "trying various things on," Augie is a natural protégé, willing prey for the nearest "reality instructor": would-be "big personalities, destiny molders, and heavy-water brains, Machiavellis and wizard evildoers, big-wheels and imposers-upon, absolutists." First there is Grandma Lausch (no relation), the old widow who directs and manipulates the March family with the power-crazed detachment of a eugenicist. "Her eyes whitely contemptuous, with a terrible little naked yawn of her



gums, suck-cheeked with unspoken comment," Grandma Lausch is definitely of the hardness party. But she is Old World, Odessan, "*Eastern*"; and Augie's subsequent mentors are embodiments of specifically American strategies and visions, as their names suggest: Mr. Einhorn, Dingbat, Mrs. Renling, Joe Gorman, Manny Padilla, Clem Tambow, Kayo Obermark, Robey, Mintouchian, Basteshaw (and Simon—always Simon). With each of these lower-case "universalists"—who believe that wherever they happen to be standing, "the principal laws [are] underfoot"—Augie goes a certain distance until he finds himself "in the end zone" of his adaptability. Then he breaks free.

So what are all these roles and models, these outfits and uniforms, these performances? Augie is on a journey but he isn't going anywhere. If he has a destination, it is simply a stop called Full Consciousness. In a sense Augie is heading to the point where he will become the author of his own story. He will not necessarily be capable of writing it. He will be capable of thinking it. This is what the convention of the first person amounts to. The narrator expresses his thoughts, and the novelist gives them written shape. Like all narrators, Augie is a performing artist (as a young man). And it is Bellow who provides his portrait.

The artist, perhaps uniquely and definingly, gets through life without belonging to anything: no organization, no human conglomerate. Everybody in Augie's immediate familial orbit is eventually confined to an institution—even Simon, who commits himself to the association of American money. A leaf in the wind of random influences, Augie wafts through various establishments and big concerns, leagues, cliques, and syndicates. As he does so, it becomes increasingly clear that whatever identity is, whatever the soul is, the institution is its opposite and its enemy. This commonplace does not remain a commonplace under Augie's gaze. Human amalgamation attacks his very sensorium, inspiring animal bafflement and visionary rage. Dickens's institutions are eccentric; Bellow's are psychopathic. Small isn't always beautiful, but big vibrates with *meshuggah* power.

This is the dispensary:

like the dream of a multitude of dentists' chairs, hundreds of them in a space as enormous as an armory, and green bowls with designs of glass grapes, drills lifted zigzag as insects' legs, and gas flames on the porcelain swivel trays—a thundery gloom in Harrison Street of limestone county buildings and cumbersome red streetcars with metal grillwork on their windows and monarchical iron whiskers of cowcatchers front and rear. They lumbered and clanged, and their brake tanks panted in the slushy brown of a winter afternoon or the bare stone brown of a summer's, salted with ash, smoke, and prairie dust, with long stops at the clinics to let off clumpers, cripples, hunchbacks, brace-legs, crutch-wielders, tooth and eye sufferers, and all the rest.

This is the dime store:

that tin-tough, creaking, jazzy bazaar of hardware, glassware, chocolate, chickenfeed, jewelry, drygoods, oil-cloth . . . and even being the Atlases of it, under the floor, hearing how the floor bore up under the ambling weight of hundreds, with the fanning, breathing movie organ next door and the rumble descending from the trolleys on Chicago Avenue—the bloody-rinded Saturday gloom of wind-borne ash, and blackened forms of five-story buildings rising up to a blind Northern dimness from the Christmas blaze of shops.

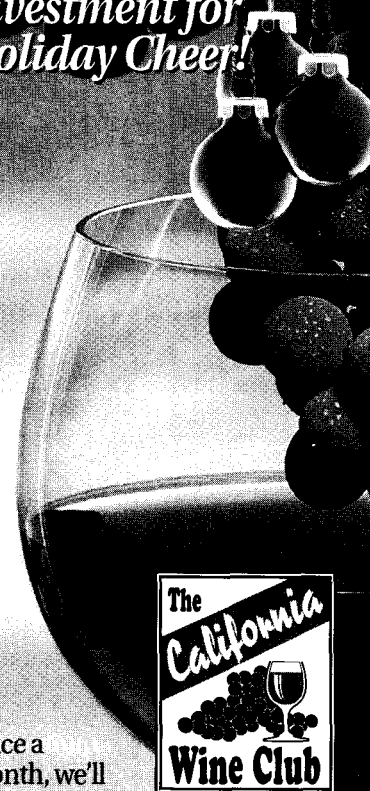
And this is the old folks' home, where Grandma goes:

We came up the walk, between the slow, thought-brewing, beat-up old heads, liver-spotted, of choked old blood salts and wastes, hard and bone-bare domes, or swollen, the elevens of sinews up on collarless necks crazy with the assaults of Kansas heats and Wyoming freezes. . . . white hair and rashy, vessel-busted hands holding canes, fans, newspapers in all languages and alphabets, faces gone in the under-surface flues and in the eyes, of these people sitting in the sunshine and leaf-burning outside or in the mealy moldiness and gravy acids in the house.

Such writing is of course animated by love as well as pity and protest. And there are certain institutions and establishments to which Augie is insidiously drawn. The pool hall, for instance, and

Snob Appeal. Without the Snob.

A Great Gift
Investment for
Holiday Cheer!



Once a month, we'll send your client two different bottles of award-winning wine from some of California's finest boutique wineries.

In addition, the wines will be accompanied by our 8-page newsletter *Uncorked*,™ which gives an in-depth look at the wines being sampled. Send for as many months as you like. \$30 per month includes shipping and handling.

VISA-MC-AMEX-Call 24 HOURS

1-800-777-4443

AUDIO-FORUM® offers the best in self-instructional foreign-language courses using audio cassettes — featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, German, Arabic, Russian, Hebrew, Chinese, Italian, Korean, Polish, and more.

Learn a foreign language on your own!

Free Catalog

Our 25th year.

Call toll-free: 1-800-243-1234

Audio-Forum

Room 3417, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794 • fax (203) 453-9774

Name _____

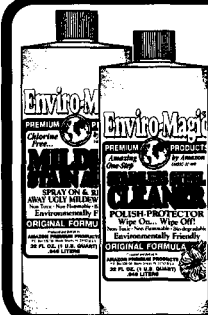
Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

I am particularly interested in (check choices):

- ☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ German ☐ Russian
☐ Hebrew ☐ Chinese ☐ Arabic ☐ Polish
☐ Other _____

Enviro-Magic®



All Amazon Premium Products...

- MILDEW STAIN AWAY
- SUPER SPOT REMOVER
- STAINLESS STEEL CLEANER & RESTORER
- LEMON OIL FURNITURE TREATMENT
- CEDARWOOD OIL
- PLUS MANY MORE...

Call for Free Catalog
1-800-832-5645
or write P.O. Box 530156
Miami, FL 33153



Your one-stop bookshop by phone

Call us to order any book in print, from new releases to classics. Free shipping on US orders over \$20.

BookBound 800-959-READ

516-324-1518 • Fax: 516-324-2846
Box 2376, East Hampton, NY 11937

HIMALAYA

EVEREST • TIBET • LADAKH • K2 • MUSTANG • BHUTAN
DOLPO • SPITI • MANASLU • SIKKIM • AND MORE

Walk in small groups to untrodden places hidden in the world's highest mountains.
Live in pure culture. Walk back.

1-800-525-TREK

SNOWLION

the anti-institution of crime. Here is Augie, in a new kind of uniform:

Grandma Lausch would have thought that the very worst she had ever said about me let me off too lightly, seeing me in the shoeshine seat above the green tables, in a hat with diamond air-holes cut in it and decorated with brass kiss-me pins and Al Smith buttons, in sneakers and Mohawk sweatshirt, there in the frying jazz and the buzz of baseball broadcasts, the click of markers, butt thumping of cues, spat-out pollyseed shells and blue chalk crushed underfoot and dust of hand-slickening talcum hanging in the air.

That *frying jazz*! Criminals are attractive because their sharply individualized energies seem to operate outside the established social arrangement. Augie is deeply candid, but he is not especially honest. Invited along on a housebreaking job, Augie doesn't give any reason for saying yes; he simply announces that he didn't say no.

"Are you a real crook?" Mr. Einhorn asks. "Have you got the calling?" At this point Einhorn, a crippled property broker ("he had a brain and many enterprises, real directing power"), is still Augie's primary mentor. Einhorn knows how the world works; he knows about criminals and institutions. And in one of the book's most memorable speeches he lets Augie have it. One hardly needs to say that Bellow has an exquisite ear, precise and delighted in its registers: Guillaume, for example, the dog handler who has become overreliant on his hypodermic ("Thees jag-off is goin' to get it!"); or Happy Kellerman, Simon's much-abused coal-yard manager ("I never

took no shit in bigger concerns"); or Anna Coblin, Mama's cousin ("Owgie, the telephone ringt. Hear!"). Naturally, Bellow can do all this. But from time to time he will also commandeer a character's speech for his own ends, keeping to the

broad modulations of the voice while giving them a shove upward, hierarchically, toward the grand style. Seasoned Bellovians have learned to accept this as a matter of convention. We still hear Einhorn, but it is an Einhorn pervaded by his creator.

"Don't be a sap, Augie, and fall into the first trap life digs for you. Young fellows brought up in bad luck, like you, are naturals to keep the jails filled—the reformatories, all the institutions. What the state orders bread and beans long in advance for. It knows there's an element that can be depended on to come behind bars to eat it. Or it knows how much broken rock for macadam it can expect, and whom it can count on to break it. . . . It's practically determined. And if you're going to let it be determined for you too, you're a sucker. Just what's predicted. Those sad and tragic things are waiting to take you in—the clinks and clinics and soup lines know who's the natural to be beat up and squashed, made old, pooped, farted away, no-purposed away. If it should happen to you, who'd be surprised? You're a set-up for it."

Nevertheless, as the novel nears the end of its second act, Augie continues to feel the urge to bottom out. At least the bottom is solid, and there's no farther to fall—and nothing else in his life seems solid. Soon after Einhorn's speech Augie goes on another incautious jaunt (in a hot car) with the same hustler (Joe Gorman, the housebreaker) out Toledo way. Augie escapes the state troopers but gets incarcerated on another charge, in Detroit.

"Lock 'em all up."

We had to empty our pockets; they were after knives and matches and such objects of harm. But for me that wasn't what it was for, but to have the bigger existence taking charge of your small things, and making you learn forfeits as a sign that you aren't any more your own man, in the street, with the contents of your pockets your own business: *that* was the purpose of it.

Augie's durance, though, on his detour in the Midwest, unmoored from Chicago, is internal and spiritual. Here for the first time he sees human misery stretched across a natural landscape: war veterans, the unemployed bums haunting the rail tracks (they "made a ragged line, like a section gang that draws aside at night back of the flares as a train comes through, only much more



numerous”) and sleeping in heaps on the floors of disused boxcars.

It was no time to be awake, or half awake, with the groaning and sick coughing, the grumbles and gases of bad food, the rustling in paper and straw like sighs or the breath of dissatisfaction. . . . A bad night—the rain rattling hard first on one side and then on the other like someone nailing down a case, or a coop of birds, and my feelings were big, sad, comfortless, of a thinking animal, my heart acting like an orb filled too big for my chest

—“not from revulsion,” Augie adds, “which I have to say I didn’t feel.” And we believe him. Passively, directionlessly, Augie is visiting the dark and bestial regions occupied by his mother and younger brother—alike incapable of “work of mind.” Some pages earlier, after an extreme humiliation, Augie has said,

I felt I had got trampled all over my body by a thing some way connected by weight with my mother and my brother George, who perhaps this very minute was working on a broom, or putting it down to shamle in to supper; or with Grandma Lausch in the Nelson Home—somehow as though run over by the beast that kept them steady company and that I thought I was safely away from.

And by the time Augie limps back to Chicago, his family is gone. Simon has taken off, in obscure disgrace; Mama has been farmed out; and Grandma Lausch (“My grates couldn’t hold it. I shed tears with my sleeve over my eyes”) is dead. Childhood—Act One—ended with the house getting

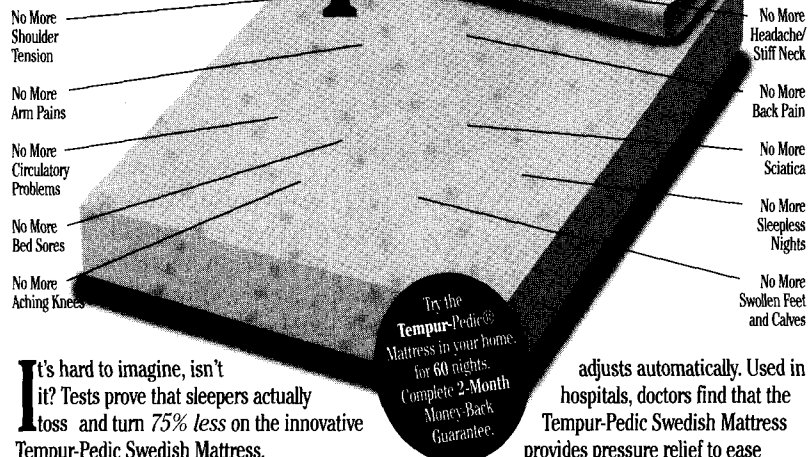
darker, smaller; once shiny and venerated things losing their attraction and richness and importance. Tin showed, cracks, black spots where enamel was hit off, threadbarer, design scuffed out of the center of the rug, all the glamour, lacquer, massiveness, florescence, wiped out.

The second act—youth—ends when there is nothing to go back to, because the home is no longer a place.

“**G**EORGIE Mahchy, Augie, Simey / Winnie Mahchy, ewwy, ewwy love Mama.”

So Georgie used to sing, on the novel’s

Don't Decide Now, Sleep On It!



It's hard to imagine, isn't it? Tests prove that sleepers actually **loss** and turn 75% less on the innovative Tempur-Pedic Swedish Mattress.

Now, you can prove it to yourself by trying out our breakthrough Tempur-Pedic Mattress for 2 full months absolutely risk-free. If you decide your new, productive life isn't worth every penny, we'll give you a total no-questions-asked refund.

But we know you'll love this new bedding technology—originally designed for NASA—that senses your body weight and temperature and

adjusts automatically. Used in hospitals, doctors find that the Tempur-Pedic Swedish Mattress provides pressure relief to ease everything from back pain to bed sores. It's the way everyone will choose to sleep in the 21st century.

So, phone us for your FREE video. Then, make this life-changing decision with your eyes closed.

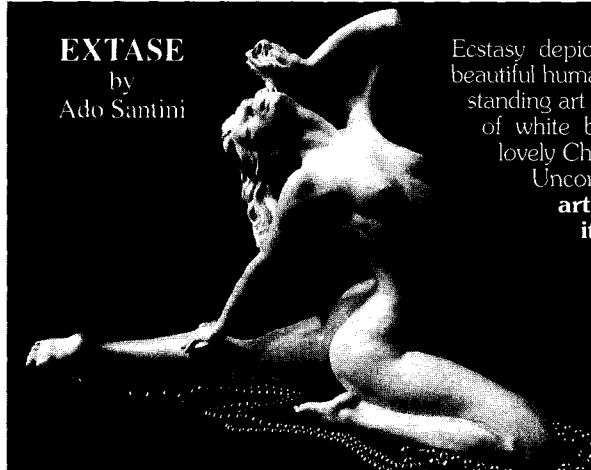
Feel It To Believe It!

Call Today for your FREE Video.
1-800-886-6466



Monday-Saturday, 8:00am - 9:00pm
Tempur-Pedic, Inc., 848-G, Nandino Boulevard, Lexington, Kentucky 40511

EXTASE by Ado Santini



Ecstasy depicted in the fascinating lines of a beautiful human body. A unique piece of free standing art deco sculpture. 14" x 9". Made of white bonded marble...\$149 ppd. A lovely Christmas gift! Check. VISA. MC. Unconditional guarantee. **120 page artbook color catalog of 400 items...\$6. Museum quality sculpture.**

ELEGANZA LTD.

Importers of Fine Statuary
Magnolia Village
3217 W. Smith #3130
Seattle, WA 98199
206/283-0609

opening page. And it wasn't quite true. Winnie, Grandma Lausch's poodle ("a pursy old overfed dog"), didn't love Mama; and it remains painfully questionable whether Simon ever loved anybody. Georgie might have amended his song so that it concluded "evwy evwy Augie love." Simon tells Augie, with full Chicagoan contempt, "You can't hold your load of love, can you!" And it's true. Tallish, dark, flushed, "rosy," with "high hair," always "vague" but always "stubborn," Augie is unembarrassably amorous. When it comes to love, Augie just refuses to get real.

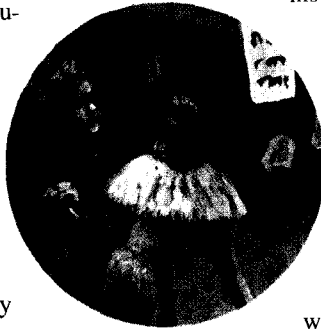
This marks him out, locally, as an effeminate anachronism—as does his goodness. "You don't keep up with the times. You're going against history," Manny Padilla says. "The big investigation today is into how *bad* a guy can be, not how good he can be." Generally in literature goodness has always been bad news. As Montherlant said, happiness—the positive value—"writes white." Only Tolstoy, perhaps, made happiness swing on the page. And goodness writes purple. We'll never know how Russian novelists would have done modern goodness. In his Russian novels, as opposed to his American novels, Nabokov's goodies exude an aristocratic triumphalism (it's his one *dud* note), striding, blaring, munching, guffawing. But Bellow is a Russian too, as well as an American; and he makes goodness swing. Of course, Augie *is* an anachronism. Empathetic on a broad scale, he remains unalienated. His sufferings are reactive rather than existential. He is not a discontent: civilization, if we could get any, would suit him fine. He believes in the soul, and in human perfectibility. For the hero of a mid-twentieth-century novel, Augie is anomalously allegro; he is daringly, scandalously spry.

With women Augie displays an almost satirical susceptibility. First love, or first yearning, smites him as a high school sophomore.

I took sick with love, with classic symptoms of choked appetite and utter absorption, hankering, great refinements of respect in looks. . . . with a miserable counterfeit of merely pass-

ing, secretly pumped with raptures and streaming painfully. I clumped by. . . . I didn't stop this sadhearted, worshipful blundering around or standing like painted wood across the street from the tailor shop in the bluey afternoon.

Her scraggy father labored with his needle, bent over, and presumably thinking nothing of his appearance to the street in the lighted glass; her chicken-thin little sister in black gym bloomers cut paper with the big shears.



Augie never addresses a word to Hilda Novinson, the tailor's daughter. But he gets a little bit further with his next love object, Esther Fenchel. At this point Augie is under the tutelage of wealthy Mrs. Renling, toggled up in "dude-ranch" style and holidaying in a fancy hotel on Lake Michigan. In the meantime he has become acquainted with "the sexual sting" (and will soon be noticing, for instance, that Guillaume's girlfriend is "a great work of ripple-assed luxury with an immense mozzarella bust"). Nevertheless, Augie continues to love Esther from afar, and in the high style: "the world never had better color, to say it exactly as it strikes me, or finer and more reasonable articulation. Nor ever gave me better trouble. I felt I was in the real and the true. . . ." One night Augie glimpses Esther alone in the music room; "troubled and rocky," he approaches her, saying,

"Miss Fenchel, I wonder if you would like to go with me some evening to the House of David." Astonished, she looked up from the music. "They have dancing every night."

I saw nothing but failure, from the first word out, and felt smitten, pounded from all sides.

"With you? I should say not. I certainly won't."

The blood came down out of my head, neck, shoulders, and I fainted dead away.

As always, Augie is surrounded by exemplars and counterexemplars, showing him what to do about love and what not to do about it, in pre-war Chicago. First there is the conventional road, brutally described by Mrs. Renling and duly followed by Augie's old friend Jimmy Klein

—and by tens of millions of others. This is the arrangement whereby loss of virginity coincides with unwanted pregnancy and unwanted marriage: marriage as an institution, and nothing more. Alternatively there is the bohemian path (in outline: illegal abortion, puerperal fever, septicemia) followed by Augie's fellow boarder, Mimi Villars. "Women really are no good, Augie," she warns him. "They're no fucking good." "They want a man in the house," Mimi says. "Just there, in the house. Sitting in his chair." Augie demurs, and then beautifully reflects,

I wasn't enough of an enemy of such things but smiled at such ruining wives too for their female softnesses. I was too indulgent about them, about the beds that would be first stale and then poisonous because their managers' thoughts were on the conquering power of chenille and dimity and the suffocation of light by curtains, and the bourgeois ambering of adventuring man in parlor upholstery. These things not appearing so threatening to me as they ought to appear, I was . . . a fool to [Mimi], one who also could be stuck, leg-bent, in that white spiders' secretion and paralyzed inside women's edifices of safety.

There is another way: Simon's way. "I am an American," Augie says at the very outset. But he is not as American as Simon: "I want money, and I mean *want*; and I can handle it. Those are my assets." Later, when Einhorn is giving Augie the lowdown on labor unions, he pronounces, with superb cynicism, "One more big organization. A big organization makes dough or it doesn't last. If it makes dough it's *for* dough." Meaning on dough's side: pro-dough. Simon, quintessentially, is pro-dough. And this enables him to free his head of all distractions.

He enters an arranged marriage with a girl he has never seen, Charlotte Magnus, a scion of a big-boned kindred of Chicago merchants and burghers, themselves an institution, close-knit Netherlandish folk: Simon's patrons or backers. Their world is summoned in terms of furniture and textures, the "carpeted peace and brown-gravy velour" of the vast apartments, the "mobile heraldry" of their cars rushing on soft tires "toward the floating balls and moons" of the great hotels and their

For more information about all the products and services below, circle 903 on the attached reply card.

1. **Audio-Visual Library.** Movies, more sports, more entertainment for your money. Includes satellite dish & big screen TV. Over 175 channels for as little as \$19.99/month. Send for more info.

2. **Audio-Books.** Abridged and unabridged books for purchase or rent. Discounted purchases, low rental rates.

3. **Bookbound.** From best sellers to classics, we have any book in print. Free shipping in U.S. orders over \$20. Delivery worldwide.

4. **Books on Tape, Inc.** Send for our free color brochure describing the world's largest selection of unabridged and audio books—more than 3,000 titles.

5. **Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller.** Bargain books—save up to 80% on overstocks, remainders. Send for our free catalogue, which offers some 8,000 titles.

6. **Levenger** specializes in tools for serious readers and offers unique gifts and furniture for people who love to read.

7. **Music Direct.** Discover a variety of jazz, pop, rock, country, and contemporary music conveniently with a CD or cassette sampler every other month. First issue free. Send for free information.

8. **Musically Speaking.** Beethoven 2-CD set—yours for just \$3.00 shipping and handling. Send for more information on building your classical CD library.

9. **Purdue Press.** Free catalogue of new titles, recent releases, and backlist titles available.

10. **Recorded Books, Inc.** Unabridged audio books on cassette. More than 1,000 titles read by professional actors. Best sellers, mysteries, histories, and more.

11. **Soricé Audio/Video Systems.** CD, video, LP, cassette, laser disc, and component cabinets. Video rewinders, universal remote controls, CD and tape cleaners, plus much more.

FINANCIAL SERVICES

To receive free information about all the products and services below, circle 902 on the attached reply card.

12. **INVESCO Industrial Income Fund.** This Fund is a no-load equity-income fund designed for investors seeking income along with capital growth.

13. **Neuberger & Berman.** Send for more information on our family of no-load mutual funds.

FREE INFORMATION SERVICE

The Atlantic Monthly MARKETPLACE

To receive free information directly from the companies listed here, simply circle the corresponding number(s) on the attached reply card and drop it in the mail.

LUXURY ITEMS

To receive free information about all the products and services below, circle 903 on the attached reply card.

14. **The California Wine Club.** Experience California's smaller wineries. Each month we will send you two bottles of award-winning wine, plus our 8-page newsletter. Only \$30 per month. Cancel anytime.

15. **Cocoa Beach Coffee Company.** Beautiful coffee gift boxes, biscotti, mugs, grinders, and gourmet coffee beans. The perfect gift for any occasion.

16. **Mitsubishi Galant.** Presenting the 1995 Mitsubishi Galant. Filled with your favorite things. For the dealer nearest you or a brochure, circle number 16.

17. **Orvis.** Classic clothing and unique gifts for your country lifestyle—with a 100% money-back guarantee. Free catalogue.

POTPOURRI

To receive free information about all the products and services below, circle 904 on the attached reply card.

18. **AFSCME.** Change the way government works. Send for information packet on redesigning government and improving public services. We promise new ideas.

19. **Amazons Premium Products.** Enviro-friendly products for home and industry. Products safe to use around people and animals. Since 1978. Free catalogue.

20. **American College of Surgeons.** The American College of Surgeons offers important information on surgical care and a free brochure on retaining your right of patient choice.

21. **Anderson Mfg. Co.** Underbed dressers. Put 3 to 16 drawers under your bed. Dustproof, cedar lined, top quality, solid-wood construction. Start at \$169. Free delivery for a limited time. 44-page catalogue.

22. **The Black Dog.** Our free catalogue is full of great gifts: cookie tins, restaurantware, tablecloths, toys, clothing, and more. Includes a 1996 calendar and recipes from The Black Dog Tavern on Martha's Vineyard.

23. **The Bow Tie Club.** Our complimentary catalogue features more than 70 bow ties handmade from the world's finest silks.

24. **Dewey Trading Company.** Wrap yourself in history with Pendleton blankets: the Southwest Trails Blanket, the Smokey Bear blanket, and more.

25. **Hartford York Ltd.** Distinctive headwear for men and women, designed for life's adventures.

26. **Lippincott, Inc.** Lippincott purchases dental gold and other scrap gold items. Highest price paid. Guaranteed satisfaction.

27. **Patagonia.** Outdoor clothes. Send for our free adult and kids' catalogues featuring outdoor clothes, reports from the field, and provocative articles on the environment.

28. **C. C. Purdy Co.** Imported English pub glasses. Now you won't have to

swipe them. Pints and half-pints with etched crowns.

29. **Scantihose.** A new type of hosiery, providing full leg coverage, attaching to a waistband, and worn under panties. Petite to Queen.

30. **Self-Realization Fellowship** offers a program of self-development based on scientific methods of meditation and balanced living. Free booklet, *Undreamed-of Possibilities*.

31. **The Ultimate Contact.** Savings up to 70% on all replacement contact lenses. Most shipped the same day.

TRAVEL & RESORTS

To receive free information about all the products and services below, circle 905 on the attached reply card.

32. **Clipper Cruise Line.** Explore the yachtman's Caribbean—secluded islands and bays in the Virgin Islands beyond the reach of large cruise ships.

33. **Cunard Queen Elizabeth 2.** Experience Cunard's majestic QE2 superliner on one of 27 transatlantic crossings from April to December. Free brochure.

34. **Half Moon Golf, Tennis, and Beach Club.** 400-acre resort, mile-long beach, deluxe accommodations, golf, tennis, squash, all water sports, fitness center, seven restaurants, shopping village, and more.

35. **Heritage of Ireland.** More than 250 vacation rentals in the Republic of Ireland—from cottages to castles.

36. **Israel.** One of the world's unique destinations, a once-in-a-lifetime experience for all—plus surprisingly modern sun & fun attractions. No one belongs here more than you.

37. **Lingua Service Worldwide.** Language-study programs in more than 20 countries worldwide. Minimum one week. Stay with families, or in apartments or hotels. Learn a language where it is spoken.

38. **Puerto Rico.** Only a continent could offer so many great vacation experiences. Free color brochure.

39. **South African Airways—Cost-Cutter Tours.** Unforgettable tours to southern Africa, beginning at \$2,699 including airfare. Send for our free 28-page brochure.

40. **Spain.** Come and enjoy some of Europe's oldest cities and villages while taking advantage of today's favorable exchange rate.

41. **Sun Line Cruises.** We'll make you feel at home cruising the Amazon, the Panama Canal, the Mayan Equinox. Friendliest staff, top lecturers, comfortable luxury ship.

42. **Vacanze in Italia.** Send for information on more than 400 rental properties in the most beautiful areas of Italy—apartments in Rome to castles in Tuscany.

If the response card is missing, please send your request to:
The Atlantic Monthly Marketplace, P.O. Box 5086, Pittsfield, MA 01203-5086. You can also find the Marketplace in the "Window Shopping" area of The Atlantic's room on America Online.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

University of Cambridge Summer Study Program for Adults

July 7 - 20, 1996

LEARN at the University of Cambridge with distinguished Cambridge faculty.

LIVE in residence at beautiful Emmanuel College.

CURRICULUM tailored to the interests of adults who are looking for a unique educational and cultural experience.

COURSES:

- The English Country House
- Life in the Middle Ages
- Dickens in His Times
- British Intelligence - Its History and Influence
- Britain's Foreign and Defense Policy Since 1945

Credit is available.

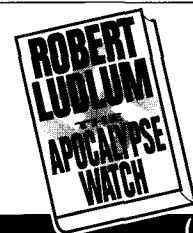
For brochure write or call . . .

Office of Cooperating Colleges
714 Sassafras St., Erie, Pennsylvania 16501
Ph. (814) 456-0757 Fax: (814) 453-5502



BOOKS ON TAPE

World's Largest Selection Unabridged Audio Books



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

Box 7900-AT, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.



BUDGET FRIENDLY WINES...

bi-monthly newsletter featuring great wines of the world under \$12.00. Sample issue \$4.00. Annual subscription plus inaugural issue (seven in all) \$18.00. Great Gift Idea! BFW, Dept. A, P.O. Box 65212, Baltimore, MD 21209.



Work at Home

Earn up to \$30,000 a year typing legal testimony!

High-pay office jobs, too. Train at home to be a Legal Transcriptionist! Call 1-800-593-0100 Dept. GTLAS or write: At-Home Professions, 2001 Lowe, Dept. GTLAS, Fort Collins, CO 80525

"Jupiter's heaviness and restless marble detail, seeking to be more and more, introducing another pot too huge for flowers, another carved figure, another white work of iron." At the Magnuses', at night, the "riches-cluttered hall" is "partly inventoried" by the moonlight. Watching Charlotte preparing for her nuptials, Augie observes:

Neither her ladies' trimming and gewgawing, the detail of her tailored person, nor the decorating of the flat when they furnished one . . . was of real consequence. But in what related to the bank, the stock, the taxes, head approached to head discussing these, the great clear and critical calculations and confidences made in the key to which real dominion was set, that was what wedlock really rested on.

The deal here—and it *is* a deal—turns out to be unambiguously Faustian. Although the Magnuses are prepared to stake him, Simon has to deliver on his promised ability to make a rich man of himself, worthy to join the community of American money.

In spring he leased a yard, at the end of the coal season. It had no overhead track, only a long spur of siding, and the first rains made a marsh of the whole place. . . . I was spending a good amount of time at the office; for when [Simon] grabbed my wrist and told me, almost drunkenly, with the grime and chapping of the mouth that comes of long nervous talking, saying low, huskily, viciously, "There's got to be somebody here I can trust. *Got to be!*" I couldn't refuse.

In the brilliant—and crucial—pages that follow, the coal yard becomes a figure for Simon's marriage and Simon's life.

Over the way was a stockyard siding, dusty animals bawling in the waiting cars, putting red muzzles to the slats; truck wheels sucked through the melting tar, the coal split and tarnished on the piles, the burdocks died on the stalk. There were rats in a corner of the yard who did not stir or go away for anyone, whole families, nursing, creeping, feeding there.

A lushed-up dealer named Guzynski tore onto the scale out of the slushy yard with white steam gushing from his busted radiator. . . . I told a hiker

to clear the scale, but Guzynski was standing over his coal with a shovel and swung on him when he came near. Happy Kellerman was phoning for a squad car when Simon arrived. . . . in the narrow space between the truck and the office wall, Simon caught him, had him by the throat, and hit him in the face with the side of the gun. This happened right below Happy and me; we were standing at the scale window, and we saw Guzynski, trapped, square teeth and hideous eyes, foul blue, and his hands hooked, not daring to snatch the gun with which Simon hit him again. He laid open Guzynski's cheek. My heart went back on me when the cuts were torn, and I thought, Does it make him think he knows what he's doing if the guy bleeds?

The misery of his look at this black Sargasso of a yard in its summer stagnation and stifling would sometimes make my blood crawl in me with horror. . . . Simon's patience and swallowing were worse to me than his wrath or flamboyance—that shabby compulsory physical patience. Another such hard thing was his speaking low and with an air of difficult endurance to Charlotte on the telephone and answering her questions with subdued repetitiousness, near the surrender point.

It is as if all the institutional weights and fetters, the gravity of the large agencies and big concerns, are pressing in on Simon; and Augie, who has swung his life onto his big brother's parallel track (he even has a stern Magnus daughter to court), must suffer this pressure vicariously, fraternally, but with utterly unwelcome clarity. The novel's opening page bears a famous line about suppression: "Everybody knows there is no fineness or accuracy of suppression; if you hold down one thing you hold down the adjoining." And we have now reached the place where that sentence was pointing. Much later, after Augie has broken clear from Chicago, he returns to the city with a disinfected eye, and he can see this suppression daubed all over the landscape like paint.

Well, here it was again, westward from this window, the gray snarled city with the hard black straps of rails, enormous industry cooking and its vapor shuddering to the air, the climb and fall of its stages in construction or

demolition like mesas, and on these the different powers and sub-powers crouched and watched like sphinxes. Terrible dumbness covered it, like a judgment that would never find its word.

But now the third-act climax is approaching. From this deep entanglement, from this junction of bad roads (Simon; engagement to the Magnus girl and the Magnus money; love and what to do about it), Augie must absent himself. And he escapes the only way he ever escapes anything: through inadvertency. New Year's Eve is approaching. Neglecting his festive duties as a squire to the Magnuses, Augie accompanies Mimi Villars to a back-street abortionist. This loyal and innocent deed is discovered and misinterpreted, spelling the end of his apprenticeship at the feet of American money. The moment is signaled by another prose epiphany, in a hospital (the penultimate institution), where Augie has taken the ailing Mimi. Here we come to understand all that Augie is not ready for.

I passed through to another division where the labor rooms were, separate cubicles, and in them saw women struggling, outlandish pain and huge-bellied distortion, one powerful face that bore down into its creases and issued a voice great and songlike in which she cursed her husband obscenely. . . . And just then, in the elevator shaft nearby, there were screams. I stopped and waited for the rising light I saw coming steadily through the glass panels. The door opened; a woman sat before me in a wheel chair, and in her lap, just born in a cab or paddy wagon or in the lobby of the hospital, covered with blood and screaming so you could see sinews, square of chest and shoulders from the strain, this bald kid, red and covering her with the red. She too, with lost nerve, was sobbing, each hand squeezing up on itself, eyes wildly frightened; and she and the baby appeared like enemies forced to have each other. . . .

"What are you doing here?" said the nurse with angry looks. I had no right to be there.

A SONNET can be perfect, a short story pretty well unimprovable, a novella nearly flawless, a novel just a few blemishes away from its platonic ideal. But the art of the long novel is an inexact art. A long novel, at its conception, bids farewell to exactitude, and to other constraints. Now something strange, something passing strange, happens to *The Adventures of Augie March* as it enters its fourth act. At the end of Chapter Thirteen, Augie is very much where we expect him to be: hiding out in a cinema on Madison Street, Chicago, after a union bust-up in the linen room of the Northumberland Hotel. Some twenty pages later he is in another cinema, in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, with a full-grown eagle on his arm. What has happened in the interim? The answer is Thea Fenchel (the older sister of Esther, back at the Lake Michigan resort). Augie March, and *Augie March*, have been swept off their feet.

Thea is both lover and mentor, perhaps an untenable combination. Augie has grown used to eccentrics by now, as has the reader; but Thea, a wealthy and resolute young woman, is eccentric simply because she *wants* to be—not forced into a weird shape by heredity or personal history or blind circumstance. In any event, tricked out in a new uniform, Augie escorts Thea south. Their plan is to buy an eagle, which they will then train to hunt giant iguanas, "these huge furious lizards, mesozoic holdouts in the mountains south of Mexico City." And we follow them, eagerly but dazedly, over the Rio Grande, through the smells and shapes and the aromatic heat, and through the fluctuations of their anxious, lopsided, intensely realized passion. And the eagle?

Before setting out from Chicago, Augie pays a visit to the zoo—to get the general idea.

[The eagle] perched on a trunk inside a cage forty feet high and conical like the cage of a parlor parrot, in its smoke and sun colors dipped somewhat with green, and its biped stance and Turkish or Janissary pants of feathers—the pressed-down head, the killing eye, the deep life of its feathers. *Oy!*



Autumn in Vermont



© 1995 Orvis

THE COLORS of fall, handknit exclusively for Orvis. Discover classic clothing and unique gifts for your lifestyle—all with our 100% money-back guarantee.

Call today for your FREE Orvis Catalog.

1-800-333-1550

Ext. 277

ORVIS

Authentic Products of Lasting
Quality for Over 100 Years

Historic Route 7A, Manchester, VT 05254-0798

FREE ORVIS CATALOG



NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO SWIPE THEM FROM A PUB.



**IMPORTED ENGLISH PUB GLASSES
ETCHED WITH GOVERNMENT SEAL**

IMPERIAL PINTS (20 OZ.)

IMPERIAL HALF PINTS (10 OZ.)

SETS OF 4... \$24.95

PLUS DELIVERY

MAJOR CARDS ACCEPTED

CALL TODAY TO ORDER

OR REQUEST BROCHURE

1-800-449-9556

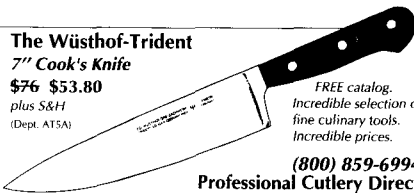
C.C. PURDY CO. ~ 2901 CENTRAL ST. ~ EVANSTON, IL 60201

The Wüsthof-Trident

7" Cook's Knife

\$76 \$53.80

plus S&H
(Dept. ATSA)



FREE catalog.
Incredible selection of
fine culinary tools.
Incredible prices.

(800) 859-6994

Professional Cutlery Direct

Scandinavian Computer Furniture

Call today for
free catalog

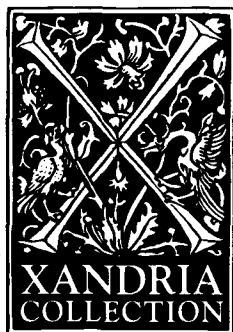
ScanCo

1-800-722-6263



Many options
to fit your PC.

Sensual Products People Love



**The Xandria Catalogue for ordering
without embarrassment or disappointment.**

Today, you know that fully exploring your sexuality is as healthy as it is fun. Look over the new Xandria Gold Collection catalogue and discover a wide array of sexual products for giving and receiving even greater pleasure.

Trust our experience. Men and women have delighted in the Xandria Collection for over 20 years. We select only the finest products from around the world—products consistent with the philosophy of our advisory board of professionals in human sexuality.

Rely on our 100%, three-way Guarantee.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual products through the mail, consider this:

- 1. We guarantee your privacy.** Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped with no clue to its contents. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we *never* sell, rent, or trade names.
- 2. We guarantee your satisfaction.** If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund within 60 days.
- 3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure.** Should it malfunction, just return it to us for a replacement.

Order today and see. The Xandria Gold Collection makes it so easy for you to enhance your sexual fulfillment. Send for your catalogue today, and we'll apply its \$4.00 price to your first order. You have nothing to lose and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

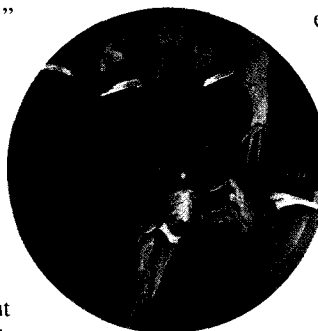
**The Xandria Collection, Dept. AT1095
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988**
Please send me, by first class mail, the *Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue*. Enclosed is a check or money order for \$4, applied to my first purchase. (\$5 Canada, £3 UK)
I am an adult over 21 years of age.

Signature required _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.

Up close, with their own eagle (Caligula), Augie finds that "this open shadow would shut out your heart with its smell and power—the Etna feathers and clasped beak opening," the "almost inaudible whiff of his spread wings" and "the fan of the pinions with hidden rust and angel-of-death armpit."

He was, however, powerfully handsome, with his onward-turned head and buff and white feathers among the darker, his eyes that were gruesome jewels and meant nothing in their little lines but cruelty, and that he was here for his own need; he was entirely a manifesto of that. . . . trees, bushes, stones, as explicit as glare and the spice of that heat could make them. The giant bird, when Thea brought him out, seemed to shoulder it with a kind of rise of sensuality.



Caligula is one of the most lavishly vivid animals in all literature (more lavish, even, than the lion in *Henderson the Rain King*). But for all this you have to share Augie's bafflement, and feel partly second-guessed, when he asks himself, "What did there have to be an eagle for?" You know the novel is in trouble here because you keep seeking refuge in—of all things—literary criticism. Is the eagle (*águila*) Augie, or what remains of his beast nature? Is the eagle *money*, as the twenty-five-cent coin still declares it? Is the (American) eagle simply America? But *Augie March* isn't a *meaning* novel: it is a *gut* novel. It depends not on equivalences but on the free flow of voice and feeling.

Caligula carries you, magically; it is only when he is gone (and Thea is gone, and love has failed) that you see the violence he has done to the novel's unities. After all, it wouldn't be right if the Great American Novel didn't have something wrong with it. "You're not special," Thea tells Augie, in parting. "You're like everybody else." And what the novel now charts is Augie's drift into the ordinary. After the fever and madness of Mexico, he is re-embraced by somber Chicago, failed in love, his youth evaporating, his youthful illusions absenting themselves from his thoughts. Poor Augie babbles about his dreams (sad dreams, of disap-

pointment and deformity) and nurses hopeless visions of reunion with idiot Georgie and blind Mama, in a little house in the country, with children and animals all around. These ordinary sadnesses are perhaps his birthright. It may be that

Augie was on to something inescapable when he stared at the sky on his way south to Mexico.

For should I look into any air, I could recall the bees and gnats of dust in the heavily divided heat of a street of El pillars—such as Lake Street, where the junk and old bottleyards are—like a terribly conceived church of madmen, and its stations, endless, where worshippers crawl their carts of rags and bones. And sometimes misery came over me to feel that I myself was the creation of such places.

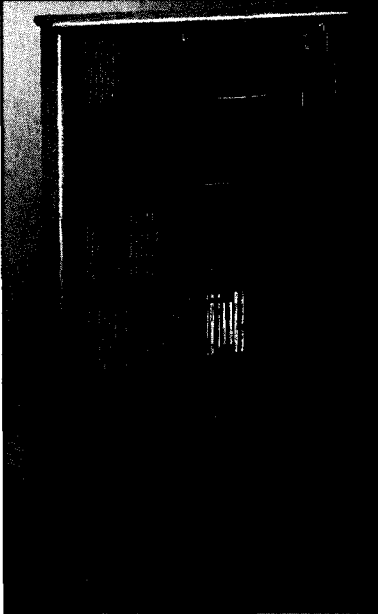
The novel regathers itself very powerfully toward its close. When we last see him, Augie is established in the exhausted, yawning, pinch-yourself unreality of postwar Europe. He is an illicit trader ("There was this Florentine uncle of a Rome bigshot I had to pay off, and he was one of those civilized personalities with about five motives to my one"), and he has an unreliable wife, Stella (perhaps a "Cressida type," "a double lifer"). He can declare himself free of all influences, all Machiavellis ("I took an oath of unsusceptibility"), before adding, with comic prescience, "Brother! You never are through, you just think you are!" Sure enough, Simon—tormentor, anti-mentor, hugely loved, hugely pitied—lends his shattered presence to the gradual and reluctant conclusion. We are left, finally, with images of toil and isolation. But creative labor, and creative loneliness. Augie has fallen into the habit of going to a café every afternoon, "where I sat at a table and declared that I was an American, Chicago born, and all these other events and notions." So he is preparing himself to write—or just to imagine—his story.

All the while you thought you were going around idle terribly hard work was taking place. Hard, hard work, excavation and digging, mining, moling through tunnels, heaving, pushing, moving rock, working, working, working, working, working, panting, haul-

ing, hoisting. And none of this work is seen from the outside. It's internally done. It happens because you are powerless and unable to get anywhere, to obtain justice or have requital, and therefore in yourself you labor, you wage and combat, settle scores, remember insults, fight, reply, deny, blab, denounce, triumph, outwit, overcome, vindicate, cry, persist, absolve, die and rise again. All by yourself! Where is everybody? Inside your breast and skin, the entire cast.

ATTENTIVE readers will, I hope, have noticed that this is an extraordinarily *written* novel. There are mannerisms or tics in the way the words squirm up against each other. The compounds ("worry-wounded," "lair-hidden," "bloody-rinded," "pimple-insolence," "gum-chew innocence") in Bellow's heavily sprung rhythms sometimes career into train-wreck compression: Trafton's gym, with its "liniment-groggy, flickety-rope-time, tin-locker-clashing, Loop-darkened rooms." There are the verb couplings: trams "lumbered and clanged," billiard balls "kissing and bounding," traffic "dived and quivered," cars "snoring and trembling" or "fluddering and shimmering." It is a style that loves and embraces awkwardness, spurning elegance as a false lead, words tumbling and rattling together in the order *they* choose: "glittering his teeth and hungry," "try out what of human you can live with," "the long impulse from well out in ocean bobs the rotten oranges," "a flatfooted, in gym shoes, pug-nosed old woman," "[he] sobbed in the brakes of, he thought, most solitude," "I hoped there'd something show on the horizon," "I could not find myself in love without it should have some peculiarity," "hypocritic," "honestest," "ancientest," "his brittle neck would be broke," "waked-up despair," "loud-played love music." Why is "loud-played" music, in a dime store, so much better than "loud"? Because it suggests willfulness, vulgarity, and youth, whereas "loud" is just *loud*. *Augie March* isn't written in English; its job is to make you feel how beautiful *American* is, with its jazzy verbs: "It sent my blood happy," "to close a deal," "to run [a nickel] into a fortune," "we must have been making twelve knots," "cover the house" (get around it), "beat a check" (leave without paying it), "to make time with Mimi" (seduce).

CD STORAGE+™



SORICÉ SYSTEMS Include...
Video, Cassette, LP, Laserdisc and Component Storage Units.

- ◆ Our A300 Model shown stores 300 CD's.
- ◆ Impeccably crafted in these Premium Solid Hardwoods: Oak, Walnut, Teak or Cherry.
- ◆ Adjustable Shelves store any combination of CD's, Videos & Cassettes – all in One cabinet.
- ◆ Adjustable Solid Brass Bookends keep Discs & Tapes upright and in place.
- ◆ Cabinets can be stacked, wall mounted or left free standing.
- ◆ Optional Wood or Glass Doors are available.
- ◆ Enclosed back provides dust protection.
- ◆ Compact size: 39 1/2" H x 23 1/2" W x 7 1/2" D. Cabinet comes assembled.

SORICÉ
 PO Box 747-24, Nutley, NJ 07110
 Credit Cards, Checks and Money Orders accepted.
 30 Day Money Back Guarantee and a Full One Year Warranty on all Models.

For FREE Color Literature & Prices on our Full Line of Quality Products
Call: 1-800-432-8005
Fax: 1-201-667-8688

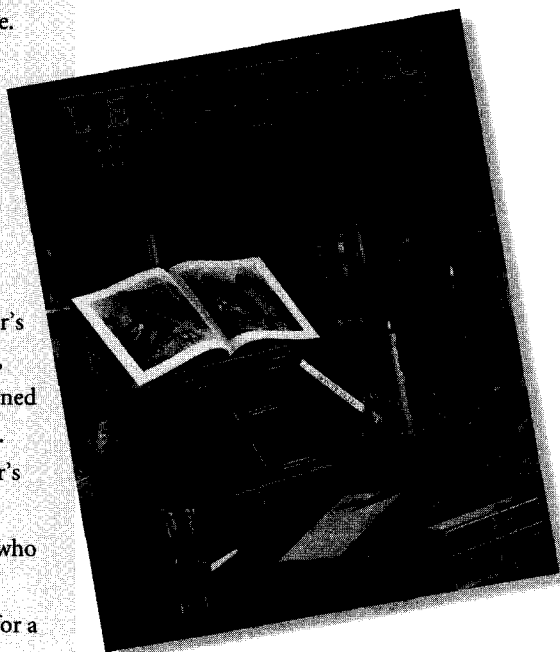
Read about our new Jefferson Bookstand and the portable desk he designed for writing the Declaration of Independence. They are showpieces of fine cabinetry and are practical tools, too.

Read about our wooden writing desks, halogen reading lamps, and diamond-tufted leather chairs. Read about Levenger's bookstands, Editor's Desks, and Pocket Briefcases designed for note taking on the road.

And read about Levenger's exclusive gifts, which mean something special to those who love reading.

Call 1-800-544-0880 for a free Levenger catalog; you'll see that we're serious about serving readers like you.

Readers Like You Read Us



LEVENGER®

TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS

800-544-0880 or Fax: 407-274-0263 • 420 Commerce Drive, Delray Beach, FL 33445 • Code ATC12

You deserve a factual look at...

Jerusalem (2)

Should the U.S. Embassy be moved to the capital of Israel?

In a previous message we showed that before the Six-Day War in 1967, the claim that Jerusalem was a Moslem/Arab city had seldom been asserted and that it had come about only in modern times. The status of Jerusalem has now again become of interest, in connection with the ongoing peace process between Israel and the Palestinians and with the effort, supported by 93 senators, to move the U.S. Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem.

What are the facts?

Jerusalem—reunited and indivisible. Before the Six-Day War in 1967 Jerusalem was divided, the Jordanians having occupied the eastern part of the city. During their 19-year reign, all Jewish residents were driven out, all Jewish places of worship closed or destroyed, and Jewish cemeteries desecrated. The various Christian denominations, with important churches and sacred places in Jerusalem, were hampered in their activities and operated under the strict control of Moslem authorities.

With the liberation of all of Jerusalem by the Israel Defense Forces after Israel's victory in the 1967 Six-Day War and with the reunification of the city, Jerusalem truly became free and open. Just as the whole world rejoiced when the ugly wall dividing Berlin was torn down and the city reunited, so do we rejoice that the wall, the barbed wire and the machine gun emplacements have been torn down in Jerusalem.

U.S. Embassy not in Israel's Capital. While the Palestinians lay claim to the eastern part of Jerusalem, not even the Arabs themselves question that the western part of the city is Israeli. It is remarkable therefore that the United States has steadfastly insisted on placing and keeping its embassy in Tel Aviv, instead of in Jerusalem, Israel's capital and the seat of all government offices. It is as if a government accredi-

ed to the United States were to insist on keeping its embassy in, say, New York or Chicago, rather than in Washington, D.C.

With the U.S. in the lead, all other countries, with the sole exceptions of Costa Rica and El Salvador, have also located their embassies in Tel Aviv, rather than in Jerusalem. It is a bizarre situation; because no government business is conducted in Tel Aviv. The U.S. maintains diplomatic relations with over 150 countries. In all of them, the U.S. Embassy is located in the city that the particular government designates as its capital. The only exception is Israel where, so far, our government has insisted on locating its

embassy in a city other than the capital. **Congress in favor of moving**

"The question of the status of Jerusalem goes to the heart of the Arab-Israel conflict. To deny the status of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel questions the legitimacy of the state."

Embassy to Jerusalem. Despite the fact that, prior to their election, both President Clinton and Vice President Gore, assured the public that the U.S. Embassy would be moved to Israel's capital, the Administration has until now blocked all moves in that direction, declaring that it would jeopardize the so-called "final status" talks on Jerusalem.

Leaders of Congress—both Republicans and Democrats—have introduced legislation by which the U.S. Embassy would have to be moved to Jerusalem. That legislation has been endorsed by 93 senators. It is to be expected therefore that, before too long, reality will prevail and that the U.S. Embassy will indeed be located in Jerusalem—the capital of Israel, one of our closest allies.

The reason given for not moving the U.S. embassy to Jerusalem is that it might violate "Arab sensitivities". While there would be some posturing, none of the Arab states could afford to do much else. Egypt would not refuse its yearly multi-billion dollar subsidy from Washington. King Hussein of Jordan would not jeopardize the lifeline that the U.S. has extended to him. Even the PLO would soon return to the negotiating table. The question of the status of Jerusalem goes to the heart of the Arab-Israel conflict. To deny the status of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel questions the legitimacy of the state. The move of the U.S. Embassy to Jerusalem will signal Yassir Arafat once and for all that he will not get U.S. and world support for the division of Jerusalem and for the establishment—in any part of it—as the capital of a new Arab state.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of \$ _____ AT/52

☐ My contribution is in the amount of \$75 or more. Please send me your 1-hr. videotape dealing with three important aspects of Israel's strategic situation.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to FLAME P.O. Box 590359 San Francisco, CA 94159

"This is where I shake you, Augie" (reject). Never mind the *p*'s and *q*'s of fine prose. Whatever works!

Style, of course, is not something grafted to regular prose; it is intrinsic to perception. We are fond of separating style and content (for the purposes of analysis, and so on), but they aren't separable: they come from the same place. And style is morality. Style judges. No other writer and no other novel make you feel surer about this. It is as if Bellow were turning himself inside out and letting the observable world poke and prod at him nerve by nerve. Things are not merely described but registered, measured, and assessed for the weight with which they bear on your soul.

The river:

At last [Simon] answered me coldly, with a cold lick of fire in his eyes, on the stationary wintriness of the black steel harness of the bridge over the dragging unnameable mixture of the river flowing backwards with its waste.

The street guy Dingbat:

He was never anything but through and through earnest when the subject was loyalty or honor; his bony dukes were ready and his Cuban heels dug down sharply; his furrowed chin was seeking its fighting position on the shoulder of his starched shirt. Then he was prepared to go into his stamping dance and start slugging.

Mimi Villars, on the telephone:

"You'll never live to hear me beg for anything," were Mimi's last words to Frazer, and when she slammed phone and hook together with cruelty it was as a musician might shut the piano after he had finished storming chords of mightiest difficulty without a single flinch or error.

The hospital:

Shruggers, hobblers, truss and harness wearers, crutch-dancers, wall inspectors, wheel-chair people in bandage helmets, wound smells and drug flowers blossoming from gauze, from colorful horrors and out of the deep sinks.

The cop shop:

And as the mis-minted and wrong-struck figures and faces stooped, shambled, strode, gazed, dreaded, surrendered, didn't care... you wondered that all was stuff that was born human and shaped human. ... And don't for-

get the dirt-hardness, the dough fats and raw meats, of those on the official side.

The Chicago roofscape:

In its repetition it exhausted your imagination of details and units, more units than the cells of the brain and the bricks of Babel. The Ezekiel caldron of wrath, stoked with bones. A mysterious tremor, dust, vapor, emanation of stupendous effort traveled with the air, over me on top of the great establishment, so full as it was, and over the clinics, clinks, factories, flophouses, morgue, skid row.

The sea:

In beauty or doom colors, according to what was in your heart, the sea and skies made their cycles of day and night, the jeweled water gadding universally, the night-glittering fury setting in. . . .

Meanwhile the boat sauntered through glassy stabs of light and wheewhocked on the steep drink.

Augie March, finally, is the Great American Novel because of its fantastic inclusiveness, its pluralism, its qualmsless promiscuity. In these pages the highest and the lowest mingle and hobnob in the vast democracy of Bellow's prose. Every-

thing is in here, the crushed and the exalted and all the notches in between, from the kitchen stiff—

The angry skin of his dish-plunging arms and his twist horse-gauntness, long teeth and spread liquidness of eyes in the starry alley evening. . . . Under the fragile shell of his skull he leakily was reasoning

—to the American eagle. When an eagle flies, it isn't a matter of "the simple mechanics of any little bird that went and landed as impulse tickled him, but a task of massive administration." This is Caligula, taking to "the high vibrations of blue." And this is Saul Bellow, at thirty-eight, over and above the eagle—not an individual but a messenger:

Anyway, it was glorious how he would mount away high and seem to sit up there, really as if over fires of atmosphere, as if he was governing from up there. If his motive was rapaciousness and everything based on the act of murder, he also had a nature that felt the triumph of beating his way up to the highest air to which flesh and bone could rise. And doing it by will, not as other forms of life were at that altitude, the spores and parachute seeds who weren't there as individuals but messengers of species. ☪

BRIEF REVIEWS



The Brontës

by Juliet Barker.
St. Martin's, 1,004 pages,
\$40.00.

The author begins with a realistic acknowledgment: "Yet another biography of the Brontës requires an apology, or at least an explanation." The apology is unnecessary, for the book itself provides the explanation and justifies Ms. Barker's extensive and unusual research. Her work is directed at correcting what she sees as an inaccurate, limited view of the actual cir-

cumstances of Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Branwell, who are generally perceived as isolated provincials carelessly brought up by a grimly reclusive eccentric with no thought for their welfare. Ms. Barker therefore begins with the Reverend Patrick Brontë, who has to have been a decidedly likable and intelligent man, for he made it to Cambridge and ordination as an Anglican minister in the days when an Irishman without money or connections was not expected to beat his way out of a bog. As a parent he was, according to local witnesses, conscientious, sympathetic,

Special Music for Special People



From the ancient codices of the Roman Church GREGORIAN MASSES

A collection of historical and spiritual value

A unique selection of complete Masses from the Choral Books of the Vatican, these magnificent masterpieces also celebrate the festivities of Christmas, Easter, the Pentecost, Epiphany, Requiem Mass for the Dead and other Feast Days. A collection of 67 chants beautifully performed by the Monks of the Busto Arsizio Monastery (Italy).

PRELUDIUM RECORDS is proud to offer you these authentic "jewels" of the Gregorian repertoire:

• A precious legacy of Universal faith. • An incomparable spiritual experience of inspirational comfort. • Enjoy the celebration of gratitude and love as millions have done for centuries.

ORDER NOW

GREGORIAN MASSES

Over two hours of spiritual serenity

All in a double CD-set or cassettes plus a 16-page booklet with origins, history and listening guide.
ONLY

\$24.95 - For Two CDs \$21.95 For Two Cassettes
Shipping & handling: Add \$ 3.95 per order.

To place your VISA, MC, AMEX card order:

Phone: 1-800-995-0555 • Fax: 1-800-242-7774

or mail your check, m.o. or credit card acct.no. and exp.date to:
PRELUDIUM RECORDS P.O. BOX 93 - TRUMBULL, CT 06611

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

SAVE UP TO 70% ON ALL CONTACT LENSES

- All soft, hard, gas permeable, toric and disposable lenses.
- Dispensed under supervision of an ophthalmologist.
- Guaranteed your exact brand and prescription.
- Immediate delivery to your door.

1-800-432-LENS

Cash For Your Gold Tooth!

Send us your old caps and dental pieces that look like they contain gold. Highest price paid. Check sent in 72 hrs. Guaranteed satisfaction. Up to \$20.00 each tooth.
Send to: Lippincott Inc. 1001 City Ave.
DENTAL DEPT. PO Box 578
Wynnewood, PA 19096-0578



FREE RECORDED DETAILS: 1-800-355-6236

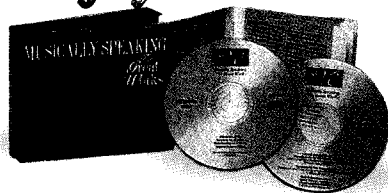
BOOKS ON CASSETTE

- Buy or Rent
- Abridged and Unabridged
- Latest Releases
- Low Prices



800-745-4830 **AUDIO-DEPOT™**
Sounds Like A Good Book

Enjoy Beethoven As Never Before!



2 CDs FREE

"Musically Speaking is a great and exciting program!" **Wynton Marsalis**

"Musically Speaking is a wonderful education in classical music." **James Earl Jones**

We'll send you the 2-CD volume *Beethoven*, featuring his 5th Symphony and Piano Concerto #4, FREE to introduce you to *Musically Speaking*.

CD #1: Gain a new understanding

Your host for this exciting new "learn and enjoy" program is Gerard Schwarz, 1994 *Conductor of the Year* and 10 time *Grammy* nominee. He'll take you through the 5th Symphony and Piano Concerto #4 movement by movement and impart an awareness that will enable you to enjoy this great music as never before. He'll describe how Beethoven used the woodwinds, horns and strings to convey a variety of emotions. And he'll provide you with fascinating insight into Beethoven, the genius, and his times.

CD #2: Enjoy the masterpieces

Receive energizing, uninterrupted performances of Beethoven's great works as Maestro Schwarz conducts the renowned *London Symphony Orchestra* on this masterfully digitized audiophile recording.

Your satisfaction is always guaranteed.

© 1995 CVP Inc.

An Incredible Introductory Offer

If you have any interest in classical music, this is an incredible opportunity to pursue it. We'll send you *Beethoven* FREE and then each month a new 2-CD volume of *Musically Speaking* featuring a different composer, such as *Vivaldi*, *Mozart* or *Bach*, for only \$12.95 plus shipping and handling. There's no obligation or minimum purchase requirement and you may cancel at any time.

☐ **YES!** Send me *Beethoven* under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Enclosed is \$3 for shipping and handling.

First Name

Last Name

Address

City

St

Zip



Musically Speaking
215 W. Harrison St
Seattle, WA 98119

M1C55

ANSWERS TO THE SEPTEMBER PUZZLER

A	S	T	R	O	H	O	T	E	L	S
S	K	A	B	L	E	C	H	U	R	L
H	T	P	A	D	R	E	E	N	P	E
R	A	B	B	I	R	S	R	I	E	R
A	R	M	R	E	S	T	A	C	R	E
M	T	E	A	L	E	A	V	E	S	B
M	A	G	I	A	L	M	E	R	I	A
P	R	O	N	S	M	I	N	E	S	S
L	E	I	S	T	A	N	G	O	T	E
A	P	S	E	S	C	O	C	H	E	S
U	N	T	R	U	E	S	H	O	R	T

"Fortunetelling"

Across. 1. (C)ASTRO 5. HOT + ELS 9. S(KATE)ABLE 10. C + HURL 11. PA(D)RE 13. RABBI + TEARS 15. T(EAR)IER 16. AR(M)REST 18. ACRE (homophone) 22. MA + GI 23. ALMERIA (anag.) 25. P(ROTE)AN 26. STEAMINESS (hidden) 28. TAN + GO 30. (I)APSES 31. COTE + A + C + HES 32. UNTRU + E (*U-turn* anag.) 33. SHO(R)T
Down. 1. ASH + RAM 2. S(TEAK + TAR)TARE 3. TAP(e) 4. (S)OLDIE(r) 5. HER + R 6. THE(RAVE)N 7. E + U + NICE 8. STEALER (homophone) 10. C'EST + A 12. PER + SISTER 14. BRAINTEASER (anag.) 17. T + EASEL 19. E(GO + IS)T 20. LAS(T)S 21. BASEST (homophone) 24. MI + NOS (rev.) 25. P(LATE) + AU 27. MACE (double def.) 29. OH(i)O

and concerned for his children's education. He came to be highly regarded by his flock—and Haworth was a notoriously recalcitrant parish. The town itself had been for years an active point in the Yorkshire wool trade. It harbored mills, schools, non-Anglican churches, shops, pubs, a hotel, and a society that imported lecturers and concert performers. It also had rail connections. What it did not have was a good water supply; throughout his incumbency Patrick Brontë agitated for a proper, cleanly system. (The parsonage had one of the town's few private wells.) Misrepresentation of Haworth began with Charlotte Brontë, who regularly assured correspondents that she had nothing to report from her lonely backwater. Misrepresentation of Charlotte's father began with her friend and first biographer, Elizabeth Gaskell. Mrs. Gaskell knew Patrick Brontë only briefly, in his semi-invalid old age. She knew Branwell only by hearsay—that is, through Charlotte's complaints about him. She did know that Haworth was no wilderness outpost, but chose to present the town in Charlotte's terms, just as she presented the Brontë siblings—Emily the stoic warrior, Anne the humble follower, Branwell the drunken deserter. Ms. Barker's description of the maneuvers behind the Gaskell life is a detailed and rather alarming revelation of the operations of an emotionally biased biographer. Ms. Barker admits to her own mild bias in favor of the Reverend Patrick, Branwell, and the town of Haworth. In correcting their bad press she has added vitality and social solidarity to the world in which that brilliant, short-lived family moved.

A Long Fatal Love Chase

by Louisa May Alcott.

Random House, 256 pages,
\$21.00.

Alcott wrote pot-boiling fiction before the great success of *Little Women*. Those early works were largely pseudonymous, and this one was never published. It was considered too sensational. Kent Bicknell, the principal of the Sant Bani School, in Sanbornton, New Hampshire, has somehow obtained the original manuscript, which is now presented as an erotic thriller for adult readers. It contains a scoundrelly hero, a spirited heroine, an inordinate number of adjectives, and plenty of action.

It also provides the reader with an excuse for speculation about its rejection by Alcott's publisher. Could the objection have been simply that the heroine, on discovering that she has been duped into a false marriage with a murderer, fails to collapse and die of shame? Instead she scoops up the available jewels, flees by night through a window, and repudiates any guilt in the affair. Perfectly sensible of her—but perhaps not what readers of Victorian light literature were prepared to approve.

Four Ways to Forgiveness

by Ursula K. Le Guin.
HarperPrism, 240 pages,
\$20.00.

Ms. Le Guin's four interlocking stories report affairs in the former slave colony of Yeowe and its parent planet, Werel. Events in these imaginary worlds are intricate and sometimes bloody, and always resemble those in our own. Ms. Le Guin is presenting human history in a distorting mirror, while presenting the human desire for peace and love directly. The contrast is piquant and the writing is splendid.

Panama

by Eric Zencey.
Farrar Straus & Giroux,
384 pages, \$24.00.

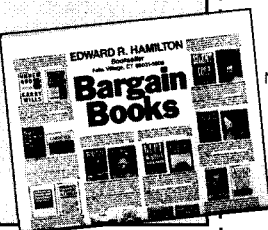
Nobody, nowadays, can count on remaining quietly unmolested in the grave—at least nobody with a recognizable name. Mr. Zencey's novel resurrects Henry Adams, broadening his education through amateur detective work with the Paris police in 1892. The book is much more than a simple mystery story. The author draws on Adams's life and ideas for digressions on art, historical study, and the early stages of technological society. He describes the French development of fingerprinting. He creates a convincingly noisy Paris and some convincingly idiosyncratic citizens. The action into which Adams blunders arises from the scandal over the disastrous French attempt at a Panama canal, which was entirely real and becomes an effective historical vignette with politicians howling, the government falling, and the United States, in the person of Adams's friend John Hay, hovering like a patient vulture to scavenge the remains. The principal plot involves the disappearance of a young

Pick Your Favorite Authors!

Michael Crichton • Robert
Ludlum • Isaac Asimov • Louis
L'Amour • E. M. Forster •
Stephen King • Joseph Conrad •
William Shakespeare • Salman
Rushdie • Jane Brody • Eugene
O'Neill • Alfred Lord Tennyson •
Ed McBain • The Brothers
Grimm • Amy Fisher • William
Faulkner • Malcolm X • Rush
Limbaugh, hundreds more.

Pick Your Favorite Subjects!

The Civil War • The Kennedys,
Nixon, Kissinger • Jackie Gleason •
Amelia Earhart • T. E. Lawrence •
William Faulkner • Matisse,
O'Keeffe, Rembrandt • Irving Berlin •
Horses,
Dogs, Cats •
Clark Gable,
James Dean,
Marilyn
Monroe,
and many
more.



Bargain Books

**America's Biggest Selection
at up to 80% savings!**

- Publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports, reprints, starting at \$3.95.
- Thousands of titles, hundreds of new arrivals each month!
- Beautiful art and nature books: yesterday's best sellers, rare, unusual, fascinating books for every interest.
- Over 40 subject areas: Biography, History, Fiction, Science, Cooking, Gardening, more.

Free Catalog

Please send me your Free Catalog of Bargain Books.

Name _____

Address _____

City / State / Zip _____

HAMILTON

Box 15-196, Falls Village, CT 06031

Always wanted to learn another language?

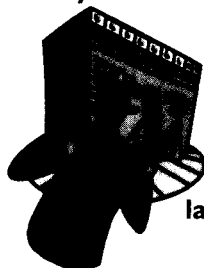


Living Language™ makes it easy to learn at
home and on the go. For almost 50 years

the high-quality Living Language™ courses
have taught millions to speak, read, and write foreign

languages. We now have ingenious programs for

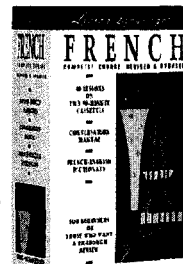
every level and need — travel, business, or pure pleasure. Shown



here is the revised Basic program:

3 hours of recordings, a manual,
and a dictionary, available in 9

languages at a very reasonable price.



**LIVING
LANGUAGE™**

The best-selling language program that makes learning a pleasure
At bookstores everywhere or call toll free 1-800-793-BOOK

CLASSIFIED

BED & BREAKFAST

GREATER BOSTON HOSPITALITY, P.O.B.
1142, Brookline, MA 02146. (617) 277-5430.
Hundreds of historic homes, condos, inns.
Free brochure.

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

FREE BOOKLETS: Life, Death, Soul, Resurrection, Pollution Crisis, Hell, Judgment Day, Restitution. Bible Standard (AT), P.O. Box 67, Chester Springs, PA 19425-0067.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, ALL TYPES.
Publisher with 75-year tradition. "Author's Guide to Subsidy Publishing." (800) 695-9599.

PUBLISH WITH RUTLEDGE BOOKS. Become a published writer by joining our quality publishing plan. We will create, advertise, and market your book. Personalized service. Send for a free brochure today. Rutledge Books, Dept. AT10, Box 315, Bethel, CT 06801.

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92674-3253. (714) 492-2976.

PUBLISHER NEEDS FICTION/NON-FICTION in all genres and types. No reading fee, not a vanity. No partials, no queries, entire mss. No screenplays, no poetry. To Discus Press, 3389 Sheridan Street, Suite 308, Hollywood, FL 33021.

YOU DECIDE WHO/WHAT MAKES SENSE. Subscribe to ETC: A Review of General Semantics. Quarterly. Free sample issue: International Society for General Semantics, Box 728, Concord, CA 94522. (510) 798-0311.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

NEWSPAPERS: Rare, historic, 1600s through the 1880s. Extensive catalogue \$1.00. (717) 326-1045. Hughes, Box 3636, Williamsport, PA 17701.

FREE WHOLESALE HOLIDAY GIFT CATALOGUE - Handcrafted top quality merchandise. Lighted villages, figurines, ornaments, globes. (800) GOLD-171.

SHIPS MODELS - MUSEUM QUALITY. Beautiful appointment for interiors. Fine woods, planking, fittings, rigging. Information/color prints: (800) 660-0850, (206) 246-7045.

GENERAL INTEREST

HOME TYPISTS, PC users needed. \$45,000 income potential. Details. Call: (805) 962-8000, Extension B-20061.

UNUSUAL, NATURAL, FACETED GEMSTONES each at least one carat. Real stones, not synthetics. Gemstones you've probably never heard of. With newsletters. \$20-\$80 each. Gem of the Month Club. (800) 891-1939.

TRAVEL FREE in luxurious motor home, earn \$600 weekly! Send postage stamp for details! Blackthorn, Box 1190-X2, Biddeford, ME 04005.

SPANISH LANGUAGE LESSONS, Mexican cooking classes in Mexico. Box 347, S-100, 2 Bloor Street West, Toronto, M4W 3E2, Canada. Fax (416) 968-9417.

American woman and reaches an explosive, properly surprising conclusion. Mr. Zencey has written a multilayered, intelligent, interesting novel that reaches well beyond a mystery's normal territory.

The Neandertal Enigma

by James Shreeve.

Morrow, 320 pages, \$25.00.

Mr. Shreeve is a science writer. Not himself a paleoanthropologist, he assembles and describes the theories of the professionals in that field. It is a field in which pure objectivity is impossible, for a cracked bone can mean one observer's cannibal and another's hyena, with both observers defending their positions furiously. Shouting matches are not unknown. Mr. Shreeve's attempt to explain why we are here and Neandertals are not winds through the whole development of paleoanthropological studies, and does it with admirable clarity and fairness. His conclusion is, like everything else in this steadily progressing area, speculative.

Sabbath's Theater

by Philip Roth.

Houghton Mifflin, 384 pages, \$24.95.

As a protest against inevitable death, sexual excess is as futile as any other. Mr. Roth's latest novel makes it tiresome as well.

Writing and Life

by Michael Lydon.

University Press of New England, 112 pages, \$9.95.

Several of the essays in this book first appeared in *The Atlantic*.

Jihad vs. McWorld

by Benjamin R. Barber.

Times Books, 381 pages, \$25.00.

This book grew out of the *Atlantic* cover story for March, 1992.

The Palmer Method

by E. S. Goldman.

John Daniel, 320 pages, \$22.95/\$14.95.

Several of the short stories in this collection first appeared in *The Atlantic*.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

MERCHANDISE

100% COTTON SHOWER CURTAIN. Don't "dump" another plastic liner! Machine washable. List \$38.75, you pay \$29.95. VISA/MC. (800) 323-2811.

SERVICES

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, a national group, has been getting unattached people together since 1970. Write: P.O. Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (610) 358-5049.

ART LOVERS EXCHANGE - Linking single art lovers. Nationwide, P.O.B. 265, Bensalem, PA 19020. (800) 342-5250.

EDITING OF TRANSLATED environmental documents, papers. Also direct translation from French, Spanish. Phone/fax (617) 547-0495.

TRAVEL

SAVE ON UNUSUAL CRUISES: Freighters, expeditions, yachts, etc. TravLtips, Box 580218-A2, Flushing, NY 11358. (800) 872-8584.

VACATION RENTALS

JAMAICA: Staffed beachfront villa, unspoiled south coast fishing village. 50-foot pool, tennis, snorkeling, birding. Phone, fax. Photographs: (800) 526-2432.

ST. JOHN - Elegant private villa will surround you in pool-side luxury overlooking Chocolate Hole Bay. All amenities furnished in this four bedroom, three bath home, just minutes from town. Enjoy tropical comfort. Weekly rates. Call owner for brochure: (800) 237-9851.

THE SMART PLACE TO BE

ORDER FORM

RATES: Word Ads: \$7.95 per word (minimum 15 words). *The Atlantic Monthly's* guaranteed paid circulation is 450,000. All advertisements must be accompanied by check or money order payable to *The Atlantic Monthly* and must be received no later than October 5th for the December issue. Send us your ad copy (please type or print) with your payment and the coupon below.

Please insert my ad _____ times, beginning with the _____ issue.

Heading _____

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____

Company Name _____

Contact Person _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____

Telephone _____

For complete information, please call or write:

The Atlantic Monthly

Classified Department

P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 34617-1510

National (800) 237-9851 ♦ Local (813) 443-7666

FAX (813) 445-9380



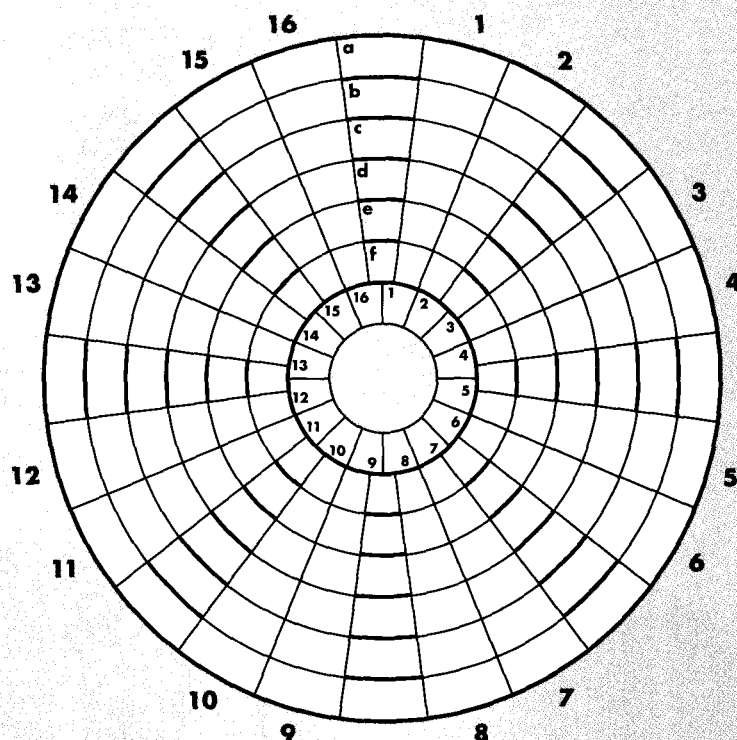
THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Musical Chairs

Words in this puzzle's six outer Rings are playing a cryptic form of Musical Chairs. Within each Ring, clue answers are to be entered clockwise and in order, beginning at a point to be determined. But each Ring has two or three spaces—or chairs—too few for its answers: letters losing their seats will always drop out between two numbered Sectors, and should be removed to the central ring, where they will sit at a number matching one of those two Sectors. Sector answers, which are to be entered inward from their numbers on the perimeter, will aid solvers in placing Ring answers and discovering which Ring letters must be unseated. When all 16 dropouts have been properly fit into place, you'll see where they're sitting. Answers to clues include eight proper nouns.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 128.



Rings

- a. Musical Chairs, essentially (4)
Official documents Pennsylvania's recreational activities (9)
Recited flower groups (6)
Story taking place in noisy jet is extremely unoriginal (7)
- b. Bunch of flowers droop in center (7)
After flab reduced by half, weight is trim for a dress (7)
Fiftieth advanced, flanked by general (6)
Criticize expert with a cure for everything (7)
- c. Article introduced to players before a game of cards (7)
English queen (the fourth) back in European capital (6)
One is in orchestra! (7)
A railroad senses state of indebtedness (7)
- d. Guide boyfriend through audience of many hues (7)

- Frank's taking in events (6)
Lupine's off schedule (6)
Route with side track skirting gusher (7)
- e. Following church, a chant (7)
Comes to ask anew, putting it a different way (7)
Officer contributing to men's ignorance (6)
Second of crates in hold to go off board (7)
- f. Crushed hat, and rushed outside (7)
Angela's cooked Italian dish (7)
University clones alien, clamping monster's head (7)
Walks stiffly with braces (6)

Sectors

- 1. Bell sounds good with families ringing
- 2. Asian Communist not entirely penetrating Zen riddle

- 3. Try to bite end of onion in boiling pasta (*two words*)
- 4. Briefer letters from master sergeant
- 5. Insect's place and time
- 6. Finally gets recent school schedules
- 7. Publisher pays attention to title's debut
- 8. One neat area around Belfast
- 9. Ditch a climber after first of rappels
- 10. Hurt felt a deep desire about foremost of awards
- 11. Spanish lady embraced by baroness from the east
- 12. Animals that are commonly stuffed with blue fluff making a comeback
- 13. Lost grip on rodeo event
- 14. Brown study using nitrogen in very small quantity
- 15. Stop running around impersonating backward Saudi monarch
- 16. Androgynous name from *Elle* is edited

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD IMPROVISATION

by J. E. Lighter

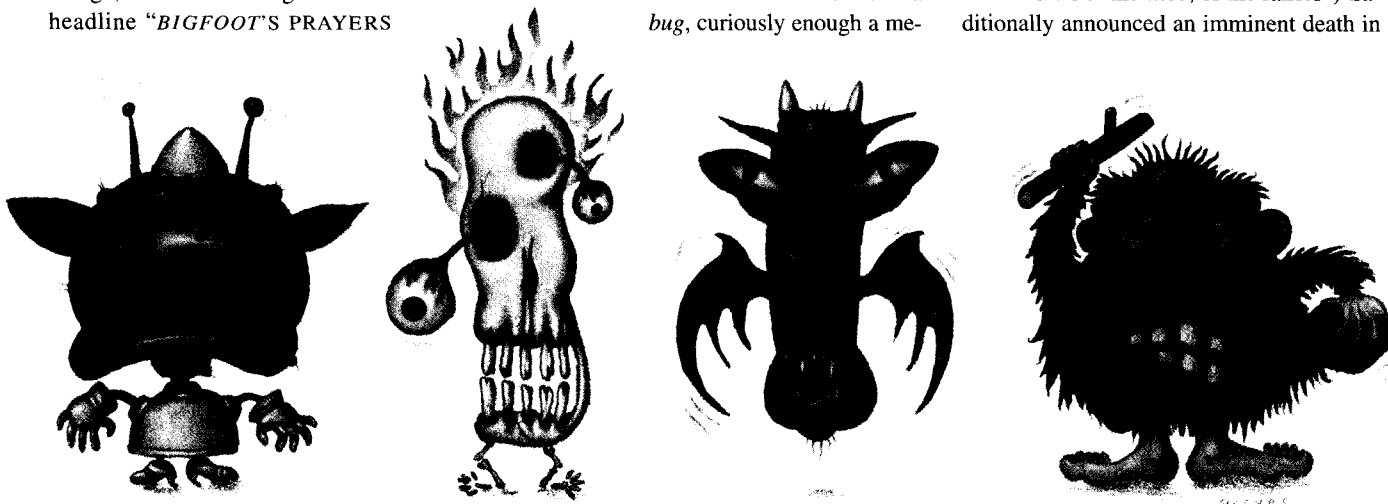
Halloween Dream Team

COLLECTIVE imagination can be a bothersome thing. A Cornish charm often quoted on All Hallows' Eve seeks divine protection from "ghoulies and ghosties and long-leggety beasties." Modern *bugbears*, such as *gremlins* or Dr. Seuss's *Grinch* that stole Christmas, aren't mentioned. We're not especially worried about *Bigfoot* (alias *Sasquatch*, anglicized from the Salish language of the Northwest); he (or she) seems benign, at least according to the tabloid headline "BIGFOOT'S PRAYERS

view until the Second World War; the origin of the word is obscure, but the similarity of *gremlins* to *goblins* may not be a coincidence. Airborne and unobserved, *gremlins* bit through cables, warped wingtips, and toyed with control switches in British and American aircraft. The species was just too tough for the postwar scrap heap: *gremlin* soon enough came to mean any bedeviling difficulty. (A problem afflicting a system is even more often referred to as a *bug*, curiously enough a me-

and reprogramming your PC. You simply haven't noticed yet.

No truly dead person is likely to be as energetic as *Beetle Juice* (which is how American astronomers usually pronounce the name of the star Betelgeuse) or as affable as *Casper the Friendly Ghost*. But one folkloric apparition is already entering the mainstream of popular speech. The keening cries of the *banshee* (from the Irish words for "woman of the *shee*, or the fairies") traditionally announced an imminent death in



SAVED MY LIFE!" On the other hand, we know only too well what the *BEMs* (bug-eyed monsters), *LGMs* (little green men), and *C.H.U.D.s* (cannibalistic humanoid underground dwellers) of fiction and film are after. The creatures reported to John Mack, of Harvard, don't much resemble *ET*, the lovable little guy in the Spielberg movie, or the wry extraterrestrial prophet Klaatu (Michael Rennie) of *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. Stephen King's toothy *langoliers*, spherical metaphysical hyenas with a taste for the past, have lately put new bite into the word "time-consuming."

Just as you can't put the *genie* back in the bottle, the tale of the *gremlins* shows that you can't pour the *sprite* back in the can. Filling an ecological niche like that of the ghostly *tommyknockers* once blamed by miners for ruining drills and fuses, the now-familiar *gremlins* did not whirl into public

*Investigations of slang
by the editor of the
Random House Historical Dictionary
of American Slang*

dieval word for a *hobgoblin* or *bogey*; modern technology rejuvenated *bogey* as a term for an aerial target, seen directly or on radar, that is unidentified and presumed hostile.) The all-too-human *gremmie* (a troublesome nonsurfer) showed up on southern California beaches at about the same time as The Beach Boys. In the 1950s the artist Leroy Neiman designed a *Femlin* character in partial dishabille for monthly appearances in *Playboy* magazine. Portrayed twice by Hollywood as alternately cute and carnivorous, the descendants of America's wartime *gremlins* undoubtedly marked the VJ Day semicentennial by erasing your cassettes

Irish families: thus "to wail, or to howl, like a *banshee*." In recent years, however, as memory of the scary Disney *banshee* in the 1959 movie *Darby O'Gill and the Little People* has become nearly as remote to Americans as the shoemaking proclivities of the *leprechauns*, the simile has lost its clout. Now a person can "run like a *banshee*," even "work like a *banshee*."

Far more than in the century of Mary Shelley and Bram Stoker, popular culture nowadays turns *personal demons* into vivid mass entertainment rather than leaving them as authentic superstition. Here cinema inversely mirrors psychology: is your *inner child* actually a devouring *alien* ready to punch its way out of your chest? The Freudian idea most like the *inner child* is the *id*. Both are loosed every Halloween, at what Robert Burns in 1792 called "the mirk and midnight hour."



ESCAPE THE DAILY GRIND.

Revel in the inviting aroma of Café Godiva specialty ground coffees. Serve flavors like Toasted Almond, Vanilla Hazelnut or Cinnamon Praline with our ever delectable chocolates and guests may never go home. Stop in or call 1-800-9-GODIVA.

GODIVA
Chocolatier

AURORA'S BODY STRUCTURE IS AS STIFF AS THE WORLD
CLASS LUXURY IMPORTS. FORTUNATELY, ITS PRICE ISN'T.

When designing the body structure for the Aurora,[™] our goal was to create one as rigid as any of the top luxury performance sedans. After all, structural integrity influences everything from ride quality and handling precision to occupant protection and the elimination of squeaks and rattles. It's what gives a driver the ethereal feeling of "I'm-in-charge-I-feel-secure" when motoring down the road. Well, to that end, we more than succeeded. Of course you can still spend



tens of thousands more for an import with similar qualities. But the way we see it, that's a hard price to pay. For more information, call 1-800-718-7778. Demand better. Aurora by Oldsmobile.

